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Forgotten road to success in writing

One of America's highest paid free-lance authors tells of opportunities often overlooked by people who want to write

By J. D. Ratcliff

I can't understand why more beginners don't take the short road to publication — by writing articles for magazines and newspapers.

Last year over 250,000 articles were bought by general magazines alone. And that's only part* of a huge market that will pay well for pieces of almost any length on just about any subject that comes naturally to you. I've made a good living for 25 years writing articles, and I've enjoyed every minute of it.

A wonderful life

I've interviewed a dozen Nobel Prize-winners, including Sir Alexander Fleming who discovered penicillin. I've talked with heads of state, at least one king, scores of leading industrialists. In the past year, I covered stories from Bangkok to Buffalo.

It's a wonderful life. No commuter trains to catch, no office routine. Whether I'm at home, or abroad on assignment, I write from 8 a.m. to noon every day — no more, no less. My afternoons are my own.

How to pick subjects that sell

A big advantage of article writing is that you can break in with material right out of your own everyday experience. One of the first pieces I sold was about the adventures of a test pilot I knew. Another told the story of a friend of mine caught in a balloon that ran wild. Check the contents of any general magazine; chances are you'll find articles you might have written.

You can make good use of your special interests too. One of mine is science, and it's provided dozens of story ideas — from accounts of dramatic new heart operations, to a report on an astronomical observatory built out of salvaged junk. Your passion may be insurance or religion or football, raising roses or raising children. Whatever it is, you should be able to draw on it for articles that could inform and entertain thousands of readers.

Knowing *what* to write is about half the battle. The other half is knowing *how*. To produce saleable articles, you must master the tools and techniques used by all successful professional writers.

You might develop these skills on your own through sheer blood, sweat and rejection slips. But when I look back, I can't help thinking of all the time and agony I would have saved if I could have found a real "pro" to work with me.

Such help is now available to beginners everywhere through the Famous Writers School — founded by Rod Serling, Faith Baldwin, Bruce Catton, Bennett Cerf, Max Shulman, Mignon G. Eberhart, Bergen Evans, Red Smith, John Caples, Rudolf Flesch, Mark Wiseman and myself.

A new kind of writing school

We poured all our secrets of success into a set of specially created textbooks and writing assignments. Then we worked out a method for bringing to each student, in his own home, the many hours of individual instruction a developing writer needs.

When you send an assignment to the School, one of our instructors — themselves all professional writers — spends up to two hours analyzing your work. He blue-pencils corrections on your manuscript, much as an editor does with established authors. And he returns it with a long letter of specific recommendations on how to improve your writing.

Your course begins with the fundamentals upon which every writing career must be built. Then you get concentrated training in writing articles and other non-fiction. (If you prefer, you may specialize in Fiction, Advertising or Business Writing.)

Students breaking into print

Our School is young. Yet students, many still in training, have sold their work to over 60 different publications, including *Reader's Digest, Redbook, Popular Science.*

"I've done it!" writes Lillian Maas, after her first article was bought by *Better Homes & Gardens.* "I feel as if I'd joined a club composed of the most vital and literate individuals in the country."

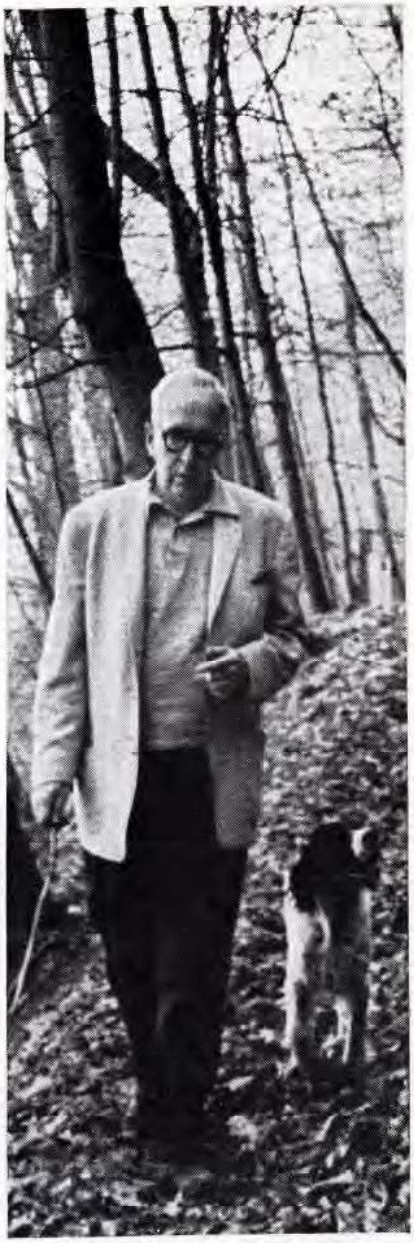
"I've just sold an article to *True* for $1,000," reports Alfred E. Gaumer. "This is the first thing I've published in 20 years of trying, and I owe it all to your training."

Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, our students find great intangible rewards in writing for publication. As my colleague Faith Baldwin puts it: "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being . . . makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

Writing Aptitude Test offered

J. D. Ratcliff and the other Famous Writers have designed a revealing Aptitude Test. The coupon will bring you a copy, plus a 48-page brochure about the School. When you return the Test, it will be graded without charge by a member of the instructional staff. If you do well on the Test — or offer other evidence of writing aptitude — you may enroll for professional training by the School. You are, however, under absolutely no obligation to do so.

*11,000 newspapers and Sunday supplements also pay well for fresh material.



"Jack" Ratcliff on a typical afternoon stroll through the New Jersey woods, where he conceives many of the articles that prompted *Time* to name him "America's No. 1 craftsman in the field of non-fiction." Although he writes no more than four hours a day, he has had over 100 articles published in the *Reader's Digest*, and hundreds more in such magazines as *McCall's, The Saturday Evening Post* and *This Week.*

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FBI's Dirty Linen

Thanks go to TRUE and Fred J. Cook for airing out the FBI's dirty linen (*The FBI Nobody Knows*—December).

The pile of evidence showed that often the Bureau forsakes its bailiwick of investigating federal crimes and charges over to help witch hunt, as the House Committee on Un-American Activities pries into people's political beliefs. And here I've been under the illusion that we broke away from the King in '76 to get away from such invasions of privacy. Maybe after learning of the Big-Brother-is-watching-you threat, the American people will demand that the FBI start combating Cosa Nostra. Perhaps they will even suggest that Congress go back to legal means—the time honored court system—to track down treason. If not, if we continue to tacitly support heavy handed police methods and Congressional star chambers, our great country's strength will corrode away.

—*Jed Hawkins*
Kansas City, Kan.

The Rainbow and the Rat

I'm not sure of the rest of Mladin Zarubica's documentation (*The Year of the Rat*—November), but if you will check the records of the 42nd (Rainbow) division you will find not that its units were conducting a search for Bormann in September of 1947, but that it was deactivated in June of 1946. As sergeant-major of the 232nd regiment of the Rainbow Division I helped pack the unit records and nail them in boxes for storage in June of 1946.

—*Rev. Floyd P. Peterson*
Downey, Calif.

You deserve a pot of gold for spotting that error, Reverend.

Lady Killing

Amen to Ted Trueblood's *Let's Kill Off More Ladies* (November). He is right, and the sooner the practice is adopted the longer our big game hunting will continue and the better it will be. I am a comparative newcomer to deer and elk hunting, but in five years I have seen the deer ration change from an average of three fawns to two does to two fawns to three does at best. I have seen over a hundred deer by noon of one day and more than eighty elk in five days without seeing an antler. The condition is growing worse—there is no such thing as virgin birth in the deer and elk world. Let's have more, bigger and healthier game animals by proper—not sentimental—management.

—*H. A. Knoertzer*
Seattle, Wash.

Sticky Wicket

Please refer to the cartoon on page 90 of the November issue, the caption of which reads, "Here's where we went wrong, pages 203 and 204 are stuck together." Come now, doesn't the artist know that pages 203 and 204 are always "stuck" together, as are pages 1 and 2, 3 and 4, and every odd-numbered page followed by an even numbered page?

—*Herbert Wottrich*
Belvidere, N. J.

. . . Hand cartoonist Kaufman a book, any book (it doesn't have to be on the subject of sex in marriage), and suggest that he examine pages 203 and 204. He will find them "stuck together."

—*David F. Votaw*
San Marcos, Tex.

. . . The expectant couple must have gone wrong somewhere else.

—*Timmie Kramer*
Erie, Pa.

. . . Check any book with over 210 pages.

—*C. N. Richards*
Gloucester, Mass.

. . . The couple's problem is more than the pages' being stuck together.

—*D. L. Moore*
Burbank, Calif.

. . . Were you and Al Kaufman checking to see how much mail you could get?

—*Tom Lehr*
St. Clair Shores, Mich.

. . . What the hell are the pages stuck with?

—*William H. Odegaard*
Lakeview, Ore.

. . . They went wrong, all right.

—*L. N. Disbennett*
Galesburg, Ill.

. . . Anyway, who needs such a book in the first place?

—*Buck Cunningham*
Fort Worth, Tex.

. . . Maybe their mistake was in being like the pages—back to back.

—*J. A. Rose*
Denver, Colo.

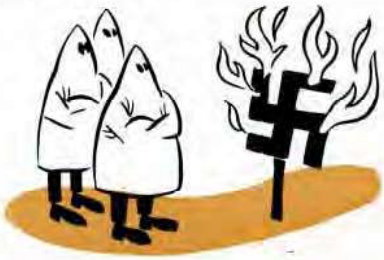
Phone Game

Re *Private Line* (*It's a Man's World*—November), why all this screaming about phone solicitors? All that one has to do is change to an unlisted number. For myself, such calls are an interesting part of my day-to-day life. Those individuals who work at telephone soliciting are clever, intelligent people with above-average facility of expression. It is a game with me when I get these calls to see if I can out-think and out-talk the caller.

—*R. Ellis Spooner*
San Francisco, Calif.

Sure, and how many encyclopedias have you bought lately?

Hooded Hoods



As a loyal reader of TRUE and a native son of Alabama, I wish to express my appreciation to William Bradford Huie for the courageous article in the October issue, *A Ritual "Cutting" by the Ku Klux Klan*. This article was written with more respect to the officials of the state of Alabama, Jefferson County, and Birmingham than would have been present in many scandal sheet, weekly news magazines. There are two points, however, I would like to criticize. The lead-off men-

[*Continued on page* 4]

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Programming for Digital Computers
Programming the IBM 1401 Computer
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Systems and Procedures Analysis

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Chemical Engineering Unit Operations
Chemical Laboratory Tech.
Chemical Process Control Technician
Chemical Process Operator
Elements of Nuclear Energy
General Chemistry
Instrumental Laboratory Analysis

CIVIL ENGINEERING
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Construction Engineering
Highway Engineering
Principles of Surveying
Reading Highway Blueprints
Reading Structural Blueprints
Sanitary Engineering
Sewage Plant Operator
Structural Engineering
Surveying and Mapping
Water Works Operator

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Aircraft Drafting
Architectural Drafting
Electrical Drafting
Electrical Engineering Drafting
Electronic Drafting
Introductory Mechanical Drafting
Mechanical Drafting
Pressure-Vessel and Tank Print Reading
Sheet Metal Layout for Air Conditioning
Structural Drafting

ELECTRICAL
Electric Motor Repairman
Electrical Appliance Servicing
Electrical Contractor
Electrical Engineering (Power option or Electronic option)
Electrical Engineering Tech.
Electrical Instrument Tech.
Electrical Power-Plant Engineering (Steam option or Hydro option)
Industrial Electrical Tech.
Industrial Telemetering
Power Line Design and Construction
Practical Electrician
Practical Lineman
Reading Electrical Blueprints

ENGINEERING (Professional)
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Civil
Electrical
Mechanical
Industrial Management for Engineers

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Introductory Technical Writing
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Practical English
Short Story Writing

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High School College Prep. (Arts)
High School College Prep. (Engineering & Science)
High School General
High School Mathematics
High School Secretarial
High School Vocational

LANGUAGES
(Edited by Berlitz)
French
German
Italian
Spanish

LEADERSHIP
Basic Supervision
Industrial Foremanship
Industrial Supervision
Personnel-Labor Relations
Supervision

MATHEMATICS
Advanced Mathematics
Mathematics and Mechanics for Engineering
Mathematics and Physics for Engineering
Modern Elementary Statistics
Value Analysis

MECHANICAL
Industrial Engineering
Industrial Instrumentation
Machine Design
Mechanical Engineering
Quality Control
Safety Engineering Tech'l'gy
Tool Design

PETROLEUM
Natural Gas Production & Transmission
Oil Field Technology
Petroleum Production
Petroleum Production Eng'r'g
Petroleum Refinery Operator

PLASTICS
Plastics Technician

PLUMBING, HEATING, AIR CONDITIONING
Air Conditioning
Air Conditioning Maintenance
Domestic Heating with Oil & Gas
Domestic Refrigeration
Gas Fitting
Heating
Heating & Air Conditioning with Drawing
Plumbing
Plumbing & Heating
Plumbing & Heating Contractor
Plumbing & Heating Estimator
Practical Plumbing
Refrigeration
Refrigeration & Air Conditioning
Steam Fitting

PULP AND PAPER
Paper Machine Operator
Paper Making
Pulp Making
Pulp & Paper Engineering
Pulp & Paper Making

RAILROAD
Car Equipment Fundamentals
Motive Power Fundamentals
Railroad Administration

SALESMANSHIP
Creative Salesmanship
Real Estate Salesmanship
Sales Management
Salesmanship
Salesmanship & Sales Management

SECRETARIAL
Clerk-Typist
Commercial
Professional Secretary
Shorthand
Stenographic
Typewriting

SHOP PRACTICE
Foundry Practice
Industrial Metallurgy
Machine Shop Inspection
Machine Shop Practice
Machine Shop Practice & Toolmaking
Metallurgical Engineering Technology
Patternmaking
Practical Millwrighting
Reading Shop Blueprints
Rigging
Tool Engineering Technology
Toolmaking
Welding Engineering Technology
Welding Processes

STEAM AND DIESEL POWER
Boiler Inspector
Industrial Building Engineer
Power Plant Engineering
Stationary Diesel Engines
Stationary Fireman
Stationary Steam Engineering

TEXTILES
Carding
Carding and Spinning
Cotton Manufacturing
Dyeing & Finishing
Loom Fixing
Spinning
Textile Designing
Textile Engineering Technology
Textile Mill Supervisor
Warping and Weaving
Wool Manufacturing

TRAFFIC
Motor Traffic Management
Railway Rate Clerk
Traffic Management

TV-RADIO-ELECTRONICS
Communications Technology
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[*Continued from page 2*]
tions Governor Wallace and implies a certain amount of blame should be placed on him. This is not fair to a man who is not and never has been a KKKer. You mention Walter Emmett Perry as a "remarkable man." Indeed he is, but by this I hope you didn't mean that he is exceptional in his views. The vast majority of well-meaning, white Alabamians believe, as do I, that segregation and states rights is a just cause, and that the KKK is a dangerous group composed of neo-Nazi slobs, who burn the symbol of Christianity and who take their name from an organization that pulled the South from the depths of anarchy in the dark days of the Reconstruction. Again, my heart-felt thanks to Mr. Huie for his enlightening exposure of the nature of the KKK.

Please do not print my name if you publish this letter. I don't want my home available to every Ku Klux Klansman with a couple of 2-by-4's and a match.

—*Name withheld*

This article is a perfect example of the irresponsibility of many segments of the national press and magazines today. Mr. Huie implies that everyone from Governor Wallace to the last member of the white race was implicated in this horrible crime. Doesn't Mr. Huie realize that there have been atrocities on *both* sides? This type of sensationalist "yellow journalism" can do nothing except inflame already overheated passions and lead to further atrocities. I do not believe that articles of this type contribute one thing to law, order, public safety or racial peace. Please immediately remove my name from your subscription list.

—*Jerome D. MacDonald, D.D.S.*
Brea, Calif.

I had never realized how vicious civilized individuals can become over racial problems until reading William Bradford Huie's article. I was completely amazed over this atrocious act committed by six men on an innocent victim, Edward Aaron. I realize, not being from the deep South, I cannot fully understand the feelings they have toward the racial problem; however, this type of act can do nothing but reverse the trend toward racial stability which Americans have attempted to maintain during the past several years.

After reading this shocking tale, I ask, "To what end is our society progressing?" when so-called accepted leaders in our communities perform inhuman acts such as this. The Ku Klux Klan and other similar organizations *do* exist in the United States. Are we to allow this sort of activity to continue? How many similar crimes have occurred without attracting the attention of the public?

I commend the editors of TRUE for publishing this shocking, but unfortunately true, article. Through your efforts similar occurrences may perhaps be prevented.

—*Butch Olson*
Abilene, Kan.

DETROIT DOINGS

Charles N. Barnard in *Detroit 1965* (October) says that aside from Chrysler, Edsel and Rambler no other car has ever offered the push-button style of transmission selector. My 1957 Mercury convertible with the push-button transmission selector says, "Ho ho!"

—*David Curtin*
Lynn, Mass.

Looks like we lost our buttons that time.

I'm writing my yearly complaint about the articles on new cars (other magazines as well as yours). While the article in your October issue obviously took much time and effort to collect all the data and give us an interesting story without too much press agent syrup, it illustrated one reason why there are so few automobile manufacturers left. Too few people hear about the smaller manufacturers' products. There are other companies making cars in the U.S. besides the four largest; why ignore them? For instance, Griffith, Astra, Apollo—they use some foreign components and make only a few dozen cars a year. Checker has been selling passenger cars (besides taxis) since 1949, and King Midget has been making a two-passenger rear-engined car for over eight years. Surely it is more interesting than all the other features of the '65's combined.

—*R. C. Lenz*
Palm Springs, Calif.

BILL OF GRIPES

While Mr. Bethell (*TRUEly Yours*—November) is sounding off about the Merchant Mariners not being included in the GI Bill of Rights, stop him short and ask him what his salary and bonuses were while we dogfaces were getting $60 a month.

—*M. Seschaux*
New York, N. Y.

WHERE THE MONKEYS HAVE TAILS

As is evident from Mr. Keats' article (*A Girl for Your Bed, A Man for Your Fields*—October) Zamboanga is a colorful place. I landed there in 1945 as a member of the 141st AACS. I spent nine months there living in the village of Santa Maria. The selling of slaves was a common practice. Girls could be bought at the Moro village for 50 pesos or traded for mattress covers, parachutes, guns, etc. The Moros were sharp traders. And, contrary to the old sea ditty the monkeys do have tails.

—*A. F. Burrowes*
Speedway, Ind.

Seems everyone who's been there has a tale.

RARA AVIS

After 18 years I find that I owe an apology to my German guides in the Black Forest, thanks to your October article *Europe's Toughest Trophy*, about the auerhahn. Occasionally while hunting deer in the forest near Unterschonemattenberg (try saying *that* when you are stewed) I would come across a large bird track in the snow. In my halting German I would ask as to the maker of the track and always received the same reply: "Auerhahn." After months of this, with no glimpse of the elusive trackmaker, I concluded that I was simply the butt of a local joke (like our snipe hunts) and that the tracks were being made by some sort of freed domestic bird such as a turkey. Now I know after reading your article why the hell I never spotted one.

—*Bill Wearn*
Aberdeen, S. D.

PLATE POT-POURRI

TRUE is to be congratulated on the magnificent color display of the automobile license plates owned by H. Bogart Seaman of Glen Cove, Long Island (*Auto Owners' Numbers Game*—October). Particularly interesting was the plate from Saba, Netherlands, West Indies, No. 82. These plates have only been in use for a little more than a year, and as far as I know only 11 are in private hands today. Of these I own two and am enclosing a photo of them. The No. 1 plate is a duplicate of that used by the Administrator of this tiny volcanic island. The No. 44 plate is my own personal registration plate.

—*Keith Marvin*
Troy, N. Y.

YOU CAN'T PLEASE 'EM ALL DEPT.

Why in the hell don't you number each page?

—*Jack Frost*
Terre Haute, Ind.

We assume you can count.

Please use white paper in the book condensation section. The black print does not stand out clearly on the colored paper.

—*E. G. Kahler*
Omaha, Nebr.

Your letter came too late. We just bought a 10-year supply of that stuff.

I believe my husband is allergic to your magazine. He loves to read it in bed before retiring and always sneezes. Naturally, this doesn't help our love life any. He sneezes in the bathroom, the den, the kitchen and the bedroom, only while reading TRUE.

—*Mrs. Robert C. Haythorn*
Blackwood, N. J.

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54-55—U.S. Army Photographs
59—UPI

For Mailing Addresses, see page 2.

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

JANUARY 1965

CONTENTS

BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION

DICK GREGORY WITH ROBERT LIPSYTE **42** Nigger

"Those of us who weren't destroyed got stronger, got calluses on our souls. And now we're ready to change a system, a system where a white man can destroy a black man with a single word—Nigger."

TRUE ADVENTURE

GENE CAESAR **46** Rough Road for a Rough Rider
AL GAUMER **56** The Gold No One Could Hold

IN THE NEWS

DONALD E. KEHOE **38** U.S. Air Force Censorship of the UFO Sightings
DANIEL P. MANNIX **48** Six Feet Under—Dead or Alive
LEONARD NONES **61** Gift Items for the Last-Minute Shopper

TRUE'S WHO

JOSEPH E. BROWN **14** "Above and Beyond . . ."

AMERICANA

CHARLES BOSWELL **31** The Great Fuss and Fume Over the Omnipotent Oom

GUNS

JOHN S. TOMPKINS **54** Weapons to Make Every GI a Giant

SPORTS

WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG **58** Peerless Leader of the Thinking Man's Ball Club

FISHING

HANK BRADSHAW **44** Mysterious Monster of the Missouri

COLLECTION

LEONARD KAMSLER **34** Secret Eyes for Sneaky Spies

PICTORIAL

WERNER WOLFF **50** Hell-for-Leather Fighting: For Fun

FACT CRIME

ALAN HYND **36** Greatest Check Artist of All Time

SHORT FEATURES

2 TRUEly Yours
8 TRUE Goes Shopping
10 It's a Man's World
63 Strange But True
71 It Happened in Sports
80 Man to Man Answers
124 This Funny Life

COVER: PHOTOGRAPH BY IRV BAHRT

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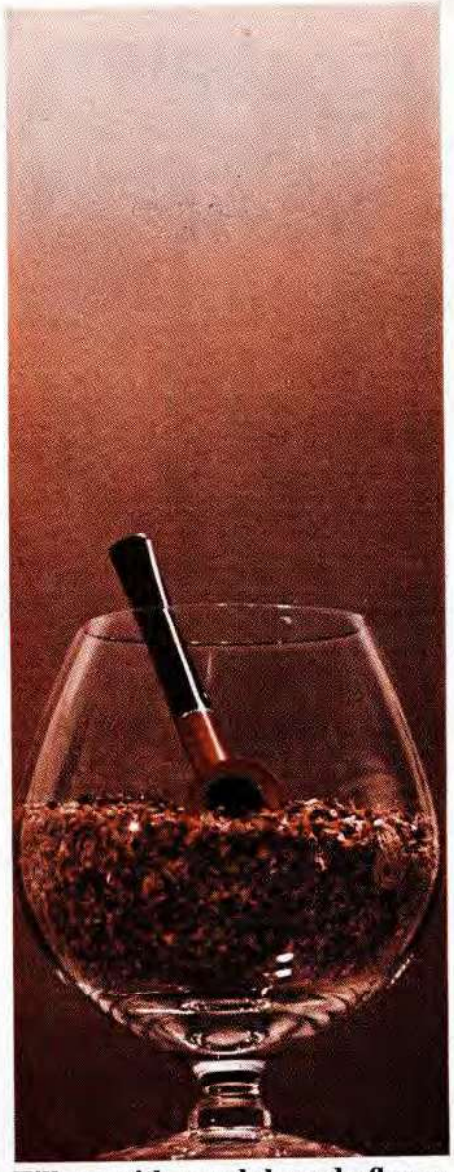

Fill up with peach brandy flavor

Here's peach brandy by the pipe bowlful. For new John Rolfe Mixture weds the finest tobaccos with the exclusive flavor and aroma of peach brandy. It's a pleasure breakthrough for smokers and everyone around them. For a free pack, jot your name and address on a card and mail to John Rolfe, Box 3-AC, Richmond, Virginia.

FROM THE HOUSE OF Edgeworth

Larus & Brother Company, Inc., Richmond, Va.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

NEW SLANT ON FISHING

Fishermen hate to be tangled in weeds or lines...that's why the Merc drive shaft housing slants back in a smooth line. It slides right over rocks and logs, too. The slanted powerhead drains off the heavy ends of wet fuel and keeps the engine trolling smoothly all day long. Add features like: full gearshift, twist-grip throttle, propeller hub exhaust, remote fuel tank and dual-clamp brackets. Sure goes to prove that Merc engineers know what fishermen need. See your Mercury dealer. He's got four fishing Mercs: 3.9, 6, 9.8, and 20 horsepower.

KIEKHAEFER MERCURY

MERCURY

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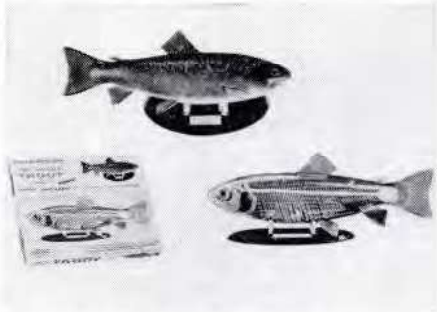
TRUE goes shopping

This department is not composed of paid advertising. Some of the products and services are new, some old, but all, we think, are interesting. Order what you want. Refunds are guaranteed (except on personalized items). Prices include postage unless otherwise specified.

4-MASTED SAILING SHIP IN A BOTTLE—Old salts made these 100 years ago—now you can from a neat kit made in Europe that has all materials (39 sails, 15 "yards," 4 masts, 3 decks, etc.—74 parts in all), full instructions. Great excuse for emptying a bottle. $6.95. Limited number built and in bottle, $15. ADF Co., Dept. TR-1, 125 East 41st St., New York 17, N. Y.

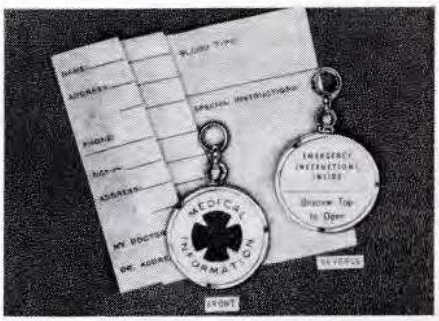
BULLFIGHT POSTER BONANZA is a collection of authentic imported Giant Bullfight Posters. Brilliant, colorful, exciting. Each poster is 21"x42" and adds a decorative note to a man's den. Some of the famous bullfighters represented are Manolete, Belmonte, Arruza, Dominguin, etc. 4 different posters $2 complete. Audio Fidelity, Dept. T-1, 770-11th Ave., New York 19, N. Y.



VISIBLE TROUT is accurate in every anatomical detail and is easily assembled from hobby kit components. When completed, the 16" Renwal Visible Trout is covered with transparent "skin" on one side, exact replica of the real thing on the other. See-through side reveals every detail of a delicate bone structure. $4.98. King, 51-T West 35 St., New York 1, N. Y.

FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO MINT. A collection of the last complete year issued by this famous Mint. A brilliant uncirculated set of coins, encased in a gold holder, sealed in heavy cellophane. Proven to be a fine investment for coin collectors, it should grow in value as the years go by. Complete set, $10. Centre Coin Co., Dept. T-1, 1383 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks, Calif.

WORLD-FAMOUS BEAUTIES. Gorgeous gallery of lovely ladies on genuine postage stamps. Miss World (Jamaica); Princess Grace (Monaco); Miss Universe (Colombia). Bevy of beauties from Angola, Egypt, Polynesia, Fiji, Hungary, Virgin Islands and many other faraway lands . . . new issues, scarce varieties. Send only 25¢ to H. E. Harris, Dept. T-11, Boston, Mass. 02117.

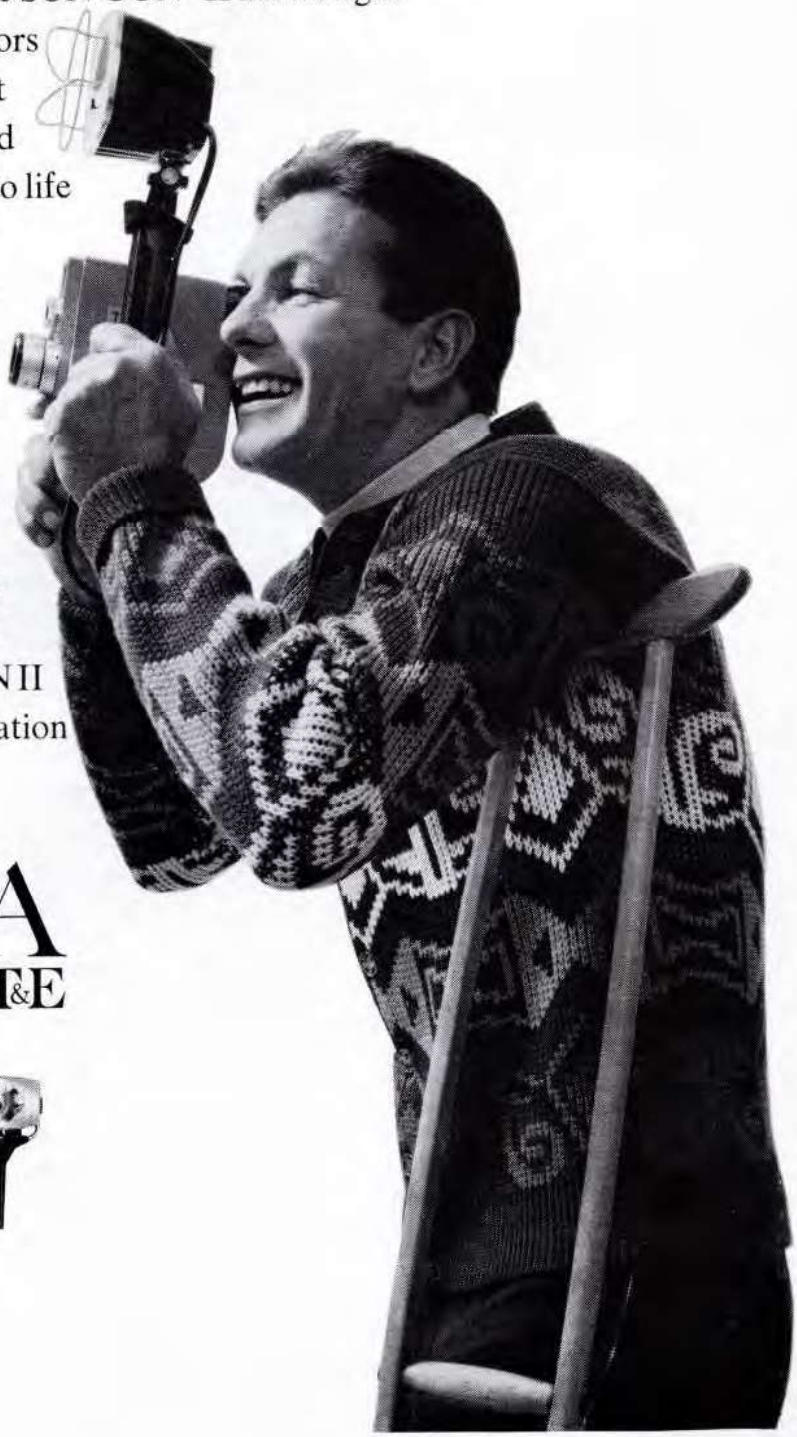


MEDICAL INFORMATION CONTAINER assures proper aid in case of emergency. 1" charm size container carries a printed sheet on which you list identification, doctor's name and address, blood type, allergies, special instructions, etc. The vivid red cross brings immediate attention. Carry one in your pocket or on your keychain. $1; 6 for $5. Precise, Dept. E2, Island Park, N. Y.

For more True Goes Shopping turn to page 106

Great moments in history

...happen only once...are gone in an instant. So preserve them in movies for a lifetime. □ And with the SUN GUN® II movie light by Sylvania, making home movies indoors is as easy as throwing a light switch. Just attach it to your camera. Turn it on. And start shooting. □ Indoor scenes spring to life in sparkling, natural color. □ Forget about heavy, cumbersome bar lights. The SUN GUN II movie light is a complete home movie lighting studio in itself. □ Yet it weighs scarcely more than a pound. Stands just 10″ short. So it's more easily carried, handled and stored. □ Small wonder it's the world's best-selling movie light. □ No movie camera is complete without a SUN GUN II movie light. Stop in soon for a demonstration wherever movie equipment is sold. And see the light.



SYLVANIA

SUBSIDIARY OF
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS GT&E

SUN GUN Cordless movie light by Sylvania

Now, shoot movies anytime, anywhere. Cordless frees you from electric outlets. No heavy, cumbersome battery pack. Built-in rechargeable batteries have power to shoot 100 feet (2 rolls) of film per recharge. Zoom-to-flood beam angle control. Gives true-to-life color, ease of handling. Stands 10″ high. Weighs 3½ pounds. Fits any camera. Sylvania Lighting Products, Division of Sylvania Electric Products Inc., 730 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

ROOTS OF MANHOOD

Years ago we dug up a few wild ginseng roots in the woods of northern Minnesota, and we once lived across the road from a ginseng farm that was shaded by sinister looking slats and patrolled by an owner who carried a shotgun. Every kid in the neighborhood knew that rich Chinese paid fantastic prices for a little ginseng to slice into their soup. Probably because the roots have a forked shape, somewhat resembling a man's body, they are considered by Orientals to be great stuff for restoring virility or maintaining same. You can't hardly buy ginseng in an ordinary American drug store. So when we saw a display of Korean ginseng roots (at $4 a root) in a window of the Kiehl pharmacy on Third Avenue in Manhattan, we stopped in for a chat with Irving Morse, the pharmacist proprietor.

"There's $4 million worth of ginseng sold to customers in this country every year—not all by me," Morse told us. "There's a big export trade, too. We get domestic ginseng from cold places like Wisconsin . . . Canada . . ."

Four million bucks is a tidy sum for mucilaginous roots. At $4 a root, that's a million transactions and maybe half a million debilitated males who turn to ginseng for fast, fast, fast relief. Anyway, there are more true believers in herbal rejuvenators than we imagined, and not all of them rely on ginseng. Pharmacist Morse does a conventional business in conventional drugs, but he also satisfies popular demand for products that he doesn't make any claims for. The customer makes all the claims. If you ask for it, Morse will sell you a gnarled root called High John the Conqueror, which attracts love like a magnet when carried in a pants pocket or woman's purse. He also stocks Compelling Oil, a compulsive fluid which is not drunk, but worn by persons who are not getting anywhere, to overwhelm a reluctant love object. Faith, it's wonderful!

We thanked Morse and remarked that we didn't need any ginseng root today.

"Don't be too sure," he told us ominously.

THE NAKED TRUTH

Lingerie firms that know which side their bras are battered on are doing a landoffice business selling phony nudity to women. Girls who crave freedom now are giving up the shackles of girdles and brassieres. This compels the underclothing industry to do some streamlined thinking. One result is a garment called Body Stocking, made of an ounce or so of stretch fabric. It's pulled over the torso, hugs every curve, and elevates topography to barely dreamed-of heights. It is cunningly flesh-colored and is hailed as just the thing to wear under fishnet dresses to give the illusion that one sees woman whole. This lowdown trickery must be exposed. Not that the girls' motives are objectionable. It is their sneaky misrepresentation that shakes our trust in women to its very foundations. Things are not always what they seem, men; forewarned is forearmed.

HOT PLUG

A spark plug that adjusts automatically to different fuel mixtures may be just the gadget that hot-rodders have been waiting for without knowing it. The plug is the brainchild of Dr. George H. Barry, an electrical engineer who spends most of his time in radio explorations of the ionosphere for Stanford University. Rich, hot and dense fuel mixtures, as in full-throttle operation, ignite with any spark; but lean, cool, rare mixtures, as in part-throttle operation, demand a bigger spark for ignition. Conventional plugs with a single spark gap are a compromise and engines sometimes miss in part-throttle operation because the gap is too narrow. Barry's solution is to build two spark gaps into the plug, a wide one for part-throttle and a narrow one for full-throttle operation. It is designed so the spark jumps the wide gap if it can and the narrow gap if it can't, to give maximum engine efficiency. Barry has applied for a patent and is doing some testing of his dual-gap idea in an Italian-built Maserati sports car which uses two plugs for each of its six cylinders.

EVER SMOKE KINNIKINNICK?

Civilization is ruining the Indians' peace pipe. Our authority is Ken Anderson, an old friend and part-time ethnologist, who attended a heap big redskin powwow in Montana that lasted four days. He swears that the modernized peace pipe passed around by squaws was a hat full of loose non-filter cigarettes, with cold canned pop for a chaser. This proves that virile customs collapse when squaws or women are allowed to take part. However, Indian braves don't allow women to participate in anything of importance, and real peace pipe smoking still goes on among council leaders.

By disguising himself as a fast buck, Anderson won the confidence of Henry Old Coyote and Joe Medicine Crow at the Crow Agency and learned what a genuine peace pipe is loaded with. We always thought that Indians stuffed their pipes with plain tobacco. Not so, at least in the plains country. The magic peace pipe ingredient is kinnikinnick. This is the dried, pulverized leaf of the Bearberry plant. Crow Indians mix kinnikinnick with store-bought cut plug and bark from red willow trees. Some Indians used to make kinnikinnick from sumac leaves, guaranteed to petrify, which Anderson thinks is how Indians in front of cigar stores got to be stiff as a board.

TOURIST FLOP

The least visited tourist spot in the world is near Narsarssuak in southern Greenland. So we are told by Jim Liston an occasional adventurer who got there in a light plane on a story-hunting expe-

(Continued on page 12)

Put a senator in your shoes.

Or state legislator or local councilman.

If he has never been hunting, or shot skeet or trap, or tested his skill on a target range, you can hardly count on his support when firearms control bills come up.

So why don't you invite him out shooting? Show him a good time. Get him interested.

Talk to him—as only you can—about fine guns, and about shooting as a family sport.

Try it. Lawmakers who know the feel of the field can become great marksmen. Good enough to shoot holes in the anti-firearms arguments.

NATIONAL SHOOTING SPORTS FOUNDATION INC.
RIVERSIDE, CONN.

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 10)

dition. Here is the site where Eric the Red set up a Norse community about 700 years before the Pilgrims established Plymouth Rock as a tourist attraction. There is considerable doubt that Miles Standish and his brethren ever set foot upon what is purported to be Plymouth Rock, but relics of Eric the Red, including remains of a Viking church, are authentic enough. Only there are no spielers around, no hot dog stands, no souvenir ash trays stamped "Eric," and no tourists to cadge money from. The Danish Government has built a 10-story apartment building which seems ridiculous to Eskimos who like to live 10 to a room and hang fish out the windows to dry. A number of red-headed Eskimo children suggests that Eric left his stamp on succeeding generations. This theory is discounted by skeptics who note that several red-headed Danes are active in the community.

TREASURE MAPS FOR EVERYBODY

Skin divers have been swarming like poppy seeds in a bun in waters off Ft. Pierce, Florida, hoping to scoop a few stray doubloons out of the sands. The treasure-hunting business got a tremendous shot in the arm recently when a well-equipped group of sunken-gold hunters fished about a million dollars' worth of ancient gold coins from shallow waters where a dozen Spanish galleons went down in a 1715 hurricane. The leader of the group, Kip Wagner of Sebastian, Florida, came down with a bad case of treasure fever some years ago when he found an old map locating the site of the foundered galleons. Well, we have discovered that there are enough lost-treasure maps around to stir a fever in anybody who's willing to blow 30 cents for "A Descriptive List of Treasure Maps and Charts in the Library of Congress." The Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., will send this book to anybody on receipt of purchase price. Then you can buy the map you want and start digging. The nice thing is that treasure of one sort or another—sunken gold, lost mines, wrecks, gem sites, buried loot—isn't limited to Florida waters but is pretty well scattered around the country. A lot of sites are on dry land. There are numerous maps of pieces-of-eight territory—the Spanish Main, Florida Keys, Gulf of Mexico, Caribbean. But treasure sites are spotted all along the Atlantic Coast up to Cape Cod and beyond. Inland, the Great Lakes area is promising treasure-hunting territory. And there are also likely pick-and-shovel sites in southwestern Oklahoma, Texas, Nevada and California.

EARIE

Women who have run out of physiognomy to paint, or prudently wish to distract attention from it, can now slap pink or silver gunk on their ears. We didn't believe it either until the company that makes the gunk sent us photos to prove it. What's a man's alibi when he comes home with earstick on his collar?

INSTANT ELEVATOR

How'd you like to have an elevator waiting at your floor at 12:45 p.m. every day because it remembers that's when you go to lunch? How'd you like to have an elevator come immediately when the button is pushed? How'd you like to have an elevator pick you up instead of pass you by? This is the promise of something called "instant elevatoring" developed by the Otis people. We were curious as to how it works, and got an earful of information too technical for us to digest. But the gist is that sensing devices continuously transmit traffic information to a computer in the elevator machine room. From its fantastic memory, the computer instructs cars to park where they'll be needed, to answer calls even before they are registered, to space cars according to traffic so that people on lower floors don't get passed up by cars that are already filled. We hope that Otis engineers will now turn their genius to an even more irritating form of urban transportation, the common bus. Generally there's no bus for half an hour and then 10 in a row. Develop an electronic brain, or any brain, to lick that and you'll have something to crow about, Mr. Otis.

ROYAL SEX COURSE

As a Queen's consort, there's no end to the projects a man is invited to sponsor. Prince Philip is undertaking a sex education course for London teen-agers. Philip refused to be an instructor delivering little homilies on erotology, but he backs up a curriculum which encourages girls to "study the pitfalls of dating and marriage" and boys to emphasize "sports, adventure projects and technical skills." We think the manly prince is overlooking the inevitable. In the unlikely event that a boy and girl student get together on a date, the girl will be looking anxiously for pitfalls in the boy's impassioned discussion of soccer team standings—which, as everybody knows, leads to much confusion about matrimony. Better pack it in, Philip, before all the boys are busy building kayaks or camping out in pup tents and all the girls are protected against pitfalls they can't precipitate.

COLD CUTS

There's an old expression that says, more or less, that it's cold enough to inflict unthinkable injury on a metal monkey. We're reminded of the expression by a new surgical procedure that is cold enough to freeze off body parts with the greatest of ease. It's called cryosurgery, and employs probes chilled to 320° below zero by liquid nitrogen to freeze offending tissue so the surgeon can knock it off. Technically, the extreme cold kills tissue so it doesn't have to be cut away, and no doubt we'll soon see Ben Casey operating in a coonskin coat. Cryosurgery is only one application of the booming science of cryogenics, which plays quite a part in the national economy. Cryogenic engineering—applications of extreme low temperatures—is the special province of a major division of the National Bureau of Standards. Common gases become liquids at very low temperatures and their volume is reduced several hundred times. Natural gas companies use this technique to store and transport gas. Steel companies use hundreds of tons of liquid oxygen daily to oxidize blast furnace fires. Plumbers use liquid nitrogen to freeze parts of water pipes while they work on other parts. Liquid nitrogen is used to freeze spermatozoa for later revival and impregnation of a suitable hostess. We presume that the coat of arms of a cryogenic engineer is a brass monkey.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

A new bowling ball put out by Brunswick is designed to control the degree of hook a bowler delivers.

The average car takes 14 pounds of color paint applied in two coats.

—THE EDITORS

New G-E Rechargeable Cigarette Lighter never needs fuel, flints, or refills.

This instant-lighting electric lighter works something like your car lighter. It's flameless, windproof, and doesn't give off any fumes. A handy flip-up top protects the heating element.

Makes an ideal Christmas gift for friends or business acquaintances. You can have the lightweight case engraved for that perfect, personal touch. Recharges overnight in a convenient recharger unit that has a tray for holding change, cuff links, and other easy-to-lose things.

For those lighter moments in your conversations (and for those breezy ones, too), get a General Electric rechargeable cigarette lighter today. And put several on your gift list right now.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Housewares Division, Bridgeport, Connecticut

BY JOSEPH E. BROWN

"Above and beyond..."

Men have been mustered out of service with far less disability than Lt. Frank Ellis suffered. But after losing both legs, Ellis battled successfully to stay in the Navy and remain a pilot as well. His story is a rare lesson in courage

■ Disaster lay only minutes away, but there certainly was no forewarning of it that warm, pleasant California afternoon. The date was July 11, 1962. Eight hours earlier, Navy Lt. Frank K. Ellis had taken off in a Cougar jet fighter from the Naval Air Station, Norfolk, Virginia, on what was to be a routine ferry flight to NAS, Point Mugu, California.

Over Albuquerque—the second of two scheduled fuel stops—a light on the Cougar's instrument panel indicated a landing gear malfunction, but the warning proved to be false. Now, as Lieutenant Ellis breezed along north of Los Angeles, only minutes from a touchdown at Mugu, the Cougar jet fighter was behaving beautifully.

Ellis had reason to be just about the most contented 29-year-old jet jockey in the Navy that summer day. Not long before, he had successfully checked out in the Navy's classiest jet interceptor, the Phantom II, a record-smashing ship that had flown at nearly 100,000 feet and at more than twice the speed of sound. His chances of entering the Navy's test pilot school—a lifelong ambition—looked promising. And at his home in Coronado, a few blocks from the North Island Naval Air Station, where his squadron was home-based, Ellis's wife, Christine, was about to deliver their third child. His two other youngsters, David, 3, and Debra Ann, 2, had been as healthy and boisterous as ever when he left home.

As Ellis pushed the Cougar north from Los Angeles, he could not know that events of the next few minutes were to reshape his life. . . .

At 3:43 p.m., over northwest Los Angeles, Ellis radioed the Mugu tower for landing instructions, extended the ship's speed brakes and began a gradual descent at 250 knots from 1,500 feet. A few minutes later he would enter the pattern. So far, the landing was no less routine than hundreds he had experienced in six years and 2,800 flying hours with the Navy.

Mugu Tower acknowledged. At 3:51 p.m., less than a minute from touchdown, Ellis sensed trouble: [*Continued on page* 20]

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Returned to active duty, Ellis is the only double amputee in the Navy's history to continue flying.

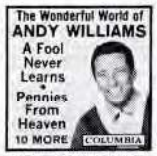
Orthopedic technician supervises the fitting of new artificial legs as lieutenant's wife looks on.

JOIN ALONG in Columbia Record Club's

10th Anniversary Party

MORE GREAT STARS
MORE HIT ALBUMS
BEST OFFER EVER

1577. Performed with "glowing intensity." —High Fidelity



1351. Also: Dream, This Is All I Ask, Noelle, 12 in all

1335. Eleven bits of "splendid satire." — Newsweek

1083. "Abundance of pulsing rhythms." — St. Louis Globe-Dem.

1582. Also: Cherry Stones, Saturday Night Out, etc.

1363. Also: Fly Me to The Moon, More, Fascination, etc.

1263. "Magnificent performances!" — High Fidelity

1257. Also: Return to Paradise, Beyond The Reef, etc.

1450. Also: Folsom Prison Blues, Bad News, etc.

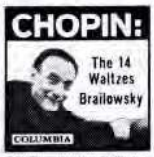
1090. "This is an extraordinary chorus." —New York Times

1453. This show is "bright and wholly beguiling!" — Cue

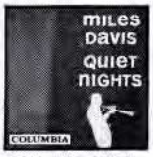
1162. Also: Rovin' Gambler, A Travelin' Man, 12 in all

1098. "Fierce impact and momentum." — N.Y. World-Telegram

1130. Also: All The Love, Come Softly to Me, Hey Baby, etc.



1109. "Virtuosity in the grand style!" — Montreal Gazette



1600. Corcovado, Once upon A Summer Night, 7 in all

1061. Also: A Taste of Honey, My Honey's Loving Arms, etc.

1554. Also: Days of Wine And Roses, Pink Panther Theme, etc.

1365. Also: What'll I Do, Always on My Mind, Solitude, etc.

1084. Highlights — Tannhauser, Lohengrin, Siegfried, etc.

1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc. *

1605. America's most celebrated organist." — Newsweek

1067. "Perhaps the greatest piano recording."—HiFi Rev.

1544. Also: Seltzer Boy, The Streets of Miami, etc.

1606. Also Lovesong of May, Frasquita's Serenade, etc.

1317. Also: Carolyn Hester, Leon Bibb, Orriel Smith, etc.

1113. Also: A Guy Is A Guy; Whatever Will Be, Will Be; etc. *

1556. World's Fair, Unisphere, Iberia, Elementals, 2 more

1581. Also: Mama Said, You Don't Own Me, etc.

1300. Greensleeves, Humoresque, Clair de Lune, 12 in all

1032. "Rich melodic score...brilliant." — N.Y. Journal-Amer.

1279. "Not likely to be bettered."—HiFi/Stereo Review

1057. Also: Johnny Reb, Comanche, Jim Bridger, etc.

1390. Hitchhike, The Bird, Mama Didn't Know, 12 in all

1400. Fools Rush In, Pennies from Heaven, Blue Moon, 9 others

1259. Also: If I Had A Hammer, The John B. Sails, etc.

1322. Performances are "quite dazzling." —New York Times

1597. Also: How Long Is Forever, Please Talk to My Heart, etc.

1258. Also: Midnight in Moscow, If I Had A Hammer, etc.

1596. Also: Home on The Range, Carolina Moon, etc.

1441. Also: I Saw Her Standing There, Bits And Pieces, etc.

1359. Standanavian, Rubberneck, Tootsie Roll, 9 in all

1184. Also: Moments to Remember, 3 Coins in The Fountain, etc.

1603. Bernstein "at top of his form." — High Fidelity

1364. A definitive summary of the Count's greatest hits

ANY 9
REGULAR or STEREO RECORDS
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FOR ONLY

if you join the Club now — and agree to purchase a record a month during the coming nine months (you will have over 200 records a month to choose from)

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As our 10th Anniversary Gift to you, we will include this record rack FREE. You'll find it extremely useful, for this compact, brass-finished rack adjusts to your specific needs . . . holds from one to sixty records securely. Folds flat when not in use.

IT'S COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB'S 10th ANNIVERSARY and we're celebrating with our most generous offer ever . . . an extraordinary offer that enables you to add NINE records to your collection at once!

That's right! — if you join now, you may have ANY NINE of these hit albums for only $4.95. In short, you will receive nine records for just about the price of one! And as our 10th Anniversary Gift to you, we'll include a record rack FREE.

TO RECEIVE YOUR 9 RECORDS FOR ONLY $4.95 — just mail the postage-paid card provided. Be sure to indicate whether you want your nine records (and all future selections) in regular high-fidelity or stereo. Also indicate the type of music in which you are mainly interested: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies and Musical Comedies; Country and Western; Teen Hits; Jazz.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding records from every field of music. These selections are fully described in the Club Magazine, which you receive free each month.

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Your only membership obligation is to purchase a record a month during the coming nine months. Thereafter, you have no further obligation to purchase any additional records . . . and you may discontinue your membership at any time.

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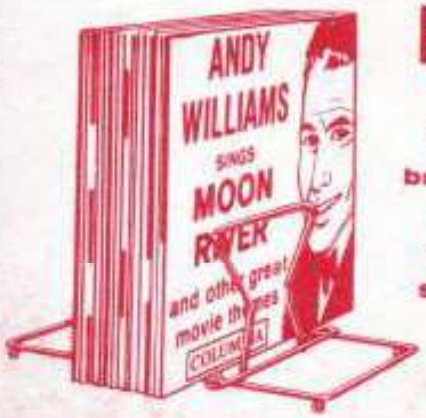

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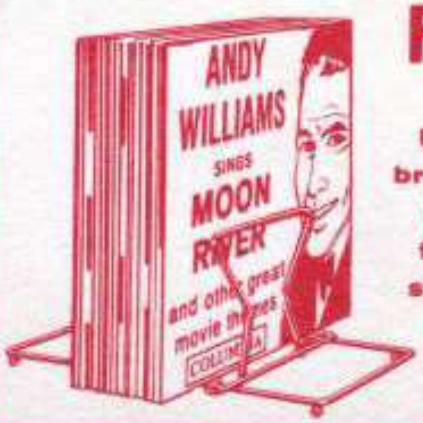

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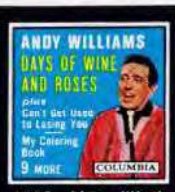
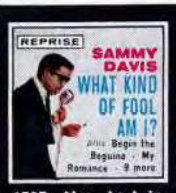


1002. Also: What Kind of Fool Am I?, May Each Day, etc.

1608. Also: The Blue Danube, Sabre Dance, Cielito Lindo, etc.

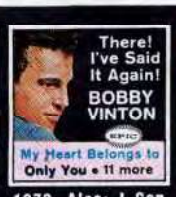


1537. Also: Lost in The Stars, Too Close for Comfort, etc.

1610. Also: Crooked Little Man, Wives And Lovers, etc.

1594. Also: Tara's Theme, Imagination, Laura, etc.

1614. Also: Forget Him, You Don't Own Him, Sugar Shack, etc.



1373. Also: I Can Dream, Can't I?; If; Trying; etc.

1612. Also: When I Take My Sugar to Tea, A Fine Romance, etc.

1165. Also: Lovely Hula Hands, Pagan Love Song, etc.

1302. Also: The High And The Mighty, I Got Rhythm, etc.

1457. Also: Fly Me To The Moon, Nina Never Knew, etc.

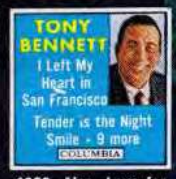
1595. Also: Because of You, All The Way, Secret Love, etc.

1301. Also: I Stayed Too Long at The Fair, Gotta Move, etc.

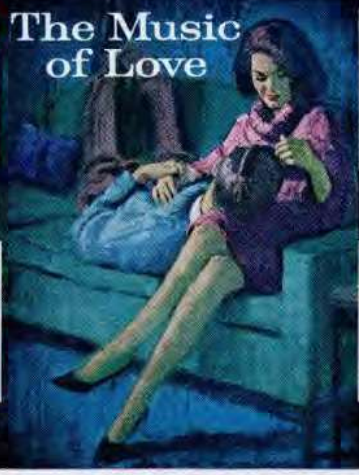
1350. Also: Third Man Theme, Caravan, Solitude, etc.

1348. Also: Getting to Know You, The Sound of Music, etc.

1327. Also: Sticks And Stones, One Mint Julep, etc.



1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.



1442. The Sweetest Sounds, You'll Never Walk Alone, 10 more

1406. Also: Daddy, Come On-A My House, Blue Moon, etc.

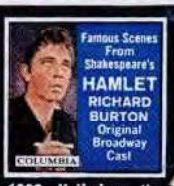
1539. Also: My Heart Cries for You; Hey, Good Lookin'; etc.

1459. The Academy Award Winning score by John Addison

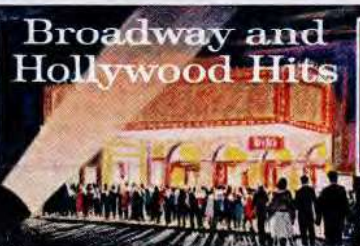
1035. "Most lavish, beautiful musical; a triumph!"—Kilgallen

1199. "Superb...all the beauty, nobility captured."-HiFi Rev.

1033. A show that's "perfectly wonderful!"—Ed Sullivan



1602. Hailed as "a historic Hamlet!" — Life



1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life

1001. Tonight, Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing, 9 more

1355. Jose runs wild in Hollywood . . . 11 riotous sketches

1030. "Music is exuberant . . . splendid tunes."—New Yorker

1346. Also: Gigi; Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo; Secret Love; etc.

1031. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit *

1036. Also: Smile, Some Like It Hot, Magnificent 7, etc.

1362. Also: Exodus, Irma La Douce, The Apartment, etc.

1214. With Barbara Cook. "One of the finest!"—Billboard

1449. Also: Tell Old Bill, The Tarriers Song, etc.

1538. Also: If I Had A Hammer, La Bamba, A-Me-Ri-Ca, etc.

1447. All My Trials, Rocky Road, Very Last Day, etc.

1536. Also: Silver Dagger, Ten Thousand Miles, etc.

1445. Also: Life Is But A Dream, Only Yesterday, etc.

1571. Also: School Day, Hey Little Freshman, Bucket "T", etc.

1444. Also: All The Time, Stay, No Time to Lose, etc. *

1188. Also: I Wanna Be Loved, You Are The Only One, etc.

JOIN THE FUN OF A Hootenanny

1006. Lemon Tree, If I Had A Hammer, This Train, 12 in all

1590. Also: Anything Love Can Buy, This Ol' Riverboat, etc.

1410. Also: Someday My Prince Will Come, Hurdy-Gurdy Man, etc.

1587. It's Gotta Be You, Leave Me Alone, Don't Call Me, 9 more

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1501. Eight spanking new explosions of laughter and song

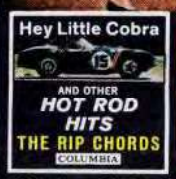
1012. Also: What Do I Care, Forty Shades of Green, etc.

1448. Also: Sunshine Special, Goin' Home, Sinner Man, etc.

1589. Also: Ballad of Moreton Bay, Beans Taste Fine, etc.

1519. Also: Twist And Shout, Walkin' The Dog, etc.

1009. Also: Party in Laguna, Barefoot Venture, etc.



1413. Drag City, The Queen, Little Deuce Coupe, Gone, 8 more

1583. Also: Funny, Forever And A Day, On Broadway, etc.

"Above and beyond..."

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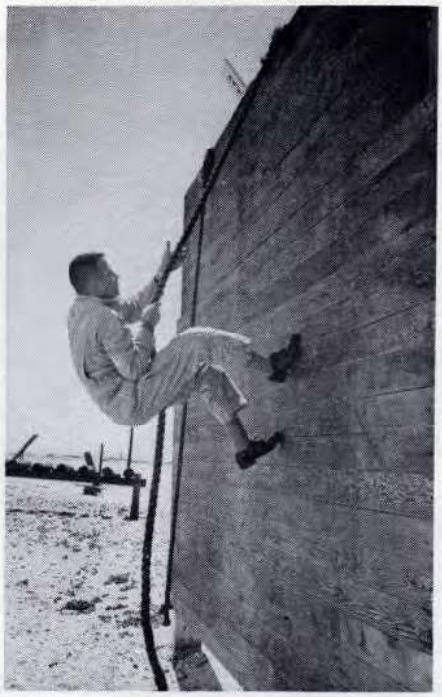
To prove his fitness, Ellis climbs ladder to take Navy's tough water survival test.



Scaling this wall at Pensacola's obstacle course was another requirement.

Ellis tests parachute harness before making a successful 2,500-foot jump.

[*Continued from page* 15]

something was wrong with the Cougar's trim system—the tiny correctional controls which allow a pilot to compensate for changes in flying attitude and airspeed. There simply was no response to the trim changes he wanted to execute.

Ellis radioed the tower. "I am having a trim malfunction but I'm under control." Simultaneously, he switched to the emergency trim system. Still nothing happened.

The aircraft, now below 1,000 feet altitude, was experiencing a dangerous nose-down attitude. Unless Ellis could correct this awfully fast, the Cougar would plummet into the ground. Instinctively, he started flipping switches, trying everything he had been trained to do. Nothing worked. It was then Ellis knew he was faced with the extreme emergency: eject, *fast!*

The Cougar was less than 200 feet off the ground now, far below the minimum altitude considered safe for a forced bailout. Ellis reached to pull down the face curtain that would trigger the ejection mechanism. Suddenly, out of a corner of his eye, he saw a cluster of buildings: the base officers' quarters, a row of barracks, a trailer park.

His mind raced back to one earlier evening when he and other pilots of Ferry Squadron 32 had discussed just this moment of decision: whether to eject or stay with a crippled ship when inhabited dwellings are endangered. That discussion and Ellis's training—plus a healthy measure of cool personal courage—had its effect; without hesitation he raised the landing gear and flaps, jammed the throttle full forward and pulled the stick toward his stomach. With brute strength, he tried to get the Cougar's nose up just long enough to miss the buildings.

Then he yanked the face curtain and waited for the blast that would slam him into space.

Witnesses testified the Cougar was less than 75 feet off the ground when Ellis shot through the canopy (there was no time to jettison it). All he remembers seeing was a huge fireball as

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the crippled plane slammed into a lemon grove and exploded.

There was an eerie stillness. A semi-conscious half-blackness settled over Ellis. He realized he was no longer moving. He wondered: *"Am I alive?"*

His back, legs and ribs throbbed with pain, but the semi-coma and shock into which he had mercifully sunk has blotted details from memory. All he can vividly recall is that huge fireball and then oblivion.

It seems incredible that he *was* still alive. At the moment of ejection, Ellis's body, strapped in the pilot's seat, had been shot at more than 100 mph through a cluster of eucalyptus trees and into the ground. Parts of the plane were scattered over a half-mile radius; Ellis had been hurtled more than 300 feet through this showering debris.

Still more incredibly, his parachute *had not opened*. The crash crew which arrived seconds later found it lying nearby. It was ripped in a dozen places, probably from being dragged through the tree branches by Ellis's hurtling body. He was alive, all right, but he didn't deserve to be. His right leg was sheared off nine inches below the knee. His left leg was badly mangled. His back was broken. He had three fractured ribs, and the rest of his body was a mass of burns, cuts and bruises. Luckily, he suffered no internal injuries.

At St. John's Hospital in nearby Oxnard, where Ellis was rushed by ambulance, he remained in a semi-delirious state for four days. He was near death, an unpretty mass of bandages, tubes and medication. But somehow he managed to make wisecracks and joke about his injuries.

When the fuzziness in his head cleared away and he could focus on the bed sheet, Ellis realized that his right leg was gone. Somehow, he recalls now, it seemed not to bother him at the time. His left leg, fractured in several places, hurt terribly and there was no feeling in the toes.

On July 25—two weeks after the crash—Ellis was strapped into a wire stretcher and airlifted from Oxnard to the U.S. Naval Hospital in San Diego.

"It's good to fly again," he observed, "even this way."

Ellis thought about flying many times in the next few days, although, admittedly, not very coherently. Various doctors worked on him, patching, bandaging, probing with needles, trying to keep his fever down, preparing him for fresh operations on his twisted left leg. But as dazed as he was, Ellis had been in the Navy long enough to know what losing a limb meant: a fast ticket to civilian life. What else? Men with lesser injuries had been mustered out before; it's just one of the many risks in what basically is a risky business. Anything else would be above and beyond the call of duty. But Ellis couldn't accept this cold fact of military life, somehow.

Frank Ellis was the kind of man who had learned to do nothing halfway. A stocky, good-looking collegiate type with a perpetual mischievous twinkle in his eyes, he differed slightly from the average young Navy pilot in that he drank little, smoked not at all, and would rather check out a new jet interceptor or romp with his youngsters than make small talk over Martinis. Before Mugu, he was considered a better than average pilot, the type who, a newsman who had covered Cape Kennedy once observed, "has the ideal temperament, outlook and skill for the astronaut program." Ellis and the Navy had been on an 11-year honeymoon, first when he was an NROTC midshipman at the University of Colorado, where he received a civil engineering degree in 1956, and then for six years as a commissioned officer during which he had mastered everything from trainers to the supersonic Phantom II. In the past few months, he had raised his sights even higher: he wanted to enter the astronaut program. Now he lay in a naval hospital bed with only a stump where one leg used to be and life ebbing day by day from the other.

One day a Navy doctor, after examining Ellis's injuries, told him gloomily, "Lieutenant, I'll be frank with you. You may never walk again."

"Doctor," Ellis replied, "with all respect to your rank and knowledge, I plan not only to walk again, but to *fly*."

Ellis could understand the doctor's pessimism, because he had encountered it before, and he has encountered it since. It is the attitude of too many who meet a fellow human who has suffered a so-called "handicap"—the loss of an arm, an eye, or a leg. "You can't be whole again," the doubters seem to say, compassionate though they may be. "So why fight it?" Ellis could understand such an attitude, but he could not accept it.

His course was clear. He would have to prove, somehow, that despite the loss of his right leg—and the threatened loss of the left—he could pilot an airplane as well as he had before the crash. It would take hard work and training, but if he could demonstrate he still had the ability, then the Navy should permit him to fly.

Frank King Ellis was not the first amputee who wanted to go on flying a plane. There was, for instance, England's Douglas Bader, a gallant Royal Air Force pilot who flew in combat during World War II after losing both legs. Jim Pierce, a test pilot for North American Aviation, flies today with an artificial limb. And there was the case of Russia's Aleksei Maresev, who distinguished himself in combat after recuperating from the loss of both feet during a World War II bail-out over Nazi Germany.

Ellis knew Navy regulations. He knew Navy attitudes, shaped and crystalized by those regulations, and he respected them.

"I can't bear to see yer strugglin' blindly with that lot, Florrie, lemme give yer a 'and."

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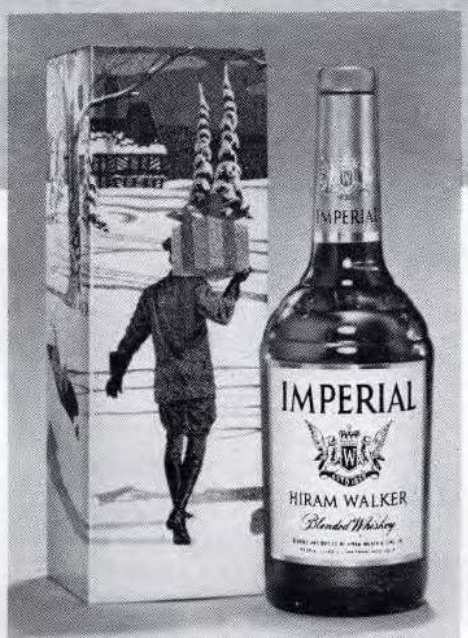

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He also knew himself. A tough fight lay ahead, but what could he lose by trying to win it?

During those first tedious weeks at the Naval hospital, Ellis mentally began devising a series of tests to which he would subject himself later, after he had mastered the artificial limb for which he would soon be fitted. These would have to be tests not only of his normal day-to-day routine—walking, running, climbing stairs—but also of the super-fitness required of a military jet aviator. And they would have to be dramatic enough to attract the attention, and the understanding, of rules-conscious Navy brass who would later pass judgment on him.

He thought of such exhausting exercises as a water survival course, an obstacle course, water skiing, driving a car. Maybe, he chuckled to himself, he might even try a parachute jump.

But these tests were a long way off. At the moment, there was the more urgent matter of getting out of the hospital bed, being fitted for his new foot, and learning to use it. Thinking back to the crash, however, he was optimistic.

"It's truly good to be alive," Ellis wrote to friends and relatives who had called, visited, or written him after the accident. And indeed it was. Partly responsible for his soaring spirits was the fact that his third child—a healthy 8 pound, 9 ounce daughter, Dana Angela—had arrived in July.

Ellis had encouragement inside the hospital, too. There was, for instance, Lt. Barry Kunkle, a fellow flier from his outfit, who had been assigned to share his room. Kunkle had broken a leg ejecting at flight deck level aboard the carrier *Midway*. By mid-August Kunkle and Ellis had become old hands at improvising, like passing magazines and food between their beds with the use of crutches.

The pain was constant. And there was fever. On August 10, Ellis's temperature shot so high the doctors cut the top off the full body cast in which he was encased and soaked him all day in wet towels. Ellis had lost 55 pounds since the crash and his skin was growing so tough from inactivity that hypodermic needles bent upon being inserted. The doctors fought hard to save his left leg, and between August 17 and September 14 he underwent four more operations. The infection spread, however. During the last surgery that it was decided the infected limb would never recover. On September 14, it was amputated, six inches below the knee. Under gas, Ellis babbled about flying constantly.

September faded into October. As the days dragged on, Ellis began making notes of his progress to pass the time:

"First bath. Tip over in tub. Early October: roll to get to sleep at night. October 10: measured for right leg. 'Hey, I'll be 1½ inches shorter!' Trim left leg dead tissue. 'Ouch!' We must have a change of cooks; food is getting better. Went to church today in my 'gurney' (a rolling bed). Chaplain likes my outlook. Try back brace and sitting up, but I'm pretty weak."

In early October, a corpsman told Ellis the new artificial limb for his right leg was being prepared, but that it might not be ready for another month.

"That's a long time to wait," Ellis replied. "Can't we jury-rig some kind of temporary leg so I can practice?"

The corpsman shook his head. "The doctor says no. You could do yourself more harm than good."

Ellis checked with his doctor, Capt. W. S. Stryker, who verified his disapproval. But Ellis had an idea. Working "unofficially" with a cast room corpsman, he had a crude pegleg built which would fit on his right stump. The pegleg would have made Rube Golberg proud: a sawed-off crutch tip fastened to the bottom of a surgical cast which in turn would be taped to the stump.

One morning, Captain Stryker strolled through the ward on an inspection visit. When he came to Ellis's bed, he blinked in surprise. There on a freshly starched pillow, ready for inspection, lay the pegleg.

The doctor studied it for a minute and broke into a wide grin. "Okay, Ellis, go ahead," he said, "but take it easy."

With the help of his wife, Christine, and his mother, who had flown out from Ohio after the accident, Ellis stood up for the first time in nearly three months. It was painful, but surprisingly easier than he had imagined.

"The worst is over," Ellis said to himself. Two days later, on October 12, he went home for the first time, in a wheelchair.

Ellis's right prosthesis—the medical name for an artificial limb—was ready on November 1, and after he tried it on he asked a corpsman to help him build another pegleg for his left stump. But it was to be many long months before the skin on the stumps toughened to resist blisters caused by the full weight of his body. Nevertheless, on November 12 Ellis climbed into his car, determined to drive it.

Christine was apprehensive. "You're going to hurt yourself, Frank," she scolded.

"I'll never know until I try," her husband said.

Ellis's car is a standard shift model, one of the newer types with a clutch pedal not much larger than a man's palm. Ellis hadn't realized *how* small the pedal was until he tried to depress it with the tiny tip of the crutch on the clumsy pegleg. But after an hour or so of experimenting, he was driving around residential Coronado with little difficulty.

On November 30, after he had been back at work at the squadron on a half-day basis for nearly two weeks, he drafted a letter to the Secretary of the Navy. It was the first of many letters he was to write, of personal trips to Washington he was to make, in the coming months. It asked for a chance to fly again. He cited the costly aviation and technical training the Navy had given him and the experience in props and jets that he had acquired. Then he reviewed what had happened since Mugu.

"I feel this is far from constituting repayment to the Navy for the excellent training I have received," he wrote. "It is merely one of the calculated risks I willingly accepted when choosing a career

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in Naval aviation. It is not my intention to set an undesirable precedent, but I am extremely eager to continue to serve, to my fullest capacity." He closed: "I would be pleased to appear before any board considering my case."

Some have called what began with that letter a "battle against Navy red tape." Others have described how Ellis was trying "to upset Naval tradition." Ellis says now he doesn't consider himself a trailblazing knight in shining armor, and he didn't then. On the other hand, he felt that he could, with the use of artificial limbs, become as qualified to fly as he had before the accident. All he wanted was a chance to prove it.

The letter, it turned out, proved to be the opening shot in a long campaign which eventually gave him that chance. Almost everyone at the lower echelons sent it along with cheering endorsements, like that of Cmdr. J. W. Cox, his commanding officer. He wrote: "The only words to describe his (Ellis's) progress are 'beyond belief.' " But when the letter reached the office of Naval Personnel in Washington, the reaction was about as warm as an iceberg. "It is considered in the best interest of Lieutenant Ellis as well as the naval service," Personnel wrote, "for him to be physically retired in March, 1964."

The Navy, it appeared, was giving Frank Ellis six months before putting him in civvies.

Fortunately, Personnel was not the last stop for Ellis's letter. There still remained the Chief of Naval Operations before it reached the final destination. Before making *his* recommendation, however, CNO wanted more information, and asked the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery to furnish a detailed report on Ellis.

Ellis decided not to wait. Instead, he decided to argue his own case in Washington. He bid his family good-by and hopped a ride from North Island. In one day in Washington, he bent the ears of 14 admirals, in the Bureau of Personnel, in the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, and in the office of the Chief of Naval Operations. He walked so many miles in the labyrinth of the Pentagon that day his leg blisters got blisters of their own. Everywhere, the reaction was the same: polite and sympathetic, but dubious of Ellis's chances of ever flying again.

Finally, Ellis was ushered into the office of the Secretary of the Navy Fred Korth.

"Rest assured, lieutenant," Korth said, "that I have a personal interest in your case. The Navy will do everything possible for you."

"Thank you, Mr. Secretary," Ellis replied "but I don't want the Navy to feel it has to give me anything. I want to give what I have to the Navy."

Returning to San Diego, Ellis plunged into his campaign with new vigor. Besides resuming work on a fulltime basis —a desk job, but to Ellis it felt fine— he had fully mastered his car by now, and as the days passed, he began putting his new limbs to the tests he had dreamed up in the hospital.

First, he volunteered for the Navy's water survival test, an exhausting routine required periodically of pilots who might someday have to ditch at sea. Fully clad and seated in a cockpit mockup the Navy calls a "Dilbert Dunker," he was plunged into a swimming pool and required to extricate himself without assistance. He tried it first without artificial limbs and swallowed a ton of chlorine struggling to the side of the pool. With his legs strapped in place, it was much easier. He passed the test, including a part where he had to "rescue" another pilot in the process.

He played football with his youngsters on the front lawn of his home. He went water skiing, a favorite sport, in San Diego's Mission Bay. His legs bothered him hardly at all but his back, now almost mended but still fitfully sore, had to absorb the pull of the tow rope, and the pain was excruciating. Later, as his back healed, water skiing came easier.

"What about sea duty?" someone reminded him. "Could you walk without trouble on a ship's rolling deck?"

To find out, Ellis took leave and with Christine and their two older children boarded the Hawaii-bound transport *Breckenridge*. It was a vacation trip, but since the Mugu crash Ellis had allowed himself few moments of relaxation, and the five-day voyage was no exception. Long after the other passengers had retired each night, Ellis paced the *Breckenridge's* slanting decks, remaining near the safety of a railing at first, but later braving the wide, unprotected main deck where no ready grip was available.

"I didn't fall," Ellis remembers. "In fact, walking aboard a ship was the best exercise I could have found. It's all a matter of balance. I had to learn the trick of 'meeting' every motion of the ship, but it wasn't much different from a seaman's learning it with normal legs for the first time." A bit trickier was climbing the ship's narrow, nearly-vertical stairways, but with a little practice, Ellis soon mastered this as well.

Christine thought her husband was doing wonderfully, too.

"At least," she said one night as the music of the *Breckenridge* orchestra swelled in their ears, "you haven't forgotten how to dance."

In Hawaii, Ellis swam no less than three hours a day, letting the warm sun refurbish his tired muscles. One morning, as he unstrapped his wooden legs to take a dip at Fort DeRussy Beach, a military recreation area near downtown Honolulu, Ellis decided to have some fun. He placed the detached legs—each covered in a stocking and shoe, making it look totally human—leg-end down in the sand, with the shoes pointing upward. Then he swam out 50 yards or so to watch what happened.

"At least a dozen people walked by and couldn't believe what they saw," Ellis recalls, amused. "I laughed so hard I almost forgot to tread water. But you know something? Not a darn one of them got curious enough to dig down and find where the rest of the 'body' was!"

Home once again, Ellis volunteered to run a tough obstacle course operated by Navy frogmen at Silver Strand Beach, south of Coronado. (Later, it was learned, Ellis had slipped away on several occasions in the dead of night to practice unofficially on the course.)

To complete the course, he had to scramble up a 35-foot rope net, climb over a 15-foot wooden wall, and run at full speed through ankle deep sand. The net climb was the toughest, but he managed.

"It's not my legs that bothered me, because they're essentially willow," he told onlookers. "It's my arms. Boy, I never thought they could get so tired!"

The most satisfying test, to Ellis, was taxiing an airplane and making an abortive takeoff. This was scheduled on March 6, 1963, in a T33-B jet trainer with Lt. R. G. Lucken assigned as second pilot.

"Just take it easy, Frank," Lucken assured him. "You only have to taxi this crate. You don't have to fly."

Ellis smiled. "That's what I'd *rather* do," he said.

Ellis snugged down the seat belt and worked the rudder pedals and brakes gently with his false feet. Then he jammed the throttle wide open. The trainer lunged down the North Island Naval Air Station runway and for a brief instant, Frank Ellis was in his element once again. Then at Lucken's order, he hit the brakes and brought the plane to a stop.

"Ellis had slight difficulty braking," Lucken wrote in an evaluation report that afternoon, "but in general his performance was excellent." It was the first time Ellis had touched an airplane's controls since he fired himself out of the crippled Cougar nine months earlier.

Ellis lacked one final, dramatic test to convince himself and others that he had mastered his new legs. He elected a parachute jump.

The Navy, he knew, would never approve such a jump; even if it did, going through channels might kill precious weeks. And Ellis was running out of time. He had heard that a few miles east of Coronado, at Gillespie Field in El Cajon, an active skydivers' club practiced its sport on weekends. After spending a day leaping from sawhorses in his garage to get the feel of ground impact, Ellis paid a visit to the San Diego Skydivers. It was Sunday, May 19, 1963.

[*Continued on page* 82]

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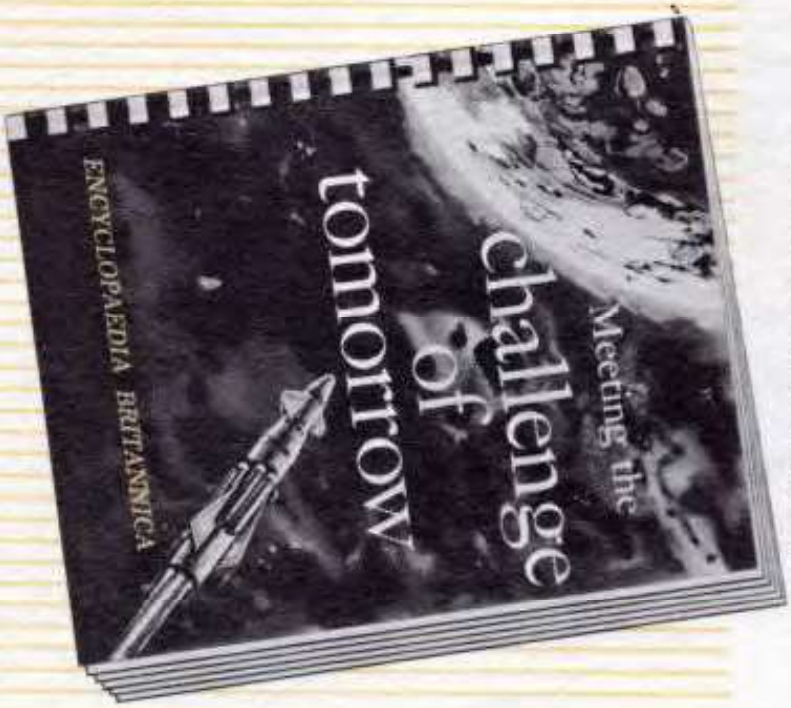

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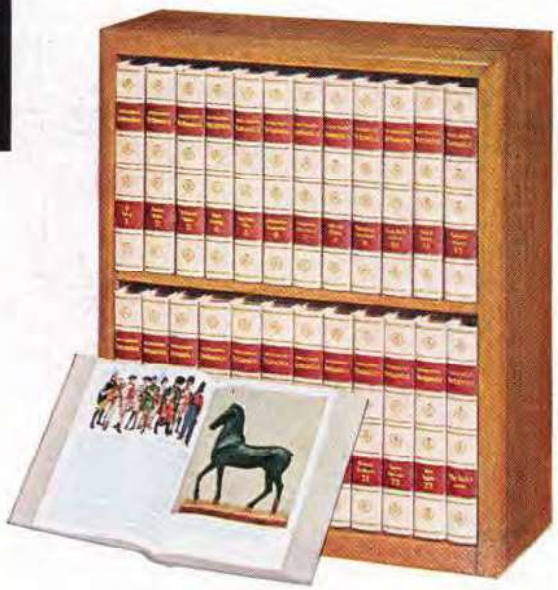

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THE GREAT FUSS AND FUME OVER THE OMNIPOTENT OOM

Wily con man and conservative bank president, athlete and love-cult practitioner, the remarkable "Doctor" Bernard was all of these. He was also the Omnipotent Oom, whose devoted followers included some of the most famous names in America

BY CHARLES BOSWELL

■ A year after the first World War, a middle-aged man calling himself Dr. Pierre Arnold Bernard—who also was known as the Omnipotent Oom—suddenly appeared in the village of Nyack, 15 miles up the Hudson River from New York City, and bought the show place of the area. This was an estate more than a century old, and Oom got it cheap, reputedly for $100,000.

The dominant structure on the estate was a three-story, brick Georgian mansion containing some 30 rooms, erected by a French pirate. Oom's purchase also included eight other handsome houses, plus numerous outbuildings. The entire cluster stood in a 78-acre park enclosed by a high iron fence.

The realtor with whom Oom dealt obtained no information concerning what sort of doctor he was or where he came from. In fact, Oom frightened him, although not intentionally. It was

OMNIPOTENT OOM

ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD D'ANDREA

just the way Oom happened to look. He was heavily muscled, had a large head covered with close-cropped hair, and his grayish-green eyes were so sharp that they seemed to fix whatever fell within their point of focus, the way the pin of a collector fixes a butterfly.

Oom moved in immediately, with his retinue. It consisted of his wife Blanche, a lithe, handsome woman years younger than Oom; cooks and maids; gardeners and groundsmen; and chauffeurs for Oom's fleet of automobiles. Over the years, the fleet included such classics as a Minerva, a Rolls, a Pierce-Arrow, a Stutz, a Lincoln, a Packard and a Stanley Steamer. This last was Oom's particular delight. He often drove it himself, boiling down to New York and returning with the car full of guests. Some stayed only for weekends, but many remained for months.

At the entrance to his estate Oom placed no name. But he did have this inscription cut into the stone pediment above the gate:

HERE THE PHILOSOPHER MAY DANCE
AND THE
FOOL WEAR A THINKING CAP

Like any small town, Nyack had its gossips. The original rumors had it that Oom was a physician whose talents were utilized by unmarried ladies of wealth who found themselves in an embarrassing family way. This Nyack could take, for it represented no hazard to the citizenry at large.

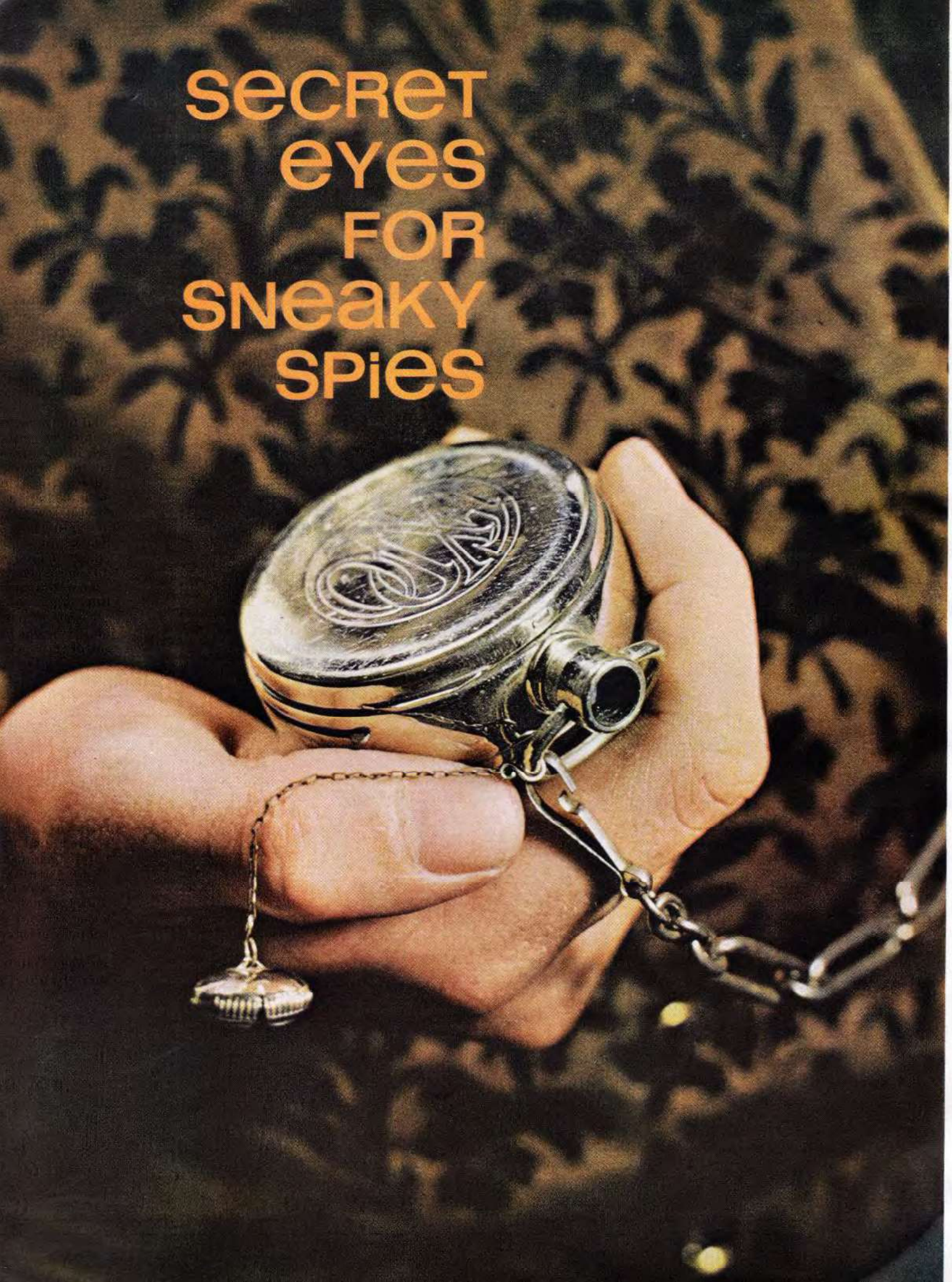
But with the appearance of the inscription above the gate, Nyack grew uneasy. The town feared that Oom was a head shrinker and that he was converting the estate into a private bastille for nuts. What if some zany inclined to violence should break out?

To confirm or deny the suspicion, Nyack invoked the skills of its own CIA. The spies commissioned were an operator in the local telephone exchange and the postman who delivered Oom's mail. But the intelligence obtained was not easy to analyze. Oom talked over the phone long-distance and corresponded with many people, including leaders of society and figures prominent in the arts. Some addressed him as Doctor Bernard, others as Oom, and still others—mostly women—called him "Loving Guru." The women often told him they felt the need to walk around him three times and then reach out and touch his "lotus feet."

Most puzzling to the local snoops were the letters addressed to the "Mystic Order of the Tantriks of India," in Oom's care. What the devil was a Tantrik? A Nyack librarian searched out the answer: A true Tantrik is a practitioner of Tantra, a ritualistic system in certain religions of the Orient. The rites are grossly licentious and are most often invoked in veneration of the Sakti, the Hindu goddesses of female energy. But sometimes Oriental men and women with a yen for one another invoke them just for kicks. A couple skilled in the rites, which involve Yoga breathing and Yoga control of muscles of the loins, are supposedly able to make love [*Continued on page* 86]

While Oom was standing on his head, the squad of troopers burst in. Their sergeant took one look at Oom practicing the Art of Reversion and declared: "Dr. Pierre Arnold Bernard, you are charged with. . . ."

secret eyes for sneaky spies



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY LEONARD KAMSLER

Rochester, N.Y.

For the secret recording of useful information there's nothing like a well-hidden camera. When the first permanent photograph was unveiled in 1822, its possibilities were instantly apparent to the then-current crop of spies and private eyes. Disguised cameras were made soon after and they still are, as every Dick Tracy fan knows. Shown here are some of the choicest camouflaged cameras of bygone years, from the famous camera collection in Kodak's museum of photography, George Eastman House. Most of these snoopers are workable although many require pretty unique film. Some come with such elaborate equipment that a whole Sherlock Holmes plot springs to mind. The binocular camera at right, for example, uses a round magazine that holds 50 plates. The camera is loaded by sliding the magazine on top of the binocular and allowing a plate to drop through a light trap into the focal plane. A tripod disguised as a walking stick completed the secret photographer's sporting look as he made ready for a snappy stroll over the Baskerville grounds. The tiny matchbox camera at the bottom is 20 years old but is still not available to the public. It was developed for the OSS during World War II. Its lens has a 1-inch focal length and a 45-degree angle of view so pictures can be shot casually from the hip. Operative 007 has only to point the matchbox at the secret papers and push the small plunger at the side. Neat, quick and quiet as lighting a cigar.

At left, metal camera looks like pocket watch, uses roll film, 15 x 22 mm., for 25 exposures. 1904.

1. Bellows camera, concealed in box, resembles three leather-bound books. Makes single exposures on 4 x 5-inch plates. 1893.

2. Concealed vest camera fits into pocket of false vest. Makes 6 exposures on circular dry plate, 5½ inches in diameter. 1886.

3. German camera concealed in handle of walking stick uses roll film for 20 exposures, ½ x 1 inch. 1903.

4. "Photo Cravate" is French camera disguised by flowing tie. Uses 6 plates 1½ inches square. 1893.

5. Elaborate camera in form of pair of binoculars. One lens is finder. Uses single 1½-inch square, dry collodion plate. 1867.

6. Modern espionage camera slides into match box, uses 16 mm. film to make 30 exposures, 12 x 12 mm. 1943.

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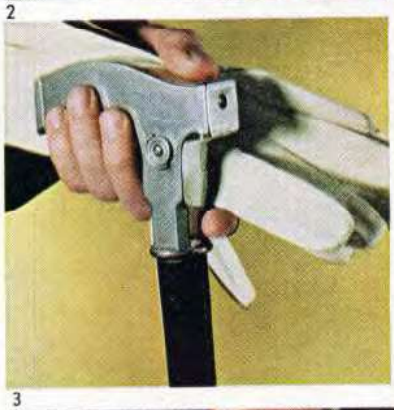

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SET
B

Greatest Check Artist Of All Time

Bill ("The Bilker") Harkins milked the banks for $2 million—and lived to the hilt until he made the mistake of trusting one woman while chasing another. Now retired, he leaves an unbeatable record with dough and dames

By Alan Hynd

ILLUSTRATED BY BARYE PHILIPS

■ It was near the closing hour of noon, that September Saturday, when a handsome, custom-tailored six-footer in the middle years strode into the Hotel New Yorker branch of the Manufacturers Trust Company as if he owned the place. Easing himself up to one of the windows, he bought a bank money order for the piddling sum of $12. The transaction completed, he frowned, snapped his fingers and in a low, rich voice said to the teller, "Dammit, I don't need this money order after all. I'd like to have my cash back, please."

The teller, sticking to the rules, told William Hagen Harkins that to cash the money order he had just bought he would have to get it okayed by an officer named Charles E. Caman, who was sitting at a desk out on the floor. Caman, a pleasantly impervious banker type, was so busy cleaning up the last of the week's work before the gong sounded that he hardly noticed Harkins as he listened to his story and dashed off "OK CEC" on the money order. He didn't notice, either, that the suave stranger, instead of cashing the order, slipped it into a handsome Florentine wallet and strolled out.

First thing Monday morning Harkins was back at the New York depository, popping up at a different teller's window with a check on Boston's National Shawmut Bank for $1,401, payable to Cash and bearing the signature of one James A. Farley. The second teller, also a rule rattler, told Harkins he'd have to get the check okayed by Mr. Caman.

Harkins walked over to Caman's desk; then, with his back to the teller, he obviously handed an oblong bit of paper to the officer. The teller could see his superior return the paper to Harkins and the two men smile and shake hands. Back at the window, Harkins pushed a check to the teller with these pleasant words: "This should be okay now."

The teller saw the "OK CEC" scrawled across its face, and asked Harkins how he wanted the loot. "Oh," said Bill, mirth in his rich voice, a twinkle in the blue eyes that people instinctively trusted, "I'll take anything that's not counterfeit." The taker and the takee enjoyed a chuckle over the corny crack, then Harkins added, "Hundreds will do."

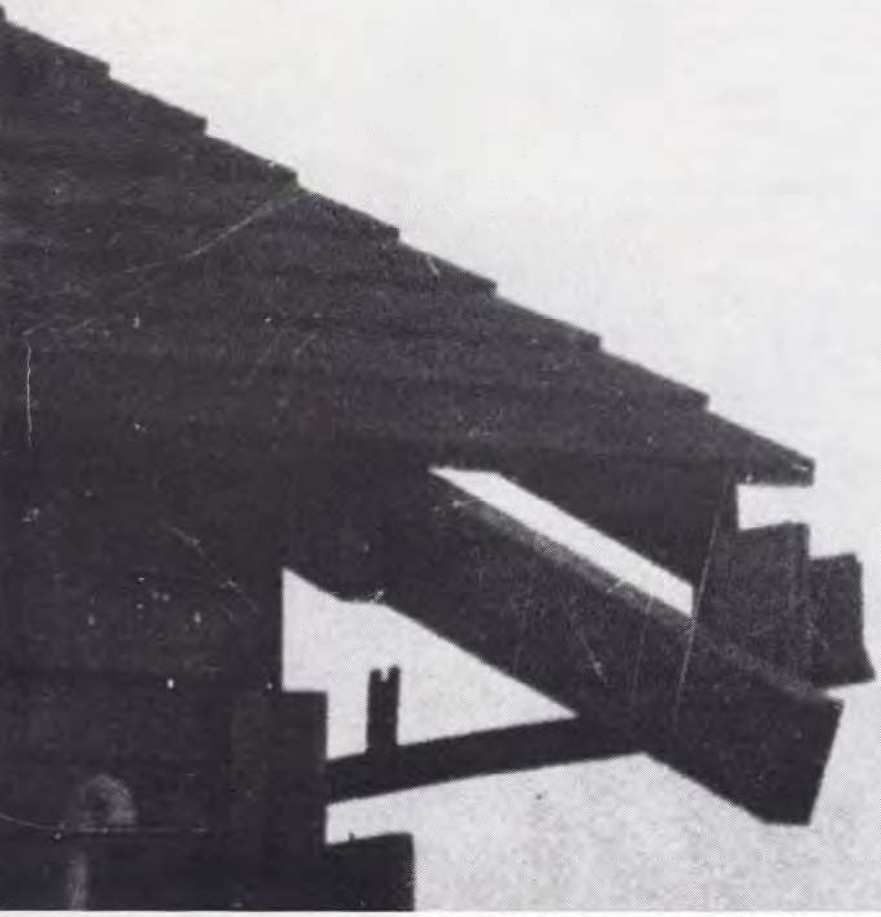
After grabbing 14 fresh centuries and a lone one-dollar bill, Harkins, who sure was careful with a buck in a bank, remembered about the $12 item that Caman had okayed two days before and cashed that, too. Then, with a cheery good-by to the teller and a brisk wave of the hand to Caman, the greatest forger in the history of phony checks parted company with that particular jug.

Five days later, on September 25th, again near closing time at Saturday noon, a mild-looking medium-sized man, wearing a gray suit and gold-rimmed glasses, settled himself at Caman's desk. He was Horace A. Crowe, the 49-year-old manager of the Criminal Division of the William J. Burns International Detective Agency. Crowe was there on invitation, [*Continued on page* 70]

As the stripper shook and shimmied, Bill began to breathe a little hard—and Lilly's slow burn glowed brighter.

U.S. AIR FORCE CENSORSHIP OF THE UFO SIGHTINGS

BY MAJ. DONALD E. KEYHOE, USMC (Ret.)



I'm going to tell you an eerie story, labeled a "rumor" by the Air Force, which you haven't heard before. The fact that you haven't heard it—haven't been allowed to hear it—is as frightening as the story itself.

On April 8, 1964, the National Aeronautics & Space Administration launched from Cape Kennedy the first two-man Gemini capsule, a crucial step in our effort to land an astronaut on the moon. The capsule went into its planned orbit around the earth, and sensitive instruments began gathering data that would reveal flaws and point out possible improvements in the design. This first test flight was a great success. You read about it next morning in your paper.

But there was something you didn't read. This report was given to me confidentially by two scientists present at the test. The Gemini capsule was still in its first orbit when four spacecraft of unknown origin flew up to it. While startled radar trackers watched their screens in open-mouthed amazement, the four took up positions around the capsule—two above it, one beneath, one aft. Whoever was inside those strange craft appeared to be inspecting the capsule minutely and with care. They drew close to the capsule and paced it for a full orbit of the earth. Then, apparently finished with their scrutiny, they pulled away and vanished into the unknown.

What were these four mysterious space travelers? Where had they come from? What mission had brought them into the earth's space neighborhood? What people, what beings, were at the controls? I fervently wish I could answer those questions. And I wish I could satisfactorily answer one other: this eerie episode, this incident so fraught with implications for all who live on earth—why was it kept secret?

This much I know: the Gemini episode was not an isolated case. For in the past three years, unknown to the general public, there has been a tremendous new wave of incidents in which unidentified flying objects (UFO's) have been sighted around the world, often near rocket test ranges, satellite orbital pathways and airfields. The U.S. Government has been aware throughout that time that enigmatic alien craft of some kind are watching our outer-space operations. The new wave of UFO appearances fully matches in magnitude the great "flying saucer" scare of the late 1940's and early 1950's, when it wasn't unusual for dozens of UFO sightings to be reported in a single week. UFO activity slowed down somewhat in the late 1950's. But now, suddenly, the UFO's are back—their numbers greater, their origin as obscure, their purpose as unfathomable as ever before.

You haven't heard or read anything about this great new wave. No. Back in the early 1950's the Air Force, charged with investigating UFO's, adopted the posture of "debunking" flying-saucer stories and

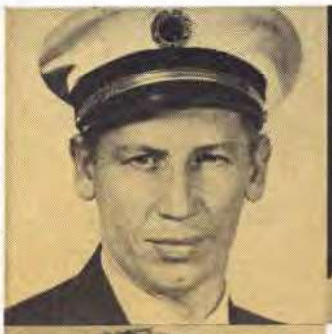
Unidentified flying objects, UFO's, hit the front pages 15 years ago and have been with us since, in spite of a massive Air Force blackout on facts. Recently there has been a new wave of sightings. Here's the documented, inside story

When a flying saucer zoomed over his farmhouse, Paul Trent of McMinnville, Ore., snapped this unusual photograph.

"I am certain that the UFO's we saw were intelligently operated craft from somewhere other than this planet."

→

SENIOR CAPT. WILLIAM B. NASH, Pan American Airways (pilot for 16 years)



"The Air Force is still withholding information on Unidentified Flying Objects, including UFO sighting reports."

←

DEWEY FOURNET, JR., former AF headquarters' intelligence monitor, UFO project

"I've been convinced for a long time that the 'saucers' are interplanetary. We're being watched by beings from outer space."

→

ALBERT M. CHOP, deputy public affairs director, NASA

"The unknown objects are operating under intelligent control. It is imperative that we learn where they come from."

→

VICE-ADM. ROSCOE H. HILLENKOETTER, USN (Ret.), former CIA director

"Reliable reports indicate that unidentified objects are coming into our atmosphere at very high speeds and that they are controlled."

←

R. ADM. DELMER FAHRNEY, USN (Ret.), former chief of Navy guided missiles division

"My own conclusion is that UFO's are real and can come only from another planet with a civilization older than ours."

←

LT. COL. HOWARD STRAND, Base Commander Michigan Air National Guard

THESE EXPERTS SAY FLYING SAUCERS ARE REAL

ridiculing anybody who claimed to have seen an alien craft. Now the tactic has changed. The tactic is total suppression of news. By a strict Air Force order, entitled AFR 200-2, Air Force personnel are forbidden to talk in public about UFO sightings, and information about UFO's is to be withheld from the press unless the thing seen "has been positively identified as a familiar or known object." The U.S. Government can also exert indirect pressure on employees of companies working in missile projects, on airline pilots and on others subject to some measure of government control. Result: a news blackout.

Why the blackout? I can only guess. Perhaps the government knows something so startling that it fears the public would be panicked. Perhaps the Air Force is afraid that the public, fed too many UFO stories, might come to believe UFO's are unbeatable new Russian war weapons. Maybe the Air Force now regrets a long-ago decision to hide the true nature of UFO's, but fears that to admit the long cover-up would bring on a storm of public anger.

I don't know what the Air Force's motives are. But I do know—I know beyond any possibility of doubt—that a great new wave of UFO's has arrived to patrol our skies and our space neighborhood. I don't know any more about these inexplicable craft than anybody else. I know only that they are under intelligent control and appear to have been produced by some technology more advanced than our own. They are not optical illusions, hallucinations, mirages, kites, birds or balloons. They are real. Whether the Air Force admits it or not, they are definitely, patently, inescapably here.

How do I know? I'm going to tell you how. I'm going to submit documented case histories to you, evidence that can hardly be doubted, reports signed by sober, reliable men whose very livelihoods depend on their ability to see things clearly and note facts with minute accuracy. But first let me tell you a little about myself and the basis on which I ask your credence. I am a graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. Before and during World War II I was a flying officer in the U.S. Marine Corps. My whole life has been involved with aircraft, either flying them or writing about them. I mention this to show that I'm in a position to assess the facts when a pilot tells me about something he has seen in the air. I'm familiar with mirages, sundogs and other optical phenomena encountered by pilots, and I know which optical illusions fool you and which don't, and when.

After the war I became a writer on technical aspects of aviation. One day I was approached by the editor of TRUE.

"I cannot support government secrecy in these fields unless the national security is involved and I cannot believe that it is."

SEN. EVERETT DIRKSEN, Rep., Ill. (minority leader)

"I feel that the Air Force has not been giving out all the information it has on the Unidentified Flying Objects. You can't disregard so many unimpeachable sources."

CONG. JOHN W. McCORMACK, Dem., Mass. (Speaker of the House)

"Information covering sightings of UFO's is of vital importance. The American people are fully capable of understanding these problems."

CONG. JOHN V. LINDSAY, Rep., N. Y.

"I am indeed interested in UFO's. I frankly feel that there is a great deal to this and I have discussed it often with many Air Force officers."

SEN. BARRY GOLDWATER, Rep., Ariz.

"The public has sound reason for being confused about this. The public should be given all information which would not adversely affect our national security."

SEN. STUART SYMINGTON, Dem., Mo.

"UFO's have never been accurately explained. We don't have all the facts and certainly the Senate committee should have all the facts."

SEN. THOMAS J. DODD, Dem., Conn.

THESE LAWMAKERS SAY UFO'S SHOULD BE INVESTIGATED

He wanted me to investigate the so-called flying saucers that were just then beginning to get into the news. Frankly, I was skeptical. Flying saucers were just illusions, I thought. But I investigated anyway, out of curiosity. And after talking to scores of people who had sighted UFO's—government officials, pilots, scientists—I came away convinced that UFO's are in truth what they seem to be: visitors from somewhere else in the universe. I was so thoroughly convinced that I became director of an organization called NICAP, the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, whose sole purpose is to get to the bottom of the UFO mystery. NICAP now has some 5,000 members in 50 states and 30 foreign countries.

The members of NICAP include veteran officers of all the services including many from the intelligence branches. Other members are pilots, astronomers, space and rocket experts and scientists. Many top scientific minds are on the board of NICAP and others serve as advisers to the organization. I myself have carried on extensive research in the UFO field over the past 15 years and have written a number of books on the subject.

Over the years NICAP has become a kind of central collecting point for UFO sighting reports. People who are afraid to report to the Air Force or to newspapers, fearing public ridicule, report to us. People under news-blackout orders often report to us in secret. This is how we learned about the Gemini episode, for example. The news cover-up has leaks, and they often flow quietly in NICAP's direction.

Consider another leak. In our files is a photocopy of an official tracking log from Cape Canaveral (now Cape Kennedy), covering operations on January 10, 1961. A Polaris missile was fired that day. According to the log, the missile was on its way up when an "unidentifiable flying object" came in over the range. The UFO was evidently so big and maneuvered so close to the Polaris that automatic tracking radar on the ground, set to follow the Polaris, locked onto the UFO by mistake. The UFO eventually flew out of the radar's "sight." It took trackers 14 minutes to find the Polaris again. Did you read about this in your paper? Certainly not.

Nor did you read about the weird events of May 3, 1964. So puzzling were these events that they caused a flurry in the U.S. State Department, and the State Department felt it necessary to send a report on the affair to the Central Intelligence Agency, the National Security Agency, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the Army and the Navy. The security lid clamped down before the facts got to you, but here they are: [*Continued on page* 84]

"Those of us who weren't destroyed got stronger, got calluses on our souls. And now we're ready to change a system, a system where a white man can destroy a black man with a single word—

NIGGER

BY DICK GREGORY WITH ROBERT LIPSYTE

Dear Momma—Wherever you are, if ever you hear the word "nigger" again, remember they are advertising my book.

□ ● □

Richard Claxton Gregory was born on Columbus Day, 1932. A welfare case. You've seen him on every street corner in America. You knew he had rhythm by the way he snapped his cloth while he shined your shoes. Happy little black boy, the way he grinned and picked your quarter out of the air. Then he ran off and bought himself a Twinkie Cupcake, a bottle of Pepsi-Cola, and a pocketful of caramels.

You didn't know that was his dinner. And you never followed him home.

□ ● □

Suddenly a taxicab pulled up outside the window and we heard the door slam, and a big, deep voice like nobody's but my Daddy's was saying, "Keep the change, friend. Merry Christmas." And then all the kids were on their feet and knocking each other down to get to the door, and everybody was hollering and screaming, and the last thing I heard was my Momma's voice saying, "Don't touch his clothes with your dirty hands, now don't touch his clothes."

I slammed the bedroom door and climbed into bed with my sneakers on and cried. I pulled the blanket over my head, but I could hear all right.

I could hear him crackling the money in his hand and his big, deep voice saying, "You been a good girl, 'Lores, doin' like your Momma says. . . . You been good, Presley, don't want you growin' up to be like your Daddy now . . . payin' your Momma mind and doin' your school work. . . . How about you, Garland? . . ."

After a while, Momma brought him into the bedroom. "Big Pres, Richard waited up all night for you, he knew you were coming. He bought you something for Christmas, Big Pres. You know, he buys you something every Christmas."

She pulled on me. She rolled me over. "What's wrong with you, Richard, didn't you hear me call for you, didn't you hear me say Daddy's home? What are you crying about, Richard, what's wrong with you?"

She didn't tell him what was wrong. No, you got to treat strangers with respect. "Big Pres, he's just jealous, he's just jealous 'cause you didn't pick him up like you picked up the others."

I lay in bed and I looked up at that man and he was 10 feet tall. Tallest man I ever saw. He was clean, and he was strong, and he was healthy. He sat down on the bed next to me.

"Don't you sit on that dirty bed, Big Pres," said Momma, and she brushed off his suit and got one of the silk tablecloths the white folks had given her which we never used. She put the tablecloth on top of the sheet, yeah, the one sheet that stayed on the bed for six months. She didn't want Big Pres to get his suit dirty.

"I brought you some money, Richard."

"Don't want it, Daddy."

"Got more for you than I got for the others."

"Still don't want it."

"I'm your Daddy, boy, don't you want to see me?"

"I see you every time I see my Momma on her knees in front of the window cryin' and prayin' you'll come. You oughta thank me 'cause I brought you here, yeah, thank me you never get sick 'cause every night I say my prayers, I say bless him wherever he is."

"Richard, I'm going to stay home with you this time, if you want me I'll stay home. You want me to stay, Richard?"

I didn't say anything.

"I'll get a job. Your Momma won't have to work. You want me, Richard?"

I looked at him but I didn't say anything. I guess he meant what he said. The moment he said it, anyway. And I lay there and I was thinking: If you stay, old man, I'll leave. I don't need you, Daddy, not now. I needed you when the boys chased me home, when the man cheated me out of my paper money, needed you every time the other kids' Daddies came home at 7 o'clock.

" 'Cille, what's wrong with this boy?"

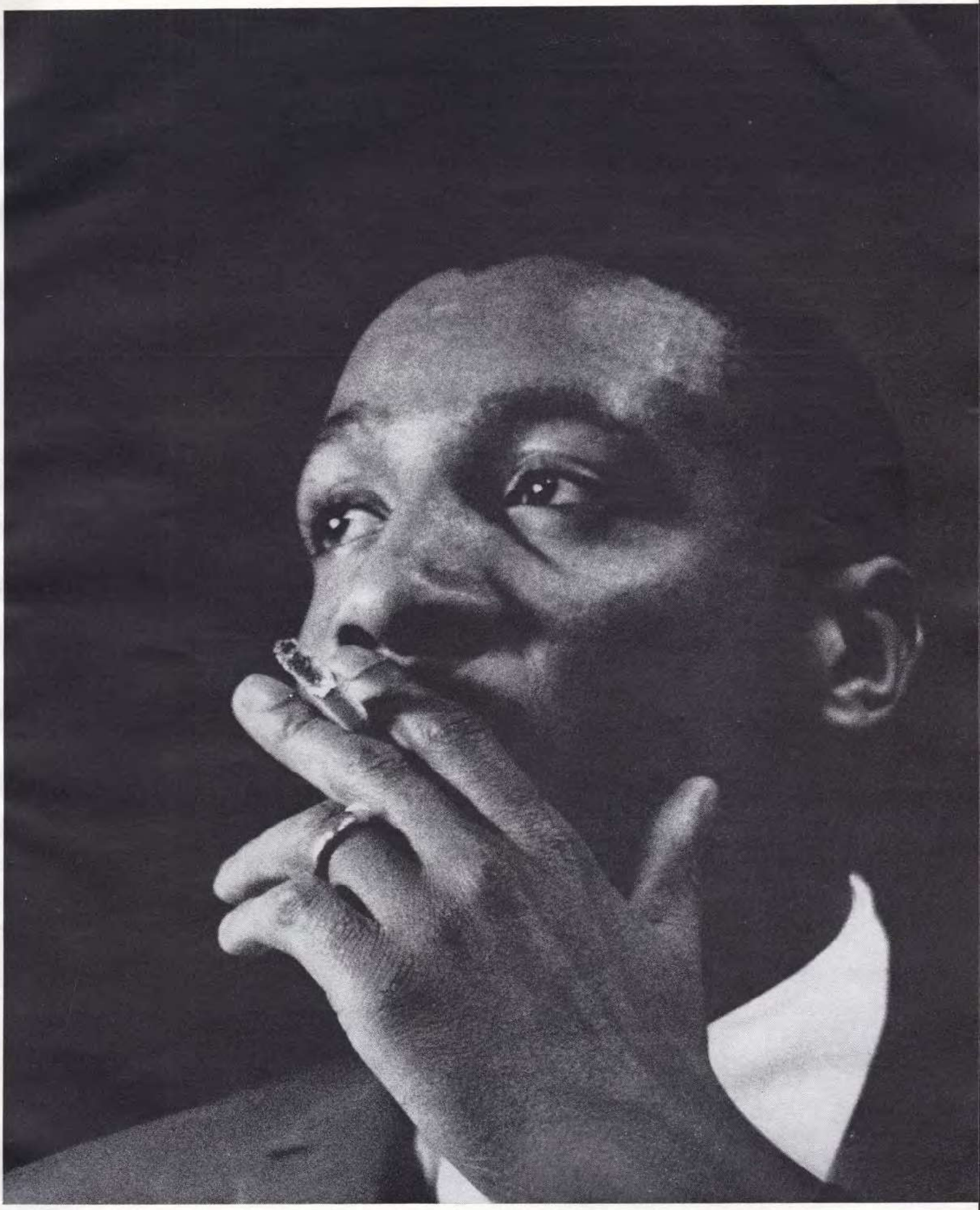
"Don't you worry about him, Big Pres, he's crazy."

That got me mad, Momma forgetting all her love for me to pacify him.

"Yeah, he's crazy. Hey, 'Cille, you got a drink around the house?" She brought out whisky. He drank it right out of the bottle.

I kept slipping back all that day, peeping in to make sure he was still there. Once I thought I almost caught him leaving, all dressed with his brown bag in his hand, but when he saw me he put it down. I'd slip in and I'd hear [*Continued on page* 109]

From the book NIGGER: An autobiography by Dick Gregory with Robert Lipsyte. Copyright, ©, 1964 by Dick Gregory Enterprises, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.



Dick Gregory was an outstanding college athlete, is a great standup comic with the rare ability to poke fun at his problems. Recently he became a front-line fighter for civil rights.

mysterious monster of the missouri

The paddlefish—scaleless, boneless and some say thoughtless—should have vanished eons ago. But these spooky-looking relics of another age are thriving and provide rugged sport on wintry rivers from South Dakota to Mississippi

BY HANK BRADSHAW

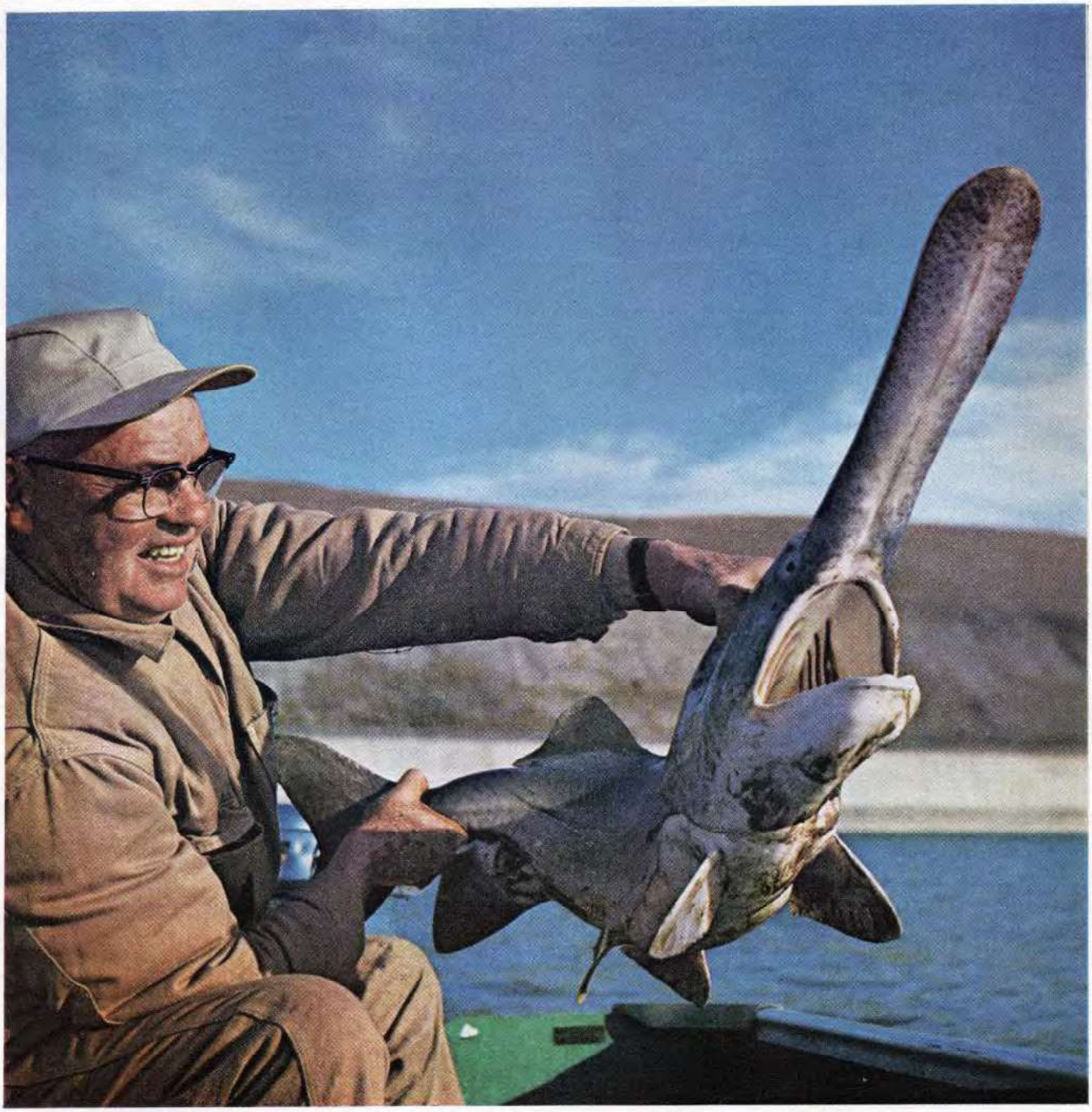
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

JAN.—TRUE

■ The ocean has nothing on the large rivers of central United States when it comes to producing a monster of the deep. And as a result, inland anglers now are enjoying deep-sea fishing close to home. When someone first told me that thousands of fishermen in the cold dead of winter were getting the thrill of Gulf Stream fishing by catching the mysterious lead-gray, shark-contoured paddlefish below the big dams on the Missouri River, I wondered which one of us was crazy. So I put on my insulated underwear and went to South Dakota to find out.

Once there, my introduction to paddlefishing was dramatic. Since paddlefish rarely bite on a hook and line, being plankton feeders, the art of capture is to snag them. An addict of the sport at Fort Randall dam, South Dakota's largest, rigged me out with sea-going tackle and showed me how to snag with full-armed "reefs" or yanks. We were in a rowboat, trolling with an outboard motor across the shivery, wind-swept pool below the white concrete spillway. We had made only a couple of trips across and back, when near the end of my "reef" I felt my hook hit something that gave and I jerked again as best I could.

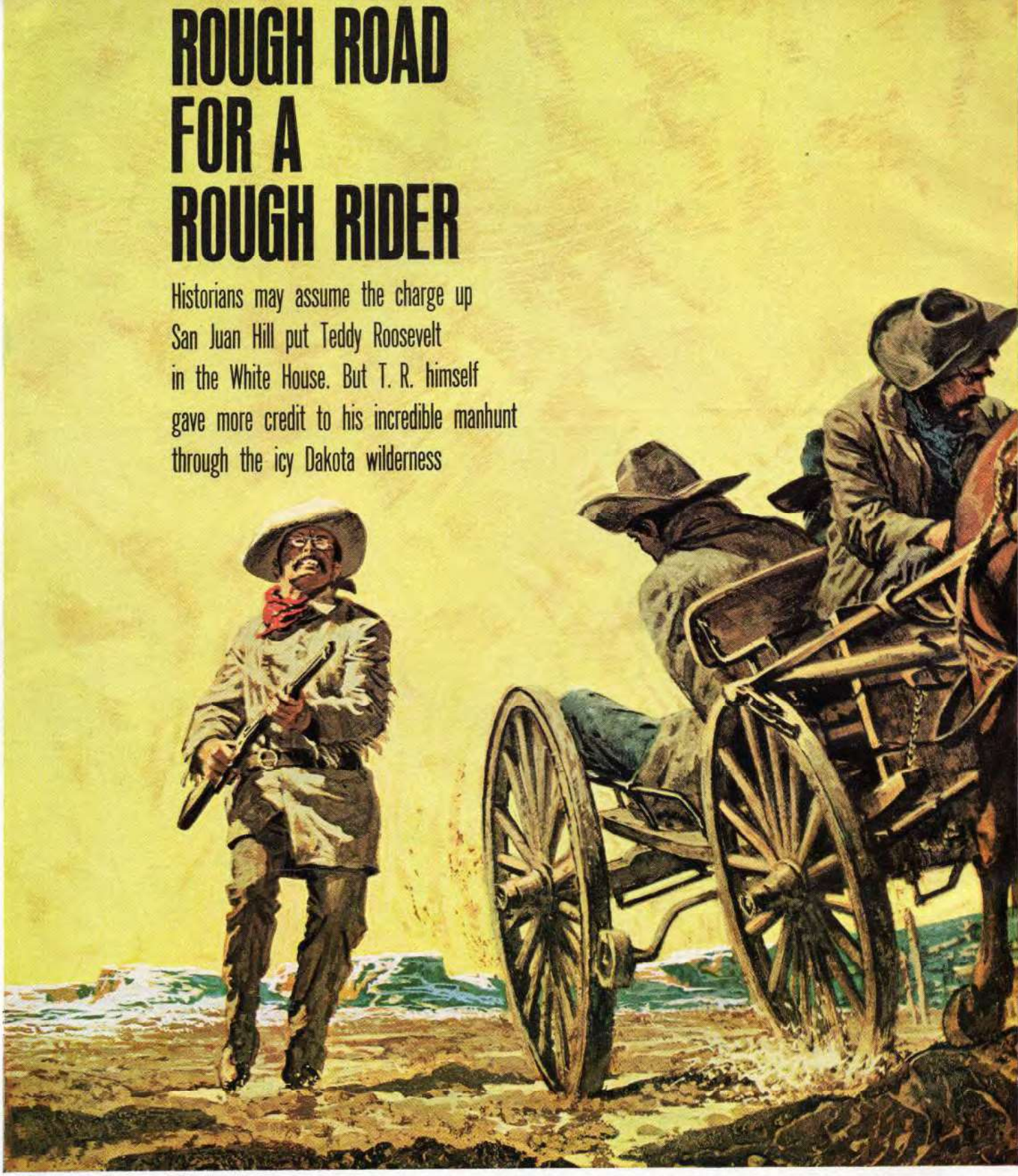
Then the fish took charge. The shock of its lunge hit my hands and arms as if I'd been clubbed. Line zinged off the reel despite the drag. And out there in the whitecaps, backlighted in amber by the pale December sun, a big fish with a bill-like snout as long as my arm leaped clear of the water, flailing its forked tail and, like a marlin, shot my hook back at me so fast I had to duck to escape it. The fish must have weighed [*Continued on page* 92]



Author fights, then examines 20-pound paddlefish on Missouri River. Strange fish is thought to sense food with long snout.

ROUGH ROAD FOR A ROUGH RIDER

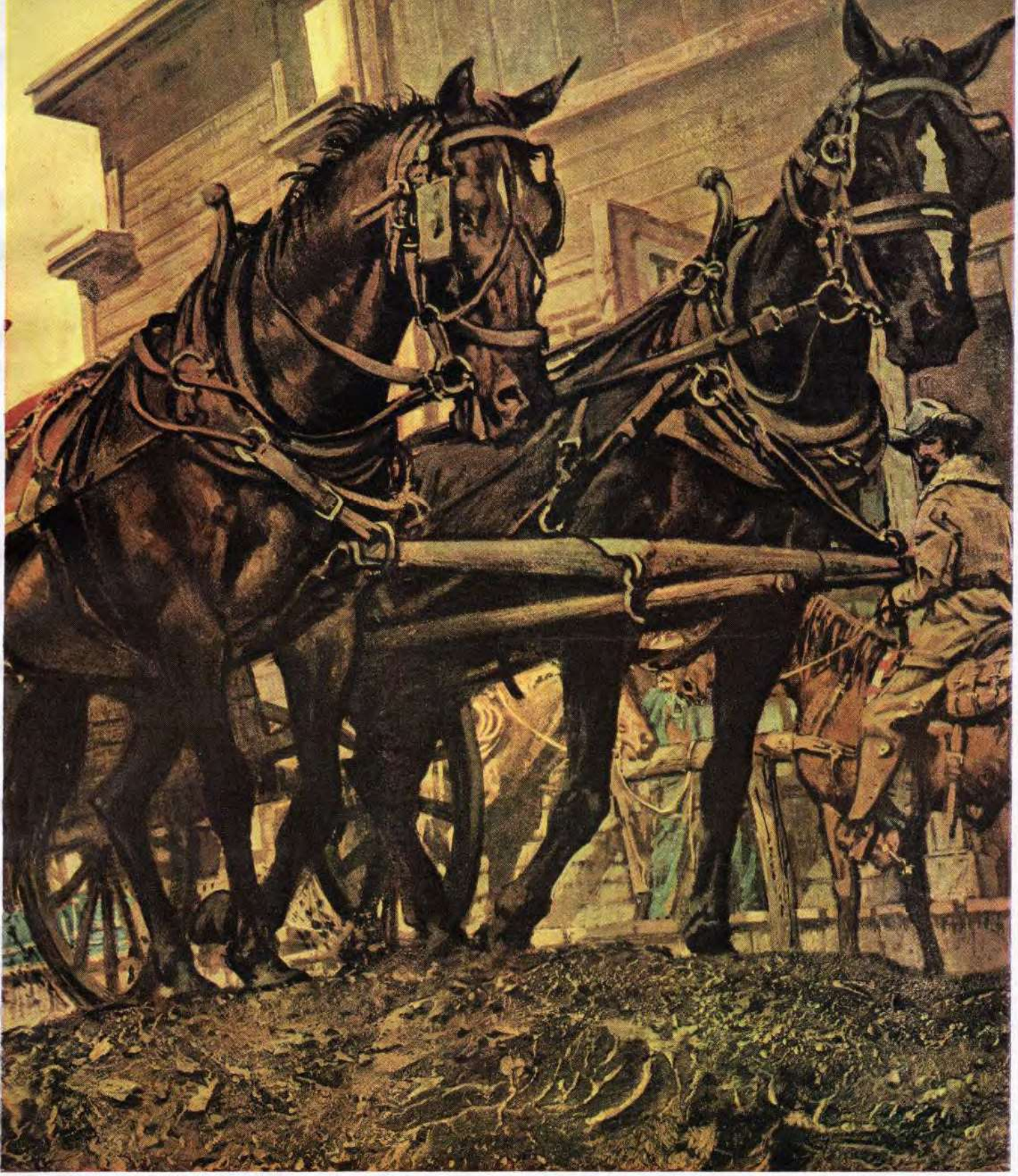
Historians may assume the charge up San Juan Hill put Teddy Roosevelt in the White House. But T. R. himself gave more credit to his incredible manhunt through the icy Dakota wilderness



After 36 hours without sleep, he looked like a drunk as he reeled from side to side behind his wagonload of prisoners.

■ To avoid an expected visit from Cattlemen's Association vigilantes, the three horse thieves first stole a skiff from the Elkhorn Ranch. Then they destroyed the only other boat within miles and rode the roaring, ice-choked Little Missouri River into the worst stretches of the impassable Badlands. They figured no one would have either the means or the inclination to follow. They figured wrong.

Back at the Elkhorn, an Association rancher and his two hired hands worked furiously for four days to build a crude flat-bottomed scow. They waited impatiently for a three-day blizzard to blow itself out, then took to the grinding, crunching river themselves. Both of the hands were wilderness veterans—big Bill Sewall and his nephew Will Dow. The rancher was smaller and younger than either, and might have been considered handsome, until he put on his spectacles and opened his mouth. Then his mustached face became all glasses and teeth, which is the



ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McCARTHY

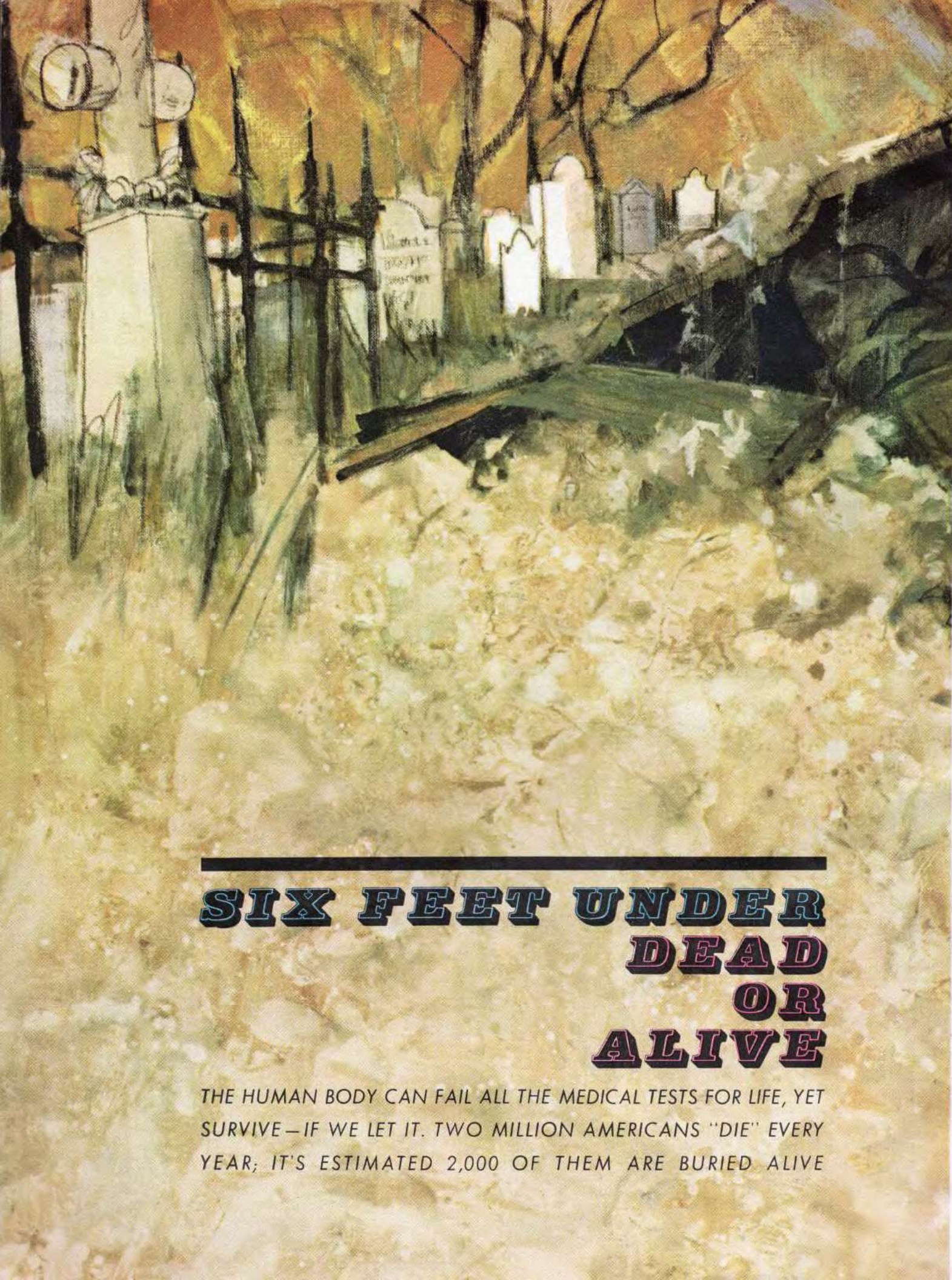
BY GENE CAESAR

way the nation forever remembers him. For he was destined, in just 15 years, to become the 26th President of the United States.

He had no way of forseeing those years then, or even the next 13 days—days of ordeal that would be preserved in Dakota campfire talk for decades to come. But there are moments in every man's life that assume their proper proportion only much later in retrospect; for Theodore Roosevelt, in March of 1886, these were such moments.

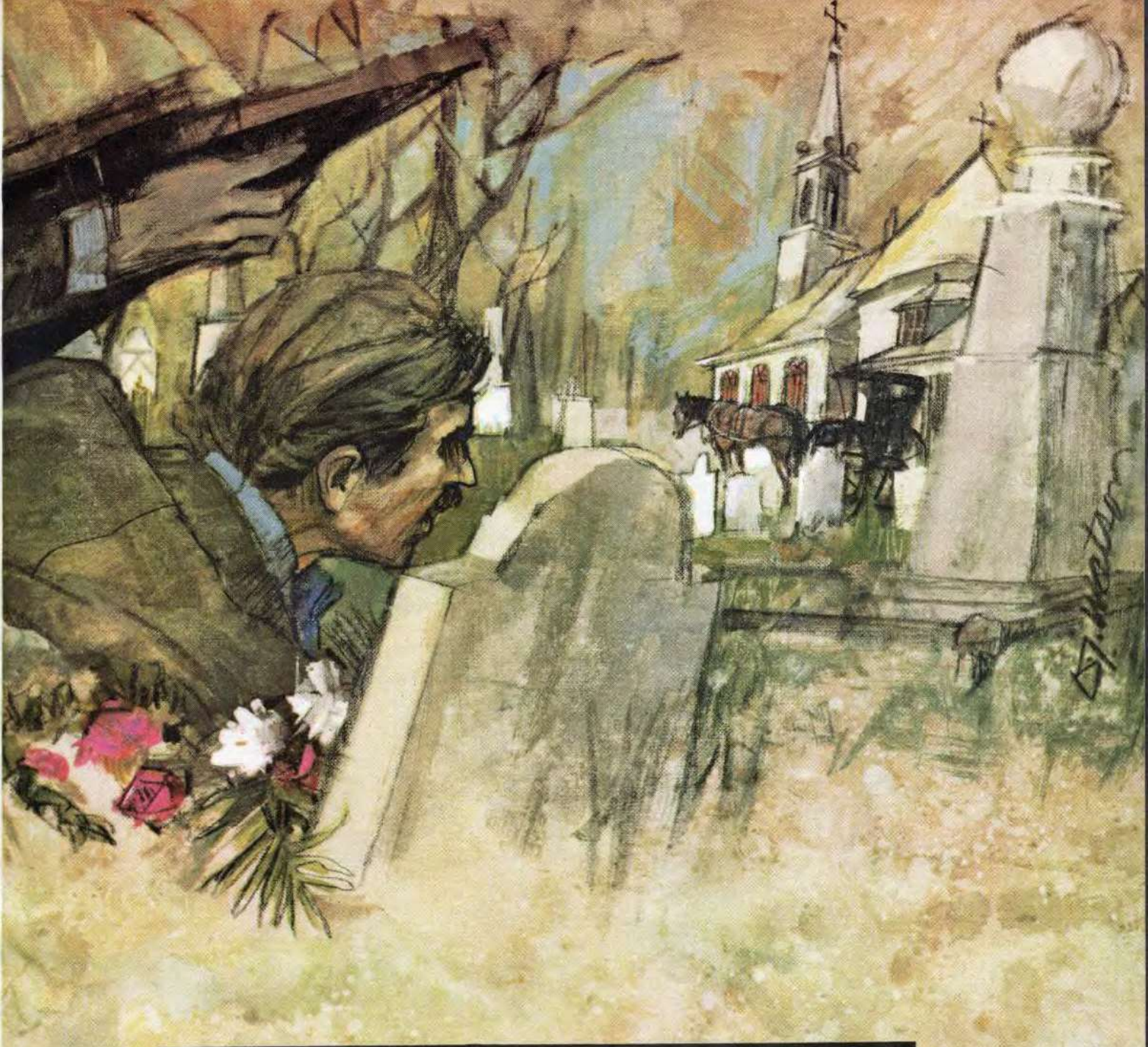
Though he'd been dubbed "that four-eyed dude from New York," Roosevelt fended off the floes manfully as he and his hired hands worked their way midstream. They shot downriver into a numbing spray that seemed to burn with cold. Braving the Little Missouri at breakup time was like running rapids in the midst of a logging drive, with ice for boulders and logs. But hour after hour, the young rancher kept up his share of the constant struggle.

[*Continued on page* 100]



SIX FEET UNDER DEAD OR ALIVE

THE HUMAN BODY CAN FAIL ALL THE MEDICAL TESTS FOR LIFE, YET SURVIVE—IF WE LET IT. TWO MILLION AMERICANS "DIE" EVERY YEAR; IT'S ESTIMATED 2,000 OF THEM ARE BURIED ALIVE



BY DANIEL P. MANNIX
ILLUSTRATED BY O. J. WATSON

On April 12, 1961, John C. Griffith was working in a gravel pit at Chattanooga, Tennessee, when he was caught in a slide and swept under. Dug out, he was pronounced dead by a physician, and his body was taken to the funeral parlor of Harry Hooper & Brothers. Here, while the body was being prepared for burial, Griffith cried out. He was rushed to the Baroness Erlanger Hospital and resuscitative measures were taken. Catherine Marler, supervisor of the Inhalation Therapy Department, told me the outcome: "John C. Griffith received O_2 by nasal catheter. The following day, O_2 was again given by trachea [*Continued on page* 103]

hell-for-leather fighting: for fun

Montacute, England

WHEN FIGHTING MEN WORE 50 POUNDS OF CLANGING METAL INTO BATTLE, THEY KEPT IN SHAPE WITH JOUSTING TOURNAMENTS. HERE, MODERN ENGLISHMEN, TRUSSED UP IN THEIR ANCESTORS' ARMOR, HAVE AT ONE ANOTHER IN A RECENT REVIVAL OF KNIGHTLY WAR GAMES. IT'S PART OF AN ELIZABETHAN FESTIVAL WITH JESTER, COURT LADIES AND A QUEEN OF BEAUTY. BELTING HIS SURPRISED OPPONENT LUSTILY IN THE BACK, THE VISORED KNIGHT AT LEFT CAN'T SEE THE LOW BLOW THROUGH HIS SIGHT SLITS. IN THE SET-TO AT RIGHT TWO CHALLENGERS CHARGE OUT ACROSS THE FIELD WITH LANCES SET TO UNHORSE ONE ANOTHER. AT FIRST GO (TOP) THEY FAIL; ON THE NEXT CHARGE, BOTH CONNECT VIGOROUSLY AND BEGIN TO TOPPLE. WHEN

hell-for-leather fighting: for fun

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY WERNER WOLFF
PRODUCED BY PAT GRAVES

UNHORSED COMBATANTS ARE SET ON THEIR FEET AND GIVEN HAND WEAPONS BY THEIR SQUIRES TO SLUG IT OUT ON FOOT. THE GRUNT-AND-THRUST AT LEFT IS A BATTLE WITH THE MACE—ONCE USED TO BEAT AN UNHORSED ENEMY TO DEATH. ONLY WIDE, SWINGING ARM MOVEMENTS ARE POSSIBLE WHILE WEARING CHAIN MAIL BECAUSE THE WHOLE WEIGHT OF A MAIL SHIRT FALLS ON THE SHOULDERS AND ARMS. ONCE BENT OVER FROM WHACKS OF A HEAVY MACE, THE DOUGHTY KNIGHTS FIND STRAIGHTENING UP NOT SO EASY—ESPECIALLY IF RUST HAS SET IN. IN THE END, THESE JOUSTERS WERE HAULED OFF THE FIELD—VICTIMS OF EXHAUSTION AS MUCH AS BLOWS, CONVINCED THEIR ANCESTORS WERE TRULY MEN OF STEEL.

Weapons to make

An arsenal of devastating surprises is being developed by Army scientists. From a pistol that fires rockets in clusters to tank killers to starlight binoculars, they're new, exotic and deadly

Shaped-charge 105mm. antitank shell.

New grenade: more fragments than ever.

Undetectable M19 mine is all plastic.

M18 mine hits enemy with hail of steel.

M21 mine will knock out any tank made.

every GI a Giant

BY JOHN S. TOMPKINS

■ Every GI who has ever been in Korea wonders what it will be like if the North Koreans decide to move south again. To the men of the U.S. 8th Army who are right now guarding and patrolling the 38th Parallel, such thoughts are a daily worry. But if the Communists do decide to heat up Korea again, Uncle Sam is ready to give them a bloody nose—and without using nuclear bombs or shells. The fact is that ever since 1950, when Chinese hordes almost drove us into the sea, Army scientists have been cooking up an arsenal of exotic new weapons to make sure it never happens again. Their efforts have given an infantry squad the lethal power of a World War II company.

Some of the stuff they've come up with is as deadly on the battlefield as a small atomic bomb. There are antipersonnel mines that can chop a company of men to mincemeat at the touch of a button. Antitank rockets and mines that can punch holes through the biggest tanks in the world. A new secret rifle that kills with superspeed high-velocity bullets the size of phonograph needles—or lobs grenades that fill the air with hundreds of tiny but deadly pellets. There's even a gadget in the works that warns you when an enemy soldier is trying to sneak up on your position.

In case you're wondering why we're not doing better in Vietnam with all this wonderful new stuff in our arsenal, the answer is that not much of it has been sent over there. Some isn't suited to jungle warfare and some is so secret we don't want it captured. The items that have been sent—such as the new .223 caliber M16 auto rifle and the 40mm. M79 grenade launcher—are killing Vietcong guerillas every day. But the lack of new and exotic hardware is not really the problem.

The main trouble over there is the weird position we're in; trying to help the Vietnamese fight without being able to lead them in battle. As any returnee will tell you, the position of an advisor is about as frustrating as teaching someone else how to fish and not having a rod of your own.

The reason why we were unprepared in June, 1950, when the North Koreans moved south was that we'd just finished going through one of the fastest demobilizations in history. From having the world's strongest armed forces in 1946, we dropped to one of the smallest and worst equipped. As in past wars, the fighting was over and the GIs wanted to come home. So we shook hands with the Russians, forgot [*Continued on page* 62]

New 40mm. grenades used in Vietnam are...

...fired to 400 yards with M79 launcher.

The discovery was fabulous. Ray Starr, second right, shows a few hours' take in hand-picked gold.

RED ARROW HITS

The town went wild—so did the speculators, the lawyers, the leeches.

A tractor hauls 57 sacks of ore to the smelter. Already 72 ounces of gold had been picked out, and the shipment yielded $6,000 more. Many days were better.

Today, Ray Starr, once a principal owner of the Red Arrow, has left from its clumps of yellow metal only his little house and a weathered chunk of the ore.

BY AL GAUMER

THE GOLD NO ONE COULD HOLD

Ray Starr called it the Red Arrow, and history shows he took out the nuggets in sackfuls. But gold doesn't cling to a man like Ray—or to the author, who was almost his partner

"Name's Starr," the old man said, as he dragged the half-filled gunny sack from the back of his sagging buckboard. Then with a mighty effort and a grunt he dumped it, without further ceremony, into the center of the rutted canyon road. He dumped it as though the sack contained nothing but ordinary "country" rock. But it wasn't just ordinary rock. It was ore. Fantastically rich gold ore! So rich, in fact, it was almost beyond belief.

My partner, Herb Bowles, and I stood like gluttons feasting our eyes upon it. It looked as though the rich golden metal, in the molten state, had been splashed against baser rock. In the warm Colorado summer sunshine the gold showed in veins and seams and delicate fernlike patterns on the ragged rust-brown matrix.

This was June, 1933. Goldfield was dead. Cripple Creek, which had once blazed in incandescent glory, was sputtering and fizzling in the throes of death. Rhyolite was a ghost town, and Telluride was well on its way to becoming one. But there, in the center of that road, lay a sight that harked back to the days when these gold camps were booming in all their raucous glory.

"Where in hell did you get it?" I finally managed to ask. It was a stupid question. The moment I asked it I knew it would never be answered.

The old man peered at me with no-color eyes that twinkled as he observed my reaction. His voice was rusty as a hinge and muffled by a great mass of beard that blended with his long, gray, bushy hair until you couldn't tell where the beard began or where it ended.

"I dug me a hole," he said. "Down in the La Plata Mountains—near Mancos. I dug it down three, maybe four feet deep. Harder'n the hinges of hell. I saved the richest. That's what you're lookin' at now. But there's plenty more, just as good. Maybe better—down deeper."

A few moments before, my partner and I had been working with our narrow sluice box at the edge of the San Miguel River. It was no glamorous mining operation. No gutting through the heart of the mountain following a vein of ore. No gouging at the river's bottom for placer nuggets nestled in its creviced bedrock. This was the Depression, and we were content to glean the leavings around the old ore-reduction mills, the scavenger operation of the mining industry. We were picking up the random bits of gold and amalgam lost by sloppy clean-up men, during the days when the bonanza kings were reaping jackpots counted in millions from those Colorado mines, whose multi-colored dumps we could see humped against the mountain's bright-green cloak of growing spring.

It was slow, tedious work, for the black magnetic sand was very heavy and apt to clog the riffles of the sluice box, to let our meager but precious flakes skip out the end and into the tailings. We were making less than a dollar a day apiece. Still, a man could eat on that and bargain for a place to sleep. Then, too, we were young, and the voice of the mountains spoke of peace—and prosperity just around the corner.

We watched the old man coming up the road that paralleled the river, driving his mismatched mongrel team which pulled the wired-together ruin of a buckboard.

Now that I look back, over 30 years later, at that memory-picture, and recall the improbable, almost unbelievable, event that took place that day, I can't help but agree: "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

When the old man came opposite us, he stopped, climbed out of the wagon and came down the river's bank to where we were working.

"Doing a little placering?" he asked.

"Yes," we said, not willing to admit the true nature of our "operation," and to prove our story we showed him some gold we'd collected in a mining pan, the previous day's clean-up.

"Well, dammit, y'are getting a few colors," he declared.

"You've got to know your placer mining," we boasted, building on our established beachhead.

"You're damn well right," the old man conceded. "It's all in knowing where t'dig." Then he added, as if in afterthought, "Maybe you know something about hardrock mining?"

"Not much," we admitted, not willing to gamble on any advantage we might have gained.

"Well," the old man persisted, "you *must* know good [*Continued on page* 94]

BY WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG

Philip Knight Wrigley filters all sorts of wild ideas in his fertile brain. He once traded the manager of his team for a radio announcer, hired an "evil eye" to put the whammy on opponents. Such original thinking has resulted in 18 consecutive second-division finishes. Though his Chicago Cubs are hapless, his gum is good

The owner of the Chicago Cubs is one of the towering intellectuals of professional sports. He is Philip Knight Wrigley and he has the most resourceful, exotic, and unsuccessful approach to baseball in the business. Once he paid an "evil eye" some $5,000 to cast a "spell" upon opposing teams and guaranteed him another $25,000 if he could maneuver the Cubs into the National League pennant. (He couldn't.) Another time Wrigley hired a psychology professor to analyze the Cubs and see what goes into the making of a major-league ballplayer. (All he found out is that major-league ballplayers go for psychology professors like they go for a cut in pay.)

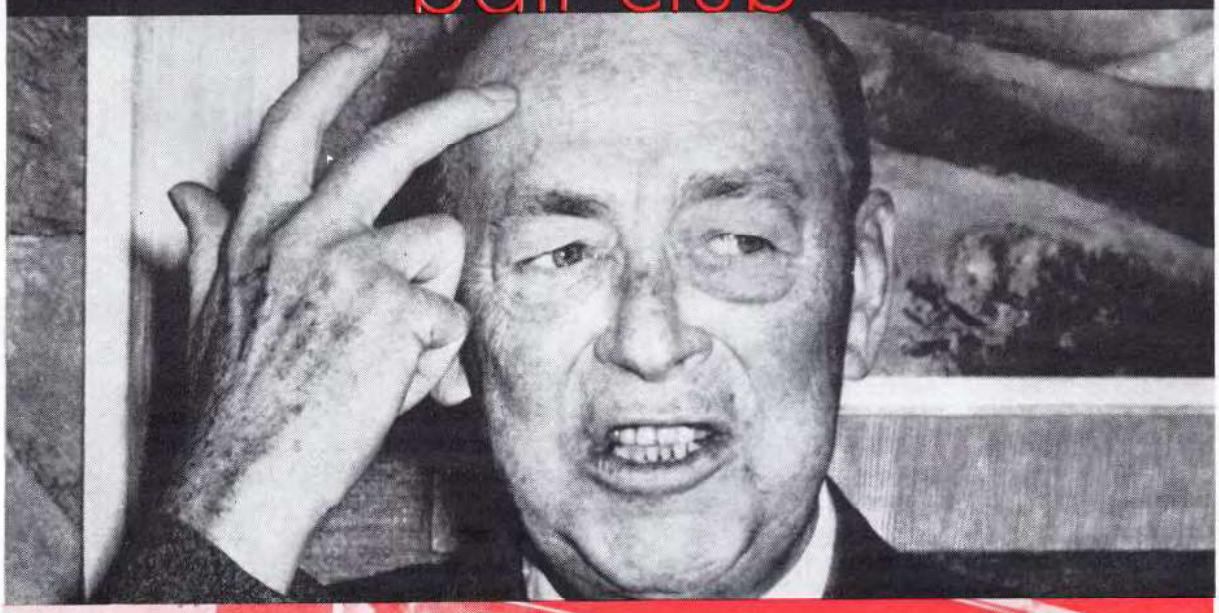
Still another time, Wrigley got worried about the legality of baseball's reserve clause so he started a baseball league—a girls' baseball league—to try out a few alternatives, then decided to send the players to Helena Rubenstein as part of their spring training. (His suggestions that the reserve clause be changed died faster than the baseball league.)

Over the years, efforts like these have earned him the just rewards (laughter, scorn, and disdain) of a man who not only thinks ahead but also around corners. It is not that Phil Wrigley has more bad ideas than the next man; it's just that he has a particular knack for enshrining them—largely through the skills of the Chicago Cubs.

Here is a team that—if it were only a little bit better—would be unbearable. Last season, it set a National League record by finishing in the second division for the 18th consecutive season. Somehow, despite all their efforts, the Cubs always seem able to come up with players who can't do anything in the infield but rake it. Or outfielders to whom a fly ball is an adventure. And pitchers who don't leave the game for the showers but for the emergency room.

The result is that Wrigley Field has gradually become a place that looks as if everybody is out to lunch. And the ball club is less a team than a laboratory for some of Phil Wrigley's more diverting ideas—such [Continued on page 60]

peerless leader of the thinking man's ball club



Wrigley (top) ponders radical idea. Wrigley (below) with multitude of coaches wonders if it was good idea.

peerless leader

[Continued from page 58]

as the notion that a major-league team is better guided by 13 coaches and an IBM machine than by a manager. ("The only thing the Cubs can lead the league in," says one critic, "is coaches.")

To be sure, Wrigley himself has indulged a number of spectacular whimsies over the years. One of his managers, Rogers Hornsby, put the arm on the players to the extent of $35,000 so he could go out and bet the horses. (The Cubs fired him and repaid the players out of the Cub treasury.) Former head coach Charlie Metro learned ventriloquism and entertained himself by imitating Orlando Cepeda's voice—"I got eet!"—as somebody else on the San Francisco Giants chased a pop fly ball. Still another time, Wrigley traded his manager Charlie Grimm, even up for a radio announcer—the Cubs finished seventh anyway—and just two years ago he decided to hire a guy named Bob Whitlow as athletic director—*athletic director!*—to shape chaos into confusion. For a while, the last ploy seemed to work since the Cubs were still in first division at mid-season. One Chicago sports columnist was so astounded that he insisted that the Cubs be named the greatest team in history. By September, however, sanity had set in and the Cubs finished a familiar seventh.

That was 1963. This year illusions, particularly Wrigley's, again were high as the season opened. The club's eighth place finish will not dim the optimism of the local "experts" but only Wrigley will be fooled by them.

The impression left by all this is that Phil Wrigley must be some kind of nut. He is not. He is candid, honest, guileless, likeable, stubborn, bright in a bizarre sort of way, and occasionally mistaken. "He's a brilliant man," says Bill Veeck, who worked under Wrigley for years. "He'd have been successful no matter what he put his hand to."

Wrigley has turned his hand, with notable success, to many things. In investing in securities, he purchased—back in the 1920's—considerable stock in a very small company that was just beginning to explore air transportation; today that company has grown into United Air Lines, one of the largest airlines in the world—"and I still have some of that stock," he told me. In real estate, he is currently immersed in the redevelopment of a family heirloom called Santa Catalina Island—he owns every bit of the 47,000 acre island except for one square mile in the middle of the town of Avalon—into a plush "suburban retreat" for the Los Angeles area, one that can be reached only by air or sea.

In business, Wrigley took over the prosperous chewing gum company founded by his father and more than quadrupled it in size until now it grosses more than $111 million a year—on a penny-a-stick item! (Some 10 billion sticks of Wrigley's gum were sold last year.) If he has not been so conspicuously successful in baseball, it is largely because his approach is unlike anything the game has ever encountered.

Wrigley lacks the art of simple deceit: you can believe him if you can understand him. The trouble is that few people understand him—including Phil Wrigley. In his younger days, for instance, he engaged in such non-passive pastimes as winning steer-roping contests, flying gliders towed by boats around his Wisconsin estate, and whizzing down to work on his motorcycle. In later years he became involved in "30 or 31" businesses ranging from hotels (the Arizona Biltmore) and resorts (Santa Catalina Island) to zinc mines and baseball. In a quiet week on Wall Street, the fortune he controls may vary only a million dollars or so. Yet he sees himself as very staid and uninteresting. "I have decided," he once said, "that I am not a very impressive person."

His attempts to prove this assertion led to a number of *outre* experiences. Wrigley makes his headquarters in the rococo white-walled grotesquerie in Chicago known as the Wrigley Building. His chestnut-wood-paneled office overlooks Michigan Avenue's "Miracle Mile," from the Chicago River to the Drake Hotel. "This was the first office building built north of the Chicago River on Michigan Avenue," Wrigley told me. "It was considered quite a risk at the time." The office reflects Wrigley's own fascination with gadgets. Its color TV set, radio and tape recorder can all be operated from a console in the desk.

Wrigley works with his shirt sleeves rolled up above his elbow, in the manner of a man who is more used to physical than financial labor. Indeed, in many ways Wrigley seems miscast as a mere multimillionaire. When an elevator starter in the Wrigley Building offered him express treatment to his 16th floor office—Standard Executive Treatment in many buildings—Wrigley turned him down. "What's good enough for others is good enough for me," he said. His visitors don't have to wait to be ushered into his regal presence; he usually comes out to the reception room—in shirt sleeves—to greet them.

Wrigley has the ability—rare among executives—to use the telephone himself: he doesn't allow his secretary to make his calls or to screen them. As a result, he carries on a continuing dialogue with a number of Cubs fans who also can use the telephone. "They have the damndest ideas!" he says. "'If you only come up with three 20-game winners, you'll be all right.' Well who the hell wouldn't!"

Now 70 years old—still married to his first wife and the father of three grown children—Wrigley is a slight man with a hoarse voice and puffy eyes. He affects a blunt, almost aggressive manner, yet he is as shy and diffident as he is candid. He has never appeared on radio or television and he's made only two public speeches in his life. He avoids the annual meeting of stockholders of the Cubs because of the sharp cross-examination he suffers. One year he postponed an operation until he could have it on the day of the stockholders' meeting. Another time, he shifted the meeting to Delaware—for a Chicago baseball club—then headed for Santa Catalina, which was about as far away as he could get from Delaware.

"My ambition," he says, "is to go live in a cave somewhere with no telephone and roll a big rock over the door."

In conversation, Wrigley is likely to reminisce about the early days of his activity in baseball and in business: "It's hard to realize that I'm about the only one left around here who had a definite tie to my father's days—who remembers how he did things."

He has an affection for details and his talk is likely to be studded with everything from the return his company gets on a nickel pack of spearmint (2.9 cents) to the spark-plug gap on a Cadillac El Dorado. A visitor comments on his passion for details and mentions that in 1945—the last year in which the Cubs won a pennant—Wrigley missed the first three games of the World Series because he stayed in his office and wrote personal notes to the fans who could not get tickets.

The suggestion that he might delegate some of these details to others annoys Wrigley. "I do *not* get bogged down in details," he said to me with just a touch of asperity. That prompted him to go on to demolish some other popular legends about himself. He is a poor speller—he sometimes misspells his own name—but he insists that he is not, as widely asserted, a poor reader. "I am a *slow* reader," he says. "I believe that if something is worth reading, it's worth understanding." He sees his role less as a creator than as a troubleshooter. "I only hear about things when they go wrong," he says. "I never have a chance to enjoy anything that's going well."

[Continued on page 67]

Here are some bright, budget-right ideas for filling last minute gaps on your Christmas gift list. On platform left is a 1931 Ford Victoria model kit, by Hubley, Lancaster, Pa., $2.98. Japanese ceramic jars (one on platform; the other, lower right) are by Takashimaya, N. Y., from $16.50. Sherry from Spain, by the Spanish Sherry Institute, from $2. Platform at right includes dozen golf balls, gift boxed, by Wilson, about $15. Champagne Gift Set, cologne and after shave lotion, comes in simulated wooden box, by Mark II, $7.50. Monogram walnut bookends are by Hammacher Schlemmer, N. Y., $10. Sportmate 8 transistor radio with leather carrying case, by General Electric, $29.95. Other gifts, left to right: Lobsters, delivered live; container of 12 is $22.25, plus prepaid express charges; seafood catalog available Saltwater Farm, Darmariscotta, Me. Yard of Ale glass and stand, $22.50, by Hoffritz, N. Y. Norelco battery cordless Speedshaver, about $20. Portable Martini pitcher, keeps drinks cold 8 to 10 hours, Abercrombie & Fitch, $35. Pocket knife, Hoffritz, $7.50. Thermometer-paperweight, the Pedestal Roundelle IV, is by Honeywell, $3.98. Jaguar XK-E model kit, one-eighth original size, operating windows and steerable front wheels, by Monogram Models, $10.98.

GIFT ITEMS FOR THE LAST-MINUTE SHOPPER

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY LEONARD NONES

WEAPONS TO MAKE EVERY GI A GIANT

[*Continued from page* 55]

about our Army and pulled in our horns all over the world.

There was one difference between 1946 and 1919—this time we had the atomic bomb and an Air Force equipped to deliver it anywhere on earth. What did we need with an Army? All we had to do was blast away with atomic bombs. The only trouble with the idea was that no one believed we'd really do it unless the Russians attacked the United States directly—and this they had no intention of doing. Still, we felt reasonably sure they wouldn't make any major moves against the West as long as we had the bomb.

This feeling of security exploded in our faces on August 29, 1949, when the Russians tested their first atomic weapon at Semipalitinsk Proving Ground in central Asia. It was not a large bomb, probably about the same size as our Hiroshima device, but it was big enough to shake our whole nuclear-threat strategy.

Ten months later the North Koreans invaded the south and we were completely unprepared for the war that followed. The forces we sent over were armed with the same weapons we used in World War II. As a matter of fact, the government had disposed of so much hardware that a scandal developed when it had to go back to war-surplus dealers and pay them premium prices for tents, trucks, blankets, ammunition and other gear that had been sold for peanuts only a few years earlier.

The *only* new weapon used in Korea was the super bazooka, the 3.5-inch model flown over to replace the 2.75-inch rocket launcher when Russian-built tanks began overrunning American positions. The fact that we got even that new piece of equipment is a tribute to the hard work of the scientists and engineers who design weapons and munitions for the Army.

Naturally, the Army was blamed for not being prepared for Korea. Congress and the public forgot about consistently turning down money for foot-soldier equipment in favor of Air Force bombers and atomic weapons. Now, nearly 15 years later, we've made up for all that. The Army finally is being modernized. It's not all done yet and may never be, for Army scientists are coming up with new and better things all the time.

Some of the wildest items in our exotic arsenal may not get in the hands of troops until the right time comes along. Besides secrecy and the fact that you don't send out weapons that aren't needed (antitank guns in Vietnam, for example) there are other reasons for holding back. For one thing, it's an old military principle that you don't use any more firepower than necessary. So we don't use antipersonnel bombs or shells in Vietnam because the Communist guerillas infiltrate in small groups and don't present a large enough target.

Still, there's a lot of new and very effective hardware coming off the line these days. It's going to make a big difference the next time we have a real war on our hands.

This is how it might be, if trouble would erupt again in Korea:

The scene is near the 38th Parallel. The time is late in the summer of 1966. The United States, due to new troop commitments in Laos and Thailand, has trimmed the 8th Army from two full divisions to one battle group of the 7th Infantry Division. Thailand has withdrawn its token company and the Turkish battalion has been called home. Most of the 8th Army is now Republic of Korea troops and ROK marines. The U.S. forces are grouped in small units along the border, some so isolated that supplies are normally brought in by helicopter.

Meanwhile, the North Koreans have been building up their force. They started violating the armistice almost from the day it was signed in July, 1953, by building airfields and other permanent installations. For years they've been trading shots with us every few months and mining roads on our side of the line just for kicks.

When the Communists finally blew the whistle and moved down from the north it took hours for the 8th Army command in Seoul to decide that it was a full-scale invasion and not just another border incident. The American poisition was a heavily sandbagged earth-and-log blockhouse on the top of a hill about 200 feet high. It had permanent covered rifle and machine-gun pits located around the perimeter, and a single apron of barbed wire strung all the way around the hill halfway down. The signal platoon numbered 36 men and was commanded by a first lieutenant. This is the way he told what happened:

"The first indication came when the infiltration detector went off. It's that new experimental gadget they developed back in Vietnam. You lay what looks like ordinary field telephone wire around your position, cover it with grass and mud and connect it up with a black box like a small radio set. When anyone gets within a few feet of it a light on the box starts flashing. I think it works by induction, like a mine detector. Anyway, I had a couple of the men string the wire around the bottom of our hill last week and we tried it out. It worked okay and we sort of forgot about it. Then one night after chow one of my radio operators comes running up to me yelling that the light is flashing.

"I figured it was probably a dog or a Korean scrounging around for junk. But I went out for a look-see anyway and took my night glass. Not the infrared kind we used to have that made everything look like a greenish TV picture, but the new image-intensifier binoculars that look ordinary but have electronics inside. Starlight looks like dusk instead of night when you look through 'em.

"Anyway, I went out to one of our machine-gun posts and started searching down the hill. Just as I was about to leave for the next post I caught something moving—a guy lying on his back cutting a path through our barbed wire. He was working very slowly so he wouldn't make any noise. I ran to the next post and found a couple more of them crawling up to the wire. I swept down to the bottom of the hill and thought I could see a bunch of them, but by this time I was nervous enough to be seeing things.

"The next thing to do was to get some light on the area. I told my squad leaders by radio to have their men start laying down fire with their SPIWs as soon as

TRUE

"You've been reading my diary again!"

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin

The longest tail known in nature grows on roosters of an otherwise ordinary-looking breed of chicken. The Japanese, who produce mature trees so small they can be covered with a hat, have worked just as diligently to enlarge rooster plumes. The technique began 650 years ago with the princely Tosa family. Their crest or coat of arms included cock feathers; for display in processions they encouraged their farmer-serfs to bring them exceptionally long feathers, which they accepted in lieu of tax. The farmers got to competing. Their male poultry, of Sumatra variety, had tails of 2 feet or so to start with; through the centuries, by selective breeding, diet and nurture, ever-longer feathers were achieved. The "Tosa" strain of bird, which became a nonexportable Japanese national treasure, now normally develops tails about 7 feet long at three years, but this is minimal. Choice birds of good plumage are confined in narrow cages on high perches so they won't use up energy while their tails hang and continue to grow. Feathers 10 to 12 feet long are not uncommon; prize-winners have reached 13 to 15 feet, the record is 20 feet 2 inches. When a distinguished specimen is let out for brief exercise, two or three men walk behind, holding up its tail like a bride's train. Though bred for no other purpose than to be looked at, these aristocratic fowls taste quite as good as common chickens. *By Winthrop Houton, Troy, N. Y.*

Because a Hungarian town five centuries ago had wagon builders smart enough to invent a long-needed improvement in passenger vehicles, every American utters the town's name today in unwitting tribute. From time immemorial, carts and wagons on springless axles had jolted riders so roughly that nobody traveled by wheel if he could avoid it; horseback was easier, or plain walking. In the middle 1400's there emerged from Hungary the first halfway-comfortable passenger carriage—a chassis with upholstered body swaying on leather straps to absorb some of the jolts. Eagerly adopted everywhere, the new design was called *coche* in French, *kutsche* in German, *cocha* in Spanish, *coach* in English. It led to fast travel utilizing teams of four and even six horses. Driving such teams—an art known as "coaching"—required expertness; hence in the 1840's British college tutors were said to "coach" students for examinations. Thus today, besides the mechanized railroad or motor coach, we have the American athletic coach. All owe their name to the little town of Kocs—the "cs," in spoken Hungarian, is pronounced "ch"—where the carriage originated. *By William K. Frederick, Richmond, Va.*

The Scotch and English, not always amiable partners on their tight little isle, have been known to insult each other without uttering a word. They did it with gestures. In 1566, the Scotch put over a historic fast one on their home grounds. At Edinburgh, Queen Mary staged a gala banquet for her infant son's christening, to which England's Queen Elizabeth sent 40 English dignitaries. During the banquet entertainment was provided by woodland "nymphs" and "satyrs," the latter furry, cloven-hoofed and shaggy-tailed. As the satyrs cavorted, they took their tails in hand and wagged them at the English contingent. Those gentlemen rose in wrath, for tail wagging was a deadly insult. All Europe knew—and Scotland cheerfully agreed—that because early Britons had expelled a sainted Christian missionary and pinned fish-tails to his gown, all Englishmen since then were born with tails. The undiplomatic gibe required much smoothing-over. Englishmen later developed, in turn, a highly effective Scot-baiting gesture. All a Briton had to do in front of a Scotsman was scratch with the fingers of one hand between the fingers of the other. This was "playing the Scotch fiddle"—a supposed habit of unwashed Scotland chronically infected with scabies or the itch. It was a little risky, however; sometimes the red-faced insultee swung a punch at you. Today there are no longer gestures of national insult—though nose-thumbing, apparently universally understood, still gets a rise among small fry. *By Robert Cassels, Winnipeg, Manitoba.*

The mistletoe that hangs in many a home at Christmas is glamorized out of all proportion to its merit. Oklahoma went so far as to make it the state flower. Yet apart from an old British custom, imported here, of kissing under mistletoe, not one good thing can be said about this peculiar plant. Its name probably meant, originally, "dung twig," for some authorities believe its Anglo-Saxon name *mistel* came from the same source as German *Mist*, or dung. It was known to sprout where droppings of birds that ate its berries—in Europe, the missel thrush—fell on tree boughs. There mistletoe sends its root through the bark into the tree's living tissue for a foothold and nourishment, and grows as a parasite; eventually, as sprouts multiply, they kill the tree. To simple people, mistletoe seemed magical. In some countries, it was a fertility aid fed to cattle and humans and made into an ointment for impotent men. Elsewhere, including parts of America, it had the contrary reputation and yielded a birth-control brew drunk to prevent child-bearing. Neither usage was successful. Forestry experts today hate the plant, which they consider one of the most destructive of tree parasites and, in some regions, a serious problem. Ignoring kissing privileges, there is every reason to launch a "Stamp Out Mistletoe" campaign.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

the lights went on. Then I got a 40mm. grenadier from the first squad and told him to keep firing parachute flares until I told him to stop. When the first flare went up everybody cut loose at once. The SPIW sure doesn't make as much noise as the old .30 caliber M14 rifle did, but when you hit 'em with it they don't get up again."

The SPIW rifle that the lieutenant describes is the new Special Purpose Individual Weapon that will be issued to troops in the field early in 1966. It's a short rifle with a plastic stock, pistol grip and two barrels mounted over-under style. The lower barrel is almost two inches in diameter but less than a foot long. The upper is only six inches longer, but as thin as a .22 rifle barrel. The top barrel fires very-high-velocity (reportedly more than 6,000 feet per second) .06 caliber finned-steel arrows, while the lower one shoots 40mm. fragmentation grenades. The grenade-throwing barrel is removable from the SPIW rifle and is issued only to a couple of men in each squad.

The whole thing is so light that the SPIW and 750 rounds of ammo weigh less than the M14 .30 caliber rifle it replaces with 160 rounds of 7.62mm. NATO cartridges. The controversial steel arrow or "flechette," as it's called, looks like a long phonograph needle and is mounted in a plug of plastic which is seated like a regular bullet in a cartridge case. When it's fired the plug gives the powder gas plenty of base area to push on, but not much weight to push. The base drops away when the flechette leaves the barrel and the result is tremendous velocity. You can shoot the SPIW single shot or in two or three-shot automatic bursts.

This is how the lieutenant described the SPIW in action: "We picked up some Korean dead later. You could hardly find the hole those little arrows made going in, but coming out they made wounds like .50 caliber machine-gun bullets. The SPIW has so little kick you can hit the same guy with all three bullets of burst on automatic fire, but you only need to hit him well with one and he's dead.

"Anyway, after they'd had a chance to think it over for maybe half an hour they threw some mortar fire on us and started up the hill in force. This time the mine field saved our necks because we'd run low on flares and we couldn't see them coming. They used bangalore torpedoes to blow holes through the barbed wire. But a couple of months back I had a squad spend two whole days laying 1,200 of those jumping antipersonnel mines rigged with trick fuses so the first two or three guys could step on 'em and nothing would happen. But the next guy puts his foot down and bam!"

The mines were M16 antipersonnel mines which go about two feet up in the air and then explode into a horizontal pattern of tiny fragments. The pieces go *sideways*, cutting like a scythe. It was reportedly this type of mine that cost the lives of five sailors early in 1964 when they wandered off the road at Guantanamo in Cuba.

"The only trouble was," said the lieutenant, "we hadn't sown enough mines. After the first wave got it, the guys behind just kept on coming. They got to within 20 yards of the top when I gave the word to let go with the Claymores. That did it. We mowed down just about everything on the hill including the grass. But we had a misfire on the other side of the position and three or four of 'em got through the perimeter. I blasted one with my Gyrojet pistol—and that was that."

The Claymore, or M18 antipersonnel mine, was designed specifically to kill the Chinese human-sea charge. Back in Korean War days the Chinese sometimes overwhelmed a position simply by sending so many men forward that you couldn't possibly hit them all, even with a machine gun. The Claymore fills this gap nicely. It's a green-plastic gizmo about the size of this magazine, an inch thick and bent into a slight curve. It has folding spike legs on the bottom and you stick it into the ground with the convex side facing the enemy. That's important —it even has a sign on it that says: "Front Toward Enemy." At the right time the Claymore is fired by squeezing a little plastic blasting machine. It sends a hail of thousands of steel balls—about the size of BB shot—and tiny fragments of plastic and metal out in a path six feet wide for 100 feet straight ahead. It chops everything down that's in front of it, which is, of course, why you have to be careful and point it in the right direction.

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Don't miss this special All-Star issue

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

The Gyrojet pistol is a new idea in self-defense weapons. It looks something like a flashlight and weighs about half a pound—versus 2 pounds 7 ounces for the Colt .45 automatic—and is made of aluminum. Instead of bullets the Gyrojet fires a cluster of hard plastic rockets driven by solid rocket fuel. These little rockets aren't accurate at ranges over 100 feet, but at 15 to 20 yards you can be fairly sure of hitting a man-sized target and tearing big holes in him. The average GI can't hit anything with a .45 pistol unless he throws the gun itself, but with a Gyrojet you shoot half a dozen shots at once that bracket the target like a salvo of torpedoes. Even if your aim is no good, one of them will probably hit.

"The next morning, the siege of Hill 601 ended," the lieutenant continued, "when we got some air support to clean up the North Koreans down in the valley. Three Air Force jets came over and clobbered them with Gladeyes. When all the bomblets got through exploding there wasn't much left out there. An hour later the 173rd Airborne Brigade was in from Okinawa with Sheridan tanks."

The Gladeye is a Navy munitions dispenser that has seven canisters hooked to it. The thing looks like a bomb, but when the release is tripped the seven sections fall off one by one and then each one blows open like a clamshell, releasing clusters of little fragmentation bomblets, grenades or Lazy Dogs. The Lazy Dogs are weird, tiny three-inch nonexplosive missiles made of iron and shaped like a bomb. They fall by their own weight and the speed of the airplane. The result is a silent projectile as fast as a .45 bullet. A 1,500-pound Gladeye dispenser loaded with Lazy Dogs fills the air under it with a rain of iron. And you don't hear *anything* when they're coming down.

The airborne Sheridan tank weighs in at only 16 tons but can defeat the monster 56-ton Joseph Stalin III by using its 152mm. cannon firing the Shillelagh missile. Shillelagh is four feet long and weighs only 50 pounds, but it's guided by microwave and can hit another tank up to 10 miles away.

The whole point of this little story is that none of the hardware mentioned is Buck Rogers future stuff. It's here right now. The Army is buying it and testing it and in some cases issuing it to troops. This new weaponry represents the fruits of a little-known group—the scientists and engineers who work for the Army Munitions Command and the Weapons Command, two organizations formerly lumped together in the Ordnance Corps. Munitions work is run out of Picatinny Arsenal in New Jersey about 40 miles west of New York City. Weapons activity is headquartered at Rock Island Arsenal in Illinois some 140 miles west of Chicago.

You can visit the arsenals and see older weapons and ammunition in their museums, but you can't get very close to what they're working on currently. Some of the stuff is pretty wild and the security regulations are tight. The civilian engineers are also a bit shy about talking to outsiders and when they do talk they don't want their names used. Part of this is related to secrecy but there's also some jealousy involved. The people who run the show are Army brass and they sometimes resent too much publicity being given to the civilians who work under them. One thing that can't be hidden is the fact that these civilians are a dedicated group who work for less pay than they could get in private business, even though they often have to put up with a lot of old-fashioned GI chicken.

One such man who's been in Army munitions work for more than 20 years says he and his section had been working since Korea to improve the effectiveness of shells, grenades and ammunition but there never seemed to be any money to turn it out until about three and a half years ago. What set the dollars flowing was the crisis over the Berlin Wall in 1961. As Congress was recently told in a shocking secret report, the Army's M60 heavy tanks did not have 105mm. can-

non shells that would knock out heavy Soviet tanks in the East Berlin garrison.

The tense standoff at the Wall triggered a conventional-weapons production program that many Army officers have been fighting for since World War II. Repeatedly during the years that the Air Force was getting the lion's share of defense money (The Bigger Bang for a Buck), the Army argued that we would eventually get caught with our pants down—unable to use the bomb and outgunned on the ground.

One result of the Berlin crisis was that President Kennedy asked Congress for $1.8 billion in extra money for nonnuclear weapons, ammunition and equipment. As the Munitions Command people recall it now, the first thing that happened was a crash program on tank ammunition. Fortunately, they'd been doing their homework. Though they hadn't ever made very much of it, they had designed a number of antitank items that suddenly went into production in 1961.

The 105mm. shells for the M60 tank was problem number one. When you hear what was done it all sounds rather simple, but hundreds of technicians and engineers worked around the clock on the job at the time. To fill the urgent need in Berlin, British-made armor-piercing shells were quickly tested and approved for purchase. The British ammo drills through armor by using a hardened-steel slug encased in a larger plug—like the SPIW flechettes—which drops off when it leaves the gun barrel.

While we bought the British ammo for an emergency need, our Army scientists also worked on a different approach: the shaped charge. First used in the bazooka, the principle is a way of shaping an explosive charge so that the energy is concentrated in one direction. A shaped charge for metal cutting has to explode at exactly the right distance down to the fraction of an inch and the shell can't be spinning when it goes off or part of the power is lost. Now you can see what the problem was. How do you get a shaped charge into a 105mm. shell that will work in regular tank cannons?

The answer is weird looking. Separated from its cartridge case, the 105mm. armor piercer looks like a big mortar shell with a six-inch spike sticking out of its flat nose. The mortar-shell look comes from the tail which is tapered down to six fins instead of being flat like a shell should be. In short, it seems to be pointed at the wrong end and is anything but streamlined. One final odd thing: it has a plastic driving band which is *loose*.

When the M60 tank fires its cannon everything falls into place. The loose driving band engages the rifling but does not spin the shell. When the shell leaves the barrel its fins keep it flying straight and when the spike out front hits the enemy tank the shaped charge goes off and blows a neat hole right through it. After finishing that job, the Army's munitions men went on to the next one: increase the range and lethality of high-explosive 105mm. shells.

In a way this was even more challenging than punching holes through armor plate. How do you double or triple the effectiveness of a shell without doing anything to the gun that fires it? Again, the arsenal people had been studying the problem for several years so they had some new ideas to try as soon as the request came through.

First off, they redesigned the shape of the shell to give it better aerodynamics when going through the air. At the same time—as a part of the streamlining—they added a hollow base to it so that more propellant could be crammed into the cartridge case. The result was taken out to the range and averaged out shooting a maximum distance of 15,000 meters instead of the previous standard 12,000.

The next step was to get better lethality, which is the word the Army likes to use for killing power. This was done by a three-fold improvement in design. First the body of the shell was made of malleable cast iron instead of forged steel so it would break up into fragments better. Second, a better explosive was specified for the bursting charge. Third, better fuses were designed. The complete package gives up to three times more kill power than the 105 shell that the Army scientists started with.

The whole subject of lethality is heavily shrouded in military secrecy, but certain general things can be said about it. Experiments since World War II with high-velocity projectiles of all kinds have shown what no varment hunter need be told: that a small, fast-moving bullet will kill better than a big, slow-moving one. If you translate this knowledge into weapons that kill by creating fragments, you can readily see that it would work the same way. Thus, the new 105mm. shell is more lethal than the old one was because it bursts into many more faster-moving fragments.

The new hand grenade—the M26 fragmentation—is a smooth sheet-metal affair, much lighter and easier to handle than the cast-iron pineapple of World War II and Korea. But it's several times more lethal. The old pineapple burst into about 40 jagged chunks of iron. The M26 throws out hundreds—that's right hundreds—of tiny steel pellets about an eighth of an inch in diameter. The antipersonnel mines work the same way—hundreds or thousands of tiny, high-velocity fragments. And not only are these bits of metal more deadly, but there's so many of them that the probability of hitting is much higher.

The part of the SPIW that can be talked about openly is the barrel that shoots 40mm. grenades. A big shotgun-like weapon is already in the hands of troops that fire the same kind of little bombs. It's called the M79 grenade launcher. The idea behind it was to come up with something to bridge the gap between the hand grenade and the mortar. And the M79 does that. The shells look like large pistol cartridges, measuring about an inch and a half in diameter and four and one-half inches high. But the "bullet" in this case is an explosive grenade about the size of an egg. The launcher is pleasant and easy to shoot with a recoil about like that of a 16 gauge shotgun. It shoots flatter than you expect it to and will carry as far as 400 yards. The grenade throws tiny fragments like the new hand grenade and though small it's very lethal.

The flechette-firing top half of the

TRUE

"Son, if you can definitely prove you gave power of attorney to your wife when you enlisted, I think I can get you discharged as mentally unfit."

SPIW is an outgrowth of the same philosophy that recently led the Army to buy some .223 caliber automatic rifles as an experimental substitute for the heavier 7.62mm. (.30 caliber) M14 service rifle. Tests have shown that it's easier to train recruits to hit the bull's-eye when they use a small-caliber rifle with little kick to it. In addition, the very fast lightweight bullets have excellent killing power. But if .223 caliber is better than .30 caliber, why stop there? The SPIW bullets are only .0625 caliber.

So, they have even less recoil than a .223 rifle, and as for lethality the shock power is reported to be incredible because the bullet "tumbles" end over end in flesh. The low recoil is said to make it possible to fire flechettes with almost none of the "climb" usually experienced with full-automatic weapons.

Early Army experiments with flechettes about five years ago involved using them in bunches so that a salvo of tiny steel arrows would come out of the barrel with each shot. In one case a 12 gauge shotgun was rigged to fire 32 flechettes per round. In another experiment, it's understood that a standard .30 caliber service rifle was used to fire half a dozen with each pull of the trigger. The SPIW will have only one arrow per shot, but that's apparently enough.

Using tiny bullets in bunches still intrigues some military people and they are repeating the technique with the Gyrojet pistol. It isn't very accurate since the propellant in each little rocket changes the center of gravity as it burns, but after all, inaccuracy is the idea of using them in bunches in the first place.

Shooting salvos of projectiles also shows up in various bombs, cluster bombs and bomblet dispensers like Gladeye. This subject too is very hush-hush, but some details have come out. In Korea the Chinese were able to operate without air cover in the face of continued strafing and bombing because they learned not to concentrate in groups during the daytime when planes might come over. The cluster-bomb idea is designed to kill dispersed troops more effectively than strafing or napalm bombing. And what makes them so lethal is again the business of a violent explosive propelling many tiny fragments.

There's one munitions dispenser that in a way is a sort of lethal slot machine. You turn a crank and 40mm. grenades come flying out at 250 per minute. There are others that drop ordinary hand grenades from a helicopter at the touch of a button. And there's even a gadget that gives tanks a hard time from the air by showering them with little bomblets that are really bazooka warheads.

In response to the huge Soviet tank inventory—estimated to be as many as 50,000—the Army munitions researchers have come up with some potent antitank hardware in addition to cannon shells. One of the best is the so-called "tank killer mine." This is the M21 mine which weighs about the same as the standard antitank mine of Korean days, but unlike it will put any tank in the world out of action and kill its crew. Previous mines would break the track of a tank or wreck the bogie wheels so it became a sitting duck for shellfire. The M21 fires a slug of metal right up through the floor which breaks into fragments, kills the crew and often explodes the ammunition inside.

The successor to the old bazooka is also quite a gadget. It's called LAW, for Light Antitank Weapon. It's a 25-inch-long aluminum tube that fires a 4.5-pound 66mm. rocket with a shaped charge in the nose that will knock out heavy enemy tanks. Closely resembling LAW is another shoulder-fired weapon called Redeye. It does the same thing to planes that LAW does to tanks. Weighing about 20 pounds and almost four feet long in its plastic case, Redeye has an infrared guidance system that homes in on the heat from an aircraft jet engine. To anyone who has ever been strafed it would be an obvious satisfaction to be able to shoot back with something more effective than a rifle. With Redeye, the GI can fire a bomb right up the jet's tailpipe.

Redeye is made for the Army by General Dynamics Corporation, the people who turned out the Atlas missile. While it's not unusual that a missile firm should make small ones as well as big ones, the fact is that aerospace companies are very big in the ammunition business these days. One of the largest makers of artillery shells for the Army is Aerojet-General Corporation, a company usually identified with Polaris and Titan II rocket engines. The developer of the 40mm. grenade ammunition was Avco Corporation—a company better known for missile nose cones. The reason such concerns have worked out well in the munitions business, according to the Army, is that they are used to very precise manufacturing and, not being tied down by tradition, often come up with unusual ideas.

In the new-and-unusual idea category is another Army enterprise called the Limited War Laboratory. Set up at Aberdeen Proving Ground about two and a half years ago, it is designed to come up with "quick fixes" to problems that arise in the field—such as Vietnam, or any situation that may come along.

The Limited War Lab has cooked up some real lulus. One of them was the hand-grenade dispenser which weighs 250 pounds complete with 56 grenades. Another gadget for jungle shooting is a "correlator" rifle sight which is a tube an inch and a half long that eliminates the need for a front sight. You just peep through and you're aiming at whatever you see in the middle. Still another idea is a net, similar to those used under circus trapeze artists. This one would be spread over jungle treetops and used as a helicopter landing pad and observation platform.

Just about the only thing we've looked at that hasn't yet got into production is the infiltration detector. We do have hand-held radar sets that can separate men from vehicles at four miles. Also miniature underwater sonar sets so our frogmen can track enemy frogmen. But the problem of the individual detection of men is not yet in finished hardware. A number of Army scientists and private research groups are working on various ways to solve this problem. One good possibility is a gadget that would ring an alarm when it *smells* the enemy coming. After all, you don't get much of a chance to take baths when you're in the field.

—**John S. Tompkins**

PEERLESS LEADER OF THE THINKING MAN'S BALL CLUB

[*Continued from page* 60]

Wrigley has a mildly mordant outlook on his personal destiny: "If there's a worm in the salad, *I* get it," he says. "If there's a glass with a lipstick mark on it, *I* get it." His personal relationships are about as bleak. "He knows more about things and less about people than any other man I've ever met," says Bill Veeck. His nickname among Cub fans is "P.K." —"and he hates to be called 'P.K.,'" says one aide. "It turns out that he's not an identity but a brand name."

Wrigley doesn't really seem impelled by a need for human associations: one of his more intriguing characteristics is that he doesn't really seem to care whether you like him or not—as long as you agree with him. To be sure, he lacks the gift for inspiring intimacy. When he was about to get married many years ago, he was asked to name the friends that he thought should be invited. He could think of only one. "If I were absolutely honest," he admitted to me, "I probably would have to say that I have no close friends. I have only business associates." His business associates are loyal if terribly servile.

Many fans feel that one of the troubles with the Cubs is that Wrigley prefers the malleable man—the bland and servile—to run his team. Once he offered a 10-year contract to volcanic Larry MacPhail to be front-office boss of the Cubs, then let the offer lapse when he discovered that MacPhail really intended to make the decisions without interference from Wrigley or his flunkies. ("As I see it, you want to fire me as president of the Cubs," said Wrigley. "I agreed that was the idea," said MacPhail not too long ago.) Another time he told one of his former sons-in-law to go ahead and make an offer to Frank Lane—who learned his eruptive tactics under MacPhail—to join the Cubs, then abruptly cancelled it when he read some of Lane's more volatile views on the Cubs—made, just before the offer—in a Chicago newspaper.

Wrigley does not offer his underlings the privilege of much intimacy. "He's the only man—except for Judge Landis—that I never felt I could call by his first name," says Bill Veeck. "I even *think* of him as 'Mr. Wrigley.'" But he does extend them certain gray-flannel rewards. He dines with some of them at a round table in the Wrigley building restaurant. He shrugs into a trench coat and heads for the elevator promptly at 5 p.m. because he shares a car pool with some of them. And he takes a select few of them with him on his winter vacations—"So he'll have somebody to talk to," says one former employee.

On an impersonal level—particularly in matters of social responsibility—his instinct and judgment have soundness as well as style. "I don't know—maybe I'm a Socialist or something," he says. "But I think that the more people who own homes and cars and have a chance to go to college, the better off we'll all be." In 1932, in the depths of the Great Depression, he arbitrarily *raised* the wages of all his employees by 10 percent. "He hoped," says Arthur Meyerhoff, Wrigley's advertising chief, "that it would set an example that would echo through the whole economy."

In 1934, Wrigley instituted one of the earliest and most generous retirement plans for his employees and later he started what was, in effect, a Guaranteed Annual Wage plan for his gum company that antedated Walter Reuther's plan for the United Auto Workers by many, many years. Then in the 1950's, he pioneered methods for keeping employment stable while his plants shifted over to automation. Now he is inaugurating a program through which employees can buy stock in the company through a payroll deduction plan. "One thing we don't have to worry about is whether the 'Ol Massa' has the instincts to reach the right conclusion," says one of his less reverent underlings. "The only thing we have to worry about is whether he'll have enough information to reach the right conclusion."

Some information is so basic that it escapes everybody but Wrigley. One day not too long ago, Wrigley got a phone call from a man who handles some of his real estate interests on Santa Catalina Island. "The worst has happened, Mr. Wrigley!" said the man. "What are we going to do? What are we going to do?"

"What are we going to do about *what?*" asked Wrigley.

"The Negro, Mr. Wrigley. A *Negro* is buying land on Catalina," said the agent. "What are we going to do?"

A look of pain and disgust—as if he'd just bitten into a lemon by mistake—passed over Wrigley's face as he considered the agent's fatuity.

"Read the United States Constitution!" he snapped—and hung up.

On less exalted issues, Wrigley's decisions are just as sound—and just as arbitrary. At lunch one day in the Wrigley Building restaurant, he noticed an acquaintance ordering two "single" Martinis—straight up—at the same time. Wrigley inquired why he didn't order a double Martini instead. "Because you don't get double the drink for double the price," said the acquaintance. This defied Wrigley's sense of the precise order of things so he demanded proof. The maitre d' brought a set of glasses and Wrigley carefully tested them by pouring water from one into another. Sure enough, the larger glass did not offer twice as much drink as the "single" glass. "Smash all these 'double' glasses," Wrigley told the maitre d', "and replace them with bigger glasses. By tonight." By that night, it was done.

One compulsion that Wrigley displays most often is the need to employ his time —even his moments of relaxation—usefully. It is a reflection of that historic American trait called The Protestant Ethic but the disconcerting thing is that Wrigley applies it recklessly to that Great American Pastime called Our National Game. Rather than relax in the sweat-streaked, shoulder-rubbing, beer-swilling charivari that is baseball, he prefers to commit the sport's highest crime: he rarely goes to a game. And when he does go, he prefers to sit in the last row or two of the grandstand—in anonymity—instead of in the owner's box. "I haven't sat in the Wrigley box for years—ever since they put in an outlet for an electric blanket," he says.

Wrigley would much rather handle the ball club's business from his downtown office: it was years before the Cub's administrative staff actually made their headquarters in the ball park. Even now, when he goes to Wrigley Field, he tries to do so in the morning rather than in the afternoon, when the game is on. "I can't hit or field or pitch," he says. "All I can do is help out on the business side. But in the afternoon, you can't find anybody to do business with. They're all out watching the game."

"On the other hand, if you're interested in speculative stock. . . ."

In his hobbies and in his moments of relaxation, Wrigley labors at being useful. He never plays golf; instead he likes to help out on various projects and repairs around his Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, estate. "There's a lot more exercise in handling a chain saw and working on logs than there is in a round of golf," he says. As it happens, he is a skilled mechanic and can not only repair anything from a power motor to a power boat but has invented a number of tools, among them a screwdriver which slips into small openings and then—instead of twisting out of place—locks into the slot. Characteristically, he turned the revenue from the patent over to one of the mechanics who works with him.

In Chicago, Wrigley lives in a huge, whole-floor-sized cooperative apartment in one of Chicago's most expensive buildings—his son has a similar apartment three floors away—but he maintains a secret hideaway on Lakeview Avenue where he has a garage and photographic darkroom to indulge his hobbies in privacy. "I've seen him buy a car that cost upwards of $11,000 and drive it right to his garage so he could strip it down and find out how to make it work a little better," says one of the mechanics who works with him at the garage. Some of Wrigley's innovations, particularly on the electrical system of certain high-priced cars, were adapted to production models by the manufacturer. "I don't like to work on things that are running perfectly," he says. "I like to take something and improve it."

The Cubs are his most spectacular failure. The reason might be traced to his choice of emphasis: "We can't guarantee a winning team"—he has a gift for understatement—"but we can guarantee the physical properties." Wrigley has a beautiful ball park. He was the first to use yellow numerals on scoreboards to indicate runs scored in an inning still in progress.

When he decided the box seats in Wrigley field were too crowded he had them all pulled out and—in defiance of baseball tradition—replaced them with wider seats that cut the seating capacity (and the revenue) by 20 percent. (George Halas, owner-coach of the Chicago Bears who rents Wrigley Field during the football season, engages in no such idle hanky-panky about comfort; he puts the narrower seats back into the boxes as soon as the baseball season ends.) Wrigley spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to have the box seats in the far left-field corner turned so that they faced the infield instead of the outfield. ("A man who pays for a box seat has a right to see the game without getting a pain in the neck.")

When Wrigley learned that fans in local bars knew more about the games by watching them on TV than did the fans in the ball park, he arranged to have the television commentary piped into loudspeakers mounted in one section of the stadium. (You can't give the TV version to everybody; the real dyed-in-the-wool fan gets insulted if you force the TV commentary on him.") At the same time, he has stubbornly refused to do the one thing that would convert the Cubs—as bad as they are—into Instant Money: bring night baseball into Wrigley Field. "The public never demanded it," he says bluntly. "It was put in by the owners to boost the gate."

At times, Wrigley seems to know exactly what the fans want and he's willing to give them anything. Anything, that is, but a winning team. In the 1930's, for instance, he started a baseball magazine called *Fan and Family*. ("He named it himself," says Arthur Meyerhoff. "He's a real creative thinker.") The magazine was not confined to the Cubs alone; it embraced the competition as well. Aimed at the wife and child—instead of at the baseball expert—it was unlike anything seen up to that time. It was filled with such toxic nonsense as "It's Great to Be a Batboy," by—lo!—a batboy, and "No, I'm Not Married", by then-bachelor Ted Lyons of the Chicago White Sox, or "When Zeke Was a Boy" by Mrs. John Bonura, the mother of the then first baseman of the White Sox, Zeke Bonura. The magazine achieved a circulation of 70,000

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by its third issue and Wrigley abruptly dropped it. "Once he's built a prototype and proven that it works, he loses all interest in it," says Bill Veeck.

Wrigley is usually unable to see how other businessmen in baseball will react to his ideas. In the days when the Cubs had a working agreement with the old Milwaukee Brewers of the American Association, Wrigley became upset at the practice by major-league teams of snatching a farm team's best talent just when the farm team was in a pennant drive. He believed that minor-league baseball could only survive in a free market, by developing its own players and selling them to the highest bidder. He was right—though he was also alone in this conviction. He had the Cubs sign a working agreement with Milwaukee that obligated the Cubs to help support the minor-league franchise while prohibiting them from grabbing its talent. But the agreement did not bar the Brewers from selling their talent wherever else they could. So the Cubs had a working agreement whereby the Brewers would be subsidized to develop players for any team *but* the Cubs. And in fact, in the first year the Cubs enacted the agreement, the Brewers sold their best pitcher—then the best in the minor leagues—to the Brooklyn Dodgers whom he helped to a pennant two years later.

Wrigley is well-liked by his players although few of them know him well. He will arrange anything from a psychiatrist to a delayed-payment contract—such as executives get from businesses to reduce their tax load—for a ballplayer. He also violates the baseball tradition that ballplayers are to be underpaid grossly in their early years because the owners believe they're overpaid grossly in their later years. He's set up, for instance, a system for giving new contracts—and raises—to players in the season in which they're performing well instead of in the following season.

In 1957, Wrigley suddenly decided that any pitcher who started for the Cubs deserved $15,000 a year—I'd say for courage, if not for skill—and promptly ordered the salaries of two rookies doubled. They responded by working their way back to the minors the following year. Again in 1958, Wrigley learned that Lee Walls, then a Cub outfielder having a good year at bat, had wangled a $4,000 raise—to $14,000—in mid-season for signing a two-year contract. Wrigley thought it over for only a moment when told about it by his front-office aide. "You should," he told the startled aide, "have given him $20,000."

The chief reason that Wrigley holds onto the ball club in the face of its dedicated mediocrity may be his father complex. Even today, 32 years after the death of his father, Phil Wrigley seldom seems to forget him. "He can't talk for 15 minutes without bringing his father into the conversation," says one close observer of the Wrigley syndrome. In these terms, it becomes significant that of all the property owned by his father—the buildings, the gum company, the stock in other companies, the estates in Pasadena and Lake Geneva and Catalina, the vast additional holdings—only the stock in the Cubs was bequeathed directly. It went solely to Phil Wrigley; the rest of the property went into trusts. "It's as if," says one acquaintance, "the ball club is the last tie to his father."

The elder Wrigley was a back-slapping extrovert who was fond of aphorisms ("Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm") and possessed a sense of the dramatic. After the Cubs won the pennant in 1929—their first in 11 years—Wrigley told the players to have a night on the town on him and warned them that he would not honor any expense account for *less* than $50. A born super-salesman, he parlayed a $34 bankroll into a personal fortune of more than $20 million, largely through the chewing gum company bearing his name.

Young Phil was never so ebullient as his father; instead he seemed sobered by the early thrust of responsibility. At 19, he went to Australia to build a branch plant of the gum company. In World War I he enlisted in the Navy and became superintendent of the naval aviation mechanics' school at Great Lakes. After the war he returned to the gum company while plunging, at the same time, into a number of outside activities from breeding cattle and breaking wild

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At the age of 31, Phil was elected president of the gum company. "I'm not sure I'm succeeding on my own merits," he said bluntly. "I have a fear that 'pull' and the fact that I'm my father's son had something to do with my election." Now chairman of the board—*his* son became president at the age of 29—Phil Wrigley has been, as ever, the individualist in running the company. Once he handed in his resignation when he felt pressure from the board of directors to raise profits by lowering the quality of the gum. Another time, when his researchers couldn't come up with a gum that wouldn't stick to false teeth, he ordered them to come up with false teeth that wouldn't stick to his gum. They couldn't do that either.

Over the years, he's solved many problems. He's sought a way to overcome the difficulty of pronouncing the gum's name in foreign language: he's expanded the company's operations to 91 countries from Aden to Uganda and you can't sell what you can't pronounce. In Spain, "Wrigley" comes out something that sounds like "Riley." In Germany, "spearmint" had to be changed to "speermint." In various parts of Asia, the gum was marketed in wrappers with the familiar arrow on it but without any printing—"so we just sat back to find out what people would call it," says Wrigley. In Hong Kong, they called it "white arrow" gum and in the Middle East it was called the local equivalent of "father of the arrow" gum. Since September, 1963, Wrigley has been marketing a gum called "Yusi" in Mexico in the conviction that here, at last, is a combination of letters that can be translated into and pronounced in virtually any language. All in all, Wrigley's accomplishment is not simply that the gum company now grosses more than $111 million a year but that—as he turns it increasingly over to the direction of his son—it may well become even more prosperous in the future.

In baseball, the trend is less comforting. The club Phil Wrigley inherited was a good one. His father had supplied the money and the elder William Veeck supplied the brains to build a team which won pennants in 1929 and in 1932. The elder Wrigley died in 1932 but Veeck continued as president until his own death in October, 1933. The team they built had the momentum and the personnel to go on to pennants under Phil Wrigley in 1935 and 1938. But by 1940, they were lodged firmly in the second division and, but for World War II, might have stayed there. But the war had a great leveling effect on baseball—*all* the clubs were lousy—and so the Cubs were able to emerge from the second division briefly and even to win a pennant in 1945. Then in 1947, they returned to the second division and they've stayed there ever since.

It can't be said that in all these years Phil Wrigley stood by and did nothing. It's just that everything he did seemed to hurt. For a long while he refused to consider building a farm system because Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the first commissioner of baseball and a man devoutly admired by Wrigley, was against them. Then when he decided to build one, he decided to make it the biggest in the major leagues.

Later Wrigley decided to cut the size of the farm system in half—and to build up the coaching corps. "You can't hire one man with all the qualifications it takes to be a baseball manager," he said. So Wrigley hired eight, nine, 11, and finally 13 men as coaches and designated certain of them to be "head coach" for varying periods of time. Then he armed them with an IBM machine so they could analyze what was going wrong more efficiently.

Three years ago, under the multiple coach system, the Cubs put together a highly-touted team—highly-touted at least in Chicago—made up of assorted "rookies of the year" and "sophomores of the year." It lost more games than any other Cub team in history and finished ninth in the National League, behind the newly-formed franchise at Houston. "Without Ernie Banks," said Jimmie Dykes, "they'd a finished in Albuquerque." So Wrigley fired a few coaches, sent others to the minor leagues, and hired as an "athletic director" a man whose most conspicuous virtue was that he hadn't seen the Cubs play for three years. He also hired a new coach, Bob Kennedy, and put him in charge of the team for the entire year—though he never designated him as "manager." The Cubs went on to win more games than they lost—they finished 82-80 even though they finished seventh—for the first time since 1946. This year they finished eighth and dropped well below .500.

The curious thing is that Phil Wrigley doesn't regard his stewardship of the Cubs as a failure. To a certain extent, he's right. The Cubs were, after all, the first team in major-league history to draw a million fans by finishing last. For all the jibes he's suffered, Phil Wrigley has managed to come up with some good—and diverting—ideas. And, for some odd reason, the Cubs have loyal fans. So, no doubt, Wrigley will go on thinking. But, from here, it looks like the Cubs will go on losing. **—William Barry Furlong**

GREATEST CHECK ARTIST

[*Continued from page 37*]

having entered the picture because the Farley check had just bounced down from the Hub. The bilked bank was one of almost 19,000 depositories affiliated with the American Bankers Association, and since the ABA was an important Burns client, Detective Crowe, a dedicated man, looked upon every bank bilking as a sort of personal insult.

Crowe could feel the blood pounding his arteries when he saw, in examining the $12 money order, that it had been purchased by William Hagen Harkins. "This crook Harkins has been thinning my hair for years," he said to the banker as he dug into a rogues'-gallery folder and pulled out front and side views of Bill. "He's got at least 20 aliases, but he used his real name here just to make dead sure he put me off my food again."

When the banker took a quick glance at the Harkins face and nodded sourly, Crowe explained how Bill the bilker had put a dent in his jug. Buying the small money order just to get a sample of Caman's OK, he had gone out and copied the magic initials on one of two identical checks for $1,401.

Reappearing the following Monday, Harkins had presented to the teller the check that did not contain the counterfeit OK, knowing he would be sent again to Caman's desk. Just in case the teller was watching, Harkins had gone through all the motions—but the check he handed Caman, purportedly for his approval, was the $12 money order from Saturday, with the innocent query whether Caman's earlier initialing was still good. Of course it still was, and on the way back to the teller's window the forger had done a little sleight-of-hand in order to shove through the other $1,401 check with an OK on its face that practically dripped authenticity.

Knowing from past experience that the first thing Bill Harkins did with a bundle from a bank was to head for the nearest track, Crowe immediately hustled out to Empire, where the ponies were running. Flashing the mugs of Harkins around, the detective hit a man at the $100 window who clearly recalled Harkins for two reasons: a big blonde and a big hit. Harkins had appeared with the blonde the previous Monday—the day he had taken Manufacturers—and had bet an even grand, in crisp new centuries, on a horse named Sugar Ration. Sugar had sweetened things up at 7 to 1, and Bill and the blonde had been a very happy pair when he had come to the window to collect.

That was all, though. There was no inkling where Harkins had gone.

Crowe's wife had the corn beef and cabbage waiting for him when he checked into his little cottage on Long Island that Saturday night, but Crowe wasn't hungry. Experience told him that the piece of elastic at Manufacturers was but the beginning of the stretch. When Bill Harkins hit a burg, he hit it hard.

Crowe couldn't have been more right. A blizzard of baddies appeared in Father Knickerbocker's sophisticated town on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, as October of 1943 got rolling. Under 13 aliases as well as under his own name, Harkins had taken 14 jugs for just under 50 grand.

William Hagen Harkins, who was to run up a score of two and a half million bucks to become the biggest bilker in bank bilking history, didn't achieve his stature through accident. Bill operated with a combination of inside knowledge, incandescent motive and soaring I. Q. As a young man he had been a bank teller for a time. His plan then to become a lawyer had been thwarted when he had lost what money he had in a bank that

failed. With that motive firing his tail, he had soared into his life's work. Through the years he had proved so much smarter than the tellers and the officers he was hoodwinking that it was hardly a contest. Added to all this was Bill's great love for booze, babes and bangtails. Tastes such as these take money, and what better place is there to get money in a hurry than a bank?

Harkins never turned up in a jug unless the officers and the wage slaves were up to their eyeballs in work and thus too busy to pay him much heed. Not that anybody would normally have been inclined to look askance at the smooth, immaculate Bill. He had a way of looking people in the eye and giving a little chuckle that inspired confidence.

Careful strategist that he was, Bill Harkins didn't bust into just any bank he happened to pass. Sometimes he'd size up anywhere from five to 10 money stations, dropping in to get bills changed or to ask information, the while measuring everything and everybody, before picking the loser. In his New York operation, for example, he spent more than a month looking into the qualifications of more than 100 banks before deciding on the 14 to be taken.

With his inside knowledge of the mentalities to be found in banks, Bill knew that the average teller would do practically anything short of setting fire to the paper money as long as he had a memo with a v.p.'s initials scribbled on it. He knew that the addition of one lousy dollar to a big round sum, as with the $1,401 check he palmed off at Manufacturers, made for authenticity in a bank, where they watch the pennies. He knew that a check on a distant city should bear a signature that fitted the city, the name of Farley going with Boston and its large Hibernian population. Bill had German names for non-existent people in Milwaukee, Polish monickers for phantoms in Pittsburgh, and Jewish handles for ghosts in New York.

The most priceless piece of inside knowledge that Harkins had, however, was the fact that the banks of that time, with their habit of considering themselves impregnable until taken, paid little attention to the monthly bulletins about bilkers. The monthly ABA bulletin, edited by Detective Crowe, containing data and photographs of bank artists and sent to thousands of jugs, did quite well if a bank officer gave it more than a cursory glance before drawing a bead on his wastebasket. Bill realized that the image of a bilker, faint to begin with, had usually faded altogether from the minds of the bank workers by the time the subject of the bulletin's beware picture graced the portals.

Our boy Bill checked into the world that was to become his bivalve in North Carolina in 1890, from Scotch and Irish stock. His father's father had been an Episcopal minister, and his father was a carpenter who, mindful of his forebears, hit the Scotch more often than he hit the nails. There was a family of five, two boys and three girls, the girls dying while very young.

Bill's brother Hershel, three years

[*Continued on page* 74]

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

By Ron Smith

A COACH THROWN FOR A LOSS

No game is more painstakingly planned or more systematically rehearsed than football. Into the preparations for a single game are poured diagrams, films, notes, outlines, and scouting reports. The tiniest detail often means the difference between a championship and second place.

The detail in this case was one uncovered by Curly Lambeau of the Green Bay Packers. It was 1936 and Lambeau was a worried man. His Packers were leading the league but something stood between them and the title. It was the New York Giants. Lambeau was losing sleep trying to figure a way to crack the Giants' powerful defense.

One day he called his players together. "I won't be coaching you from the sidelines this week," he said brightly. "I'll be up in the press box. From there I can see everything that happens and I'll make some notes. At halftime I'll meet you in the locker room and tell you what to do."

The Packers nearly fainted. No one had ever heard of this before. In those days press boxes didn't resemble AT&T warehouses. Telephone wires didn't criss-cross from the bench to press box and back again. What you had to say you said on the sidelines. "The pressure of a big game is too much for Curly," said one Packer. "He's flipped."

At the Polo Grounds on the morning of the game, Lambeau wanted to be sure of his plan. He made a trial run. He left the press box and started toward the locker room. Down the steps he went, down the series of ramps, through the press gate, onto Eighth Avenue, around the corner—and into the locker room. He looked at his watch: a neat three minutes.

When the game started Curly was sitting in the press box and grinning in all directions. "This is great," he said. "I can see every detail." Carefully he made notes. He charted plays and analyzed defenses. He examined every move. Then, with the half nearly over, he started for the locker room. A clipboard of priceless information was tucked under his arm. "This will revolutionize coaching," he kept telling himself.

Down the steps he went. This time he didn't need a watch. He needed a calendar. The crowd of 40,000 was taking a halftime breather.

Inch by inch, Curly groped and fought his way through the crowd. Step by agonizing step, he wriggled down the ramps. Gasping and puffing, he made the press gate. Finally he was on Eighth Avenue. Around the corner he dashed. He reached for the locker room door handle. The door was locked. Desperately, he pounded and shouted. Nothing happened. He raced frantically around the building and saw a window. Stretching on tiptoes, Curly clutched the window sill and dragged himself up. What he saw inside were his players leaving the room for the start of the second half. Exhausted, he plopped onto the seat of his pants and sat staring at his clipboard.

Without Curly's notes to help them, the Packers went on to beat the Giants, 26-14, and clinch the league championship.

The next afternoon Curly called his team together. "Everything went as planned," he said. "Next week, however, I'll be back coaching on the sidelines. I mean, what kind of a coach is it who doesn't want to be with his men?"

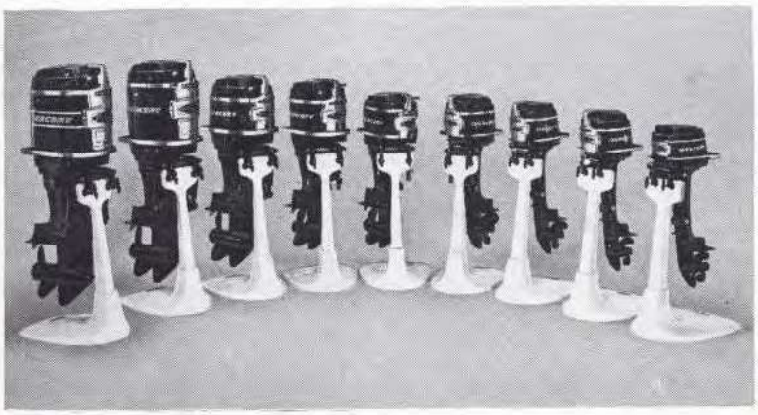
THE NEW MERCS

...so quiet, they sound like

New silence from SOUND engineering

Mercury engineering has developed a new silencing system that makes the new Mercs sound like they're far away. The new four- and six-cylinder Mercs are actually 50% quieter.

Anyone can silence a motor by wrapping enough fat padding around it but we didn't want to sacrifice Merc's slim, trim lines . . . *or performance*. Merc's silencing system required redesigning, new engineering . . . from top to bottom. Here's how we did it:



■ New Mercs have a sound capsule cowling (metal, not plastic) that is elastically isolated from both the powerhead and the drive shaft housing. This fireproof cowling does not "broadcast" the sound from the engine.

■ All connections for control cables and fuel hoses are *inside* the capsule and the openings are sealed with neoprene closures. The sound from the powerhead is effectively *trapped* inside the cowling.

■ Mercury used a completely new principle . . . a wall of water . . . to silence the exhaust. The engine's discharged cooling water is used to surround Merc's new internal exhaust pipe and prevent exhaust noise from escaping through the drive shaft housing.

■ This same wall of water, pressing against the sides of the drive shaft housing, damps out the sound resulting from mechanical vibration.

■ Mercury's exclusive Jet-Prop was all-important to this new silencing system. Exhaust gases and sound are now carried directly from the powerhead, down the internal exhaust pipe and out through the Jet-Prop . . . where they are unceremoniously buried deep underwater.

■ Merc's Dyna-Float, aircraft-type suspension system keeps vibration from passing through the clamp brackets to the boat.

ARE 50% QUIETER

they're far behind your boat

■ And to top it off, the new Mercs have an elastically isolated steering arm to prevent sound from traveling out through the steering mechanism to the boat.

Yes, the new Mercs *are* 50% quieter but it couldn't have been done with an ordinary outboard. It had to start with the engine:

■ In-line 4- and 6-cylinder design with inherent smooth balance.

■ Small bore and short stroke with smaller and lighter pistons, connecting rods and wrist pins for lower disturbing forces.

■ *Offset* wrist pins that eliminate piston slap.

■ Smaller parts with tighter fits throughout the engine.

■ Power-Dome combustion chambers that "squish" the fuel-air mixture and smooth out combustion roughness.

■ Flex-plate flywheels that reduce the normal working noises of the crankshaft.

■ Internal reed valves . . . sealed inside the crankcase to make them quiet.

■ Full-Jeweled construction throughout the engine.

More power from SOUND engineering

The silencing of the Merc is just part of the news for 1965. Mercury has a brand new 90 hp outboard . . . the Merc 900. The fuel economy of this powerful new Merc surpasses competitors' 90's and even competitors' 75 hp outboards. In power at the prop, it is second only to the 100 hp Merc 1000. And, of course, it has Merc's new silencing system.

All of the 1965 Mercs have been restyled and the higher horsepower models have a lower profile. New engineering, such as smoother-action gearshifts, water pumps with tremendous saltwater resistance, new reed valves, and redesigned cowls, drive shaft housings and exhaust systems make the 1965 Mercs the newest in outboarding.

Sound engineering at Mercury again brings you the *highest* horsepower, the *widest selection* of power and the *greatest* fuel economy . . . in outboards that are 50% quieter. You'll get more boating fun and even more RUN for your money with the 1965 Mercs . . . 100, 90, 65, 50, 35, 20, 9.8, 6 and 3.9 horsepower.

KIEKHAEFER MERCURY

MERCURY

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[*Continued from page* 71]
older, was a big handsome fellow with an orator's voice and a gift for the dramatic gesture. He had decided early in life that he wanted to be a minister, like Grampa, and he made it. Bill, aiming at the more fruitful tort industry, got only through high school when the family funds ran out. After a series of odd jobs, he became a teller in a bank outside Baltimore at the age of 21. Now, with legitimate lucre coming in regularly every week, he began studying law at night and putting his savings away for a full-time try later at law school.

When Bill was 27, he was set to quit the bank, draw his savings and complete his studies. Then World War I broke out. Contracting war fever, he enlisted in the Army, only to be snared into marriage by a doll who sold him the fiction he had impregnated her. Though he was panting to get to France and into action, Bill was betrayed by his charm—the Army kept him in this country handling recruits.

Coming out of the Army a second lieutenant after the Armistice, without a scratch even from his desk pen, Bill was ready to finish his law studies. But he learned that the jug where his savings were had been busted by a crooked president during the time no one was around to see. Too old now to start another endurance contest with a job for school funds, Bill was a bitter human being. His wife didn't help any when she admitted that her pregnancy had been a fiction to gull him into matrimony. Bill thought matters over. Then he gave his mantrap his mustering-out pittance, told her to get herself a divorce, and, in his own words, "kicked her good-by."

Meantime, brother Hershel was making progress as a minister in California's San Fernando Valley. There, fanning out from a small edifice he called The Little Brown Church, the Reverend Harkins covered his riding on horseback, his handsome countenance suffused with good, a Bible under his arm as he offered help to the needy. He had married and was now started with a fine family.

Breaking in on Hershel, Bill disclosed the sad turn of events that had changed his life. The minister, feeling paternal toward his younger brother, asked, "What do you plan to do now?"

"What do I plan to *do?*" shot back Bill. "Why, I'm going to spend the rest of my life getting even with those damned banks!"

Hershel—today a booming, vigorous man of 78—recalls that he dropped to his knees. "O God," the parson prayed, "lead my dear brother from this terrible temptation."

But Bill was no lamb to be led anywhere. He went to San Francisco the next day and, representing himself falsely, as one might say, dropped bouncers in a couple of banks. Quickly caught, he got one to 15 years in San Quentin from a judge who, legally or not, couldn't quite make up his mind.

When he had come west to see his brother, Bill had given the parson a sealed envelope to be opened only if he went off his rocker. Now, not long after being checked into durance vile, Bill began to keep the other residents awake nights by screaming and beating his noggin against the bars. Getting wind of this, Hershel broke open the envelope. What he found was a batch of medical reports on Army stationery, telling of a serious head injury Bill had received while in service and warning that he might at any time go nuts.

The minister, a man of action, lost no time in getting his erring brother transferred from the prison to a nut house near San Francisco. Bill continued his screaming in the boobery with flourishes. No doubt about it, he was battier than a witch's cave.

One day a gorgeous nurse stood outside Bill's cell watching him closely. Bill beat his head against the bars for a while, occasionally shooting a glance at the nurse to see if she was getting the message. Suddenly she murmured, "You're no more nuts than I am."

Bill stopped in the middle of a bar, slowly twisting his head to peer at the girl. She was in her middle 20's, and even though Bill had to bug his eyes through a stiff white nurse's uniform, he could see that she was no stock assembly job.

Bill tried a smile. "What," he asked, "if I'm not nuts?"

"Maybe," replied the dame, losing no time in getting to the point, "we could have some fun together."

Whatever the nurse had in mind, Bill knew exactly what he was after. It didn't take him long to start turning the lady into a key, and one day he announced, "I'm fed up with this damned place. Let's you and me get out of here."

Once, of course, you've unlocked a door, and you don't expect to pass through it again, you lose the key. Somewhere along the way, as Bill was putting distance between himself and the nuttery, he managed to lose the nurse. But since there was no sport in traveling alone, he soon acquired a red-headed wildcat named Lilly Guard. Actually, Lilly picked him up, since she was driving a roadster to match her hair. It was a fateful joining of forces; Bill turned the wildcat into such a thoroughgoing pussycat that he forgot to clip her claws. It was a bad, bad mistake.

But this was 1920, and Bill Harkins was once again free, on the move—and broke. He figured it was time to start his vendetta against the banks—a private war that would last a third of a century. In the asylum he'd beaten his brains on more than the cell bars. Now, as they were rolling into the outskirts of Pecos, Texas, he had Lilly pull up outside the office of a tombstone maker. Telling her to wait, Bill entered the office. With eye-filling drama, he fell into the role of a dutiful son who had just lost his mother. "Money's no object," he said, his voice choking, as the stone man opened a catalogue of marble monuments before him.

At the sight of these beautiful examples of final tribute, Bill's grief grew so great that he began to breathe hard. Spotting a couch in a corner, he asked if he could rest for a while. "Sure," answered the tombster. He was used to such a request, and he left Bill alone. When the owner returned, Harkins was possessed of what he had come for: one of the tombstone man's blank checks and a cancelled check with his signature.

Saying he'd be back next day, Bill had Lilly drive him to the post office. There, at one of the writing desks, he made out the filched check to T. Harwood Clovington, filled it in for $984 and forged the tombstone maker's name to it.

On the way to the bank, Bill made a phone call—to the man whose check he had just stolen. Changing his voice and representing himself as a telephone lineman, he said, "Sorry to bother you, sir, but we'll have to ask you to take your phone off the hook and keep it off while we make repairs—for 45 minutes."

Now, entering the jug, Bill explained to a paying teller that the check was a refund because the maker hadn't been able to supply a more expensive piece of marble that he had originally ordered. "I've just left the man," Bill explained to the teller, "so if you'll phone him he'll confirm this."

As the teller rang and rang and got only the busy signal so neatly arranged, Bill went into his grief act and breathing exercises. After a quarter of an hour, the teller went to the president of the bank. The prexy heard the story and looked at Bill. Not wanting a medical problem on his hands, he gave the nod.

And from then on, that was the way it went. Deciding that he was well cast in the bereaved-son role and that it paid well, Harkins continued to play it in his travels with Lilly. It didn't take Burns dicks long to identify this emotional fellow—the camera art from the nuttery did that—but, as ever, catching him was another matter. In time, Burns man Horace Crowe was given the job of keeping up on Harkins, and not long after, Detective Crowe was begining to feel like going out in the back yard and eating worms.

Harkins spent several joyous years in high, wide and larcenous style. He averaged more than a grand a week, tax free.

Living for each day, Harkins relied on his calculating wits to cope with any difficulty that might arise. He couldn't stand the cold, either in weather or women, and he stuck to the Southwest and the South. He patronized only the best hotels and eateries, and he was seldom seen without Lilly because the well-stacked redhead, now swathed in the best furs and glittering with jewels, obviously had something Bill couldn't do without. The pair traveled in custom-made cars, and whenever Bill was close to a track where the bangtails were in action, he was at the big window.

The trouble with all this information was that Detective Crowe was getting it too late. Bill would have come and gone before the screams went up. Crowe's little problem was how to get into a town ahead of Bill and be waiting for him.

After half a decade of operating, Harkins had bilked the banks of a third of a million dollars—although the tracks and bookies had done almost as well by him. But now the jugs, which had only been screaming quietly up to this point, were beginning to ask the Burns people just which of them was getting singed. The heat went on Crowe. He put up a map on his wall and charted Harkins' peripatetic plunderings. The map grew colorful—except for New Orleans, and New Orleans had a track, soon to open for the season. So with a combination of common sense and tracker's instinct, Crowe assigned a heavy watch to the horse verandas of the old city.

Who should turn up at the big window the very first day but our boy and the redhead. Harkins, protesting that he was Mr. Remington of the arms family, and flashing a card to prove it, was unable to explain away his fingerprints at the police station. Lilly, however, declared she was just a misled innocent, and if the cops had to do some swallowing to accept that idea, they still let her go. Ten days later, with California getting first crack at him to finish his San Quentin jolt, Bill was on his way back to San Francisco with two dicks in a drawing room on the Sunset Limited.

Although William Hagen Harkins considered the species detective as one of the lower forms of animal life, the two dicks who were taking him back to the Coast got no inkling of it. Seemingly resigned to a bad break, Bill joined them in swapping stories, playing cards and hitting the bottles.

The last night out, with the booze flowing and the two dicks out of pain, Bill shot a glance out the window and saw, in the bright moonlight, that the train was going through a dismal stretch of California. He excused himself for the usual reason and snapped the door lock behind him.

The door hadn't been shut for 15 seconds when the two dicks heard a sound that had the same effect on them as a gallon of black coffee—the crash of breaking glass. Harkins, in a spectacular display of moxie, had dived through the window as the train was hitting 70.

Bill's escape was not only front-page stuff, but the subject of editorial comment. What kind of detectives were these, the papers asked acidly. The Burns people, and western cops in general, were so infuriated by Bill's breakout that they dedicated themselves to snaring him. So less than a month later, a Texas Ranger, with rogues'-gallery art of Bill in his pocket, spotted the original entering a bank in Austin. At once it was all over but the lying.

Bill's strategy was to bring the insanity gambit up to date so he would be returned to the California nuttery instead of being tried in Texas for the Pecos job. Ever the illegal legal eagle, he set to work to map the strategy for his own defense.

Bringing Hershel on from the Coast, with the old Army medical reports pegging him as nuts, Bill had Hershel open the insanity hearing with a little prayer, then introduce the evidence. As the interested authorities considered it intently, Bill shot paper airplanes around the hearing room.

All might have gone well except for the fact that a Burns dick was covering the hearing. Telephoning Crowe in New York, he grumbled, "Harkins is claiming he's nuts as a result of a war injury, and that brother of his has produced documents to prove it."

"Impossible!" shot back Crowe. "He didn't get so much as a scratch in the Army—and I've got his *real* records to prove it."

When Harkins' genuine Army records arrived, there was a certain grudging respect for his ingenuity in forging his own tickets to the happy house. Naturally, these do-it-yourself "Army" documents soared out the window with his insanity plea. Tried as a superlatively sane scoundrel, Bill was awarded an indeterminate sentence in a regular-type stonewalled Texas pen.

Visited there by Hershel, Bill could only ask, "Aren't you through with me for deceiving you with those fake papers?"

"We all have crosses to bear," replied the parson, "and you're mine."

With Bill Harkins in prison, Crowe decided to make damned sure that when Bill had served his Texas time he'd have enough charges against him in a dozen other states to keep him out of circulation—at least until he was too old to write somebody else's name. So Crowe, acting the unlikely part of the spider, saw to it that his fly-by-night was tangled up in more than 20 indictments.

But the spider was reckoning without the fly's brother, who now emerged as something of a honey bee. Hershel, letting some time pass for simmering down, put up to his congregation the project of saving errant Bill. Soon, with money supplied by the flock, Hershel began to take time off for campaigning those areas waving the indictments.

Popping up at the desk of the first banker on his list, Hershel recalls, he got things going with a little prayer. Then he said, right to the point, "I've come to ask your forgiveness for my poor brother."

Undoubtedly it was fortunate that Hershel was a man of the cloth, for even bankers have been known to use drafty language. This particular great friend of the poor, after abruptly reswallowing his lunch, made it very plain that no one was going to get any $1,162 from his bank without paying for it.

"Let him who is without sin," pursued Hershel, "cast the first stone."

That was strong language to use with a banker. "Don't try to influence me with your religion," the money man sputtered—but he looked as though he were trying to think of a single reason why he should qualify as a rock pegger.

"Very well," said Hershel. "I don't want to, but I'll talk your language—money. You'll only lose more by punishing my brother. You see, you'll never get back what Bill took here because it's

TRUE

gone on the horses. Furthermore there's never been a word in the papers about my brother's cheating this bank. How do you think it would look if it comes out that you cash bad checks for strangers?"

With that psychological crusher Hershel hit every bank. By the time Bill had served his six years in Texas, Hershel had not only got all the indictments quashed, but won for Bill a parole from his old San Quentin sentence. Bill returned to his brother's home in Califoria, resigned to a life of telling fairy tales to the kids.

He was 40 now, and this was the 1930's, with the Depression casting a long shadow over the land and jobs scarcer than virgin chorus girls. Going into a San Francisco employment agency one day, he wrote the truth about his past on an application blank. His frankness got him only the fire of the agency man. "What the hell do you take us for, Harkins?" the guy demanded. "Think we'd do anything for an ex-con when we can't place honest men?"

That very night, Bill, in his own depression, found Hershel, usually a cheerful man, deep in gloom.

"Remember what once happened to you, Bill?" the older brother began. "Your bank blowing sky high and your savings gone?"

"Don't tell me. . . ."

"Same thing. I'd been laying away a little. Now it's gone—and I'm 43."

Bill stuck his hands in his pockets and began to pace the room. "Banks! Banks! Banks!" he said, to no one. "I can't pick up a paper these days without reading about some bank swallowing people's life savings. It was a bank that ruined my life. Now my brother is wiped out."

And with that, Bill was off again, over the violent protests of Hershel. Bill looked up Lilly, who had gone back to work while Bill was in prison. They had kept in touch and she had visited him. Now they found that the parting of more than six years had done nothing but make the heart fonder. So they took up where they had left off.

Back in New York, Horace Crowe had been living in a detective's paradise. Now, hearing of Bill's return to rascality, he felt as though he were in a grind movie house going through the scenes again. Where Harkins would start his routine this time the detective had no idea—but his appetite plummeted. Then Crowe got a break. A banker in Bridgeport, Connecticut, who had okayed a check for a stranger, had a sudden rush of intelligence and let out a yell. Harkins, nailed on the street, was clapped in the county caboose.

There he languished a few days, awaiting indictment. When the word got out to such friends as he had in New York, a couple of them came up to lend him, somewhat belatedly, moral encouragement. The visits cheered him up no end, and he felt even better when he discovered in his cell a hacksaw blade that some careless craftsman had left behind. That night he put the tool to the best possible use, and joined the surprised Lilly in the big town.

The two registered at the Hotel Astor in Times Square as man and wife, and set out to enjoy the town. One night they even took in a burlesque show on 42nd Street. As they goggled at the stage, out came a stripteaser. The take-it-offer was a well-stacked blonde, and Bill began to breathe a little hard when she went into her routine. Lilly nudged him and cracked, "I never knew you liked them that tall."

During intermission, as they were out in the lobby for a smoke, Bill complained he had a splitting headache. "I'm going back to the room," he said, "but you stay here and see the rest."

After the show Lilly returned to the Astor—but Bill wasn't in the room. Hours passed, and Lilly was frantic that he had been spotted and nabbed.

Times Square was beginning to light up with the new day when he checked back into the room, happy as a lark and much the worse for wear. Lilly got the picture instantly, but didn't let on. She helped Bill undress, rolled him into bed, and listened to him break into a snore.

Bill was still snoring at 9 o'clock in the morning, and Lilly had steamed up a fury over her betrayal by the man for whom she had done so much. Their agreement had always been that Bill could look at other dolls but not touch, and although he had managed to steal away once in a while, Lilly had never known about these little meanderings. Now the pussycat turned wild. Slipping down to the lobby, she phoned the man about whom she had heard so much over the years: Horace Crowe.

"I can tell you where Bill Harkins is," she announced.

Crowe almost climbed into the phone. "Where?" he demanded.

"In Room 1202 at the Astor, sleeping off a night's fun."

But when Crowe and a cop, with Lilly unlocking the door, hit Room 1202 20 minutes later, Harkins had vamoosed. His sensitivity to pussycats reverting to the wild was obviously well developed. Lilly, however, was not to be denied. She filled Crowe in about the stripper, and Crowe, tapping the teaser's telephone, heard her getting a call from Bill the next day. Bill poured it on long enough for Crowe to run a tracer to a public booth in Pittsburgh. Harkins was still wooing away when the cops hit the booth.

At the time of Bill's trial, Crowe figured he ought to take a gander at this crook who had been such a headache to him for so many years. So he popped into the Bridgeport jail and was led to Harkins' cell. There could not possibly have been two men more unalike: one, of nondescript look, was a stickler for all that was legal; the other, his appearance almost breathing integrity, never gave a damn about the morrow—or his fellow man. Detective Crowe, his off-the-rack gray suit rumpled, a fountain pen clipped to its breast pocket, was half a head shorter than the prisoner. Forger Harkins, with a dark blue sample of the expensive tailor's art draped over his broad shoulders, and a fine linen kerchief thrusting its blinding white out of his coat pocket, stood as tall and erect as a Fifth Avenue mannequin.

The spider and the fly measured each other without a word. It was Crowe who broke the silence. "Why," he asked, "doesn't a guy with your brains go into something honest?"

"You can't be serious, asking that," said Bill.

"I'm serious."

"I've tried honesty," replied the forger distastefully, "and all I ever got for my trouble was a foot in the rump."

"I hope they throw the book at you," said Crowe.

Harkins looked pained. "What have I ever done to you?"

"You've cost me more sleep than anybody I've ever known."

"You've been paid for your work, haven't you?" Harkins retorted.

Crowe nodded reluctantly.

"Well," said Bill, "what are you kicking about?" He lighted a gold-tipped cigarette. "And while we're talking," he went on, "I'll tell you something else, Crowe. You haven't heard the last of me by a hell of a sight."

Harkins drew 9 to 30 in Connecticut's Wethersfield pen. After he had been there awhile, he started the nut act again, and induced Hershel to come out with a couple of dome doctors to certify him. Once more the act paid off: Bill was released by Connecticut after doing only five years. California, however, wasn't done with him. Two San Francisco cops were waiting outside the gate, and they hustled him back to San Quentin to finish the time he owed all over again for violating his earlier parole.

Free in 1942, at the age of 52, Bill went once more to live with Hershel. The minister was now pursuing the Word at The Little Brown Church by the Sea, in Sharp Park, a small but thriving community south of San Francisco. Not long after being sprung, Bill took an evening walk with Hershel along the shore. Suddenly he stopped and stared out over the Pacific. "Pearl Harbor!" he muttered, as though the import of the recent attack had just reached him. "Hersh, I've simply got to get into this war."

It is a well-known fact that the Army frowns on inducting crooks into its ranks. Knowing that his criminal record would bar him from serving, Bill resorted to—for him—the logical way. He lied about everything but his name, and the Army awarded him a uniform.

Shipped quickly to England, he hadn't been there long when he was summoned before his captain. "Are you," asked the officer, "the same Harkins who passes bad checks?"

"Yes, sir," Bill replied honestly.

"Then you have a long record as a criminal and a nut?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your citizenship has been revoked?"

"Yes, sir."

"So you lied to the Army, Harkins," said the captain, tapping a stack of papers, "when you enlisted."

"Yes, sir."

The captain arose, fixed Bill with nar-

JAN.—TRUE

rowed eyes, and barked, "What the hell do you take us for, a bunch of chumps?"

Sent back home, dishonorably discharged, and deeply embittered, Bill Harkins resumed the work he knew best. And in September, 1943, Detective Crowe was jarred to his eye teeth when he talked to Banker Caman and realized that his old nemesis Bill the Bilker was off and running again. The following 50-grand week that Bill pulled off really set the pot boiling. Crowe had Burns dicks from coast to coast hitting the jugs to see to it that photos of Harkins were actually pasted up in tellers' cages and kept there.

The mug stuff paid off four months after Bill had taken New York, and while he was in the process of bouncing a biggie at the Anglo-California Bank in San Francisco. Convicted and sentenced to another 1-to-14 jolt in San Quentin, Bill was in the county gaol waiting out an appeal when he decided to speed things up. He ingratiated himself with his captors by organizing a male choral society to sing hymns at a Christmas show. While his fellow cons were beefing up their tones, Bill was shedding pounds by starving himself.

A few nights before Christmas, Bill had slimmed down sufficiently to squeeze through the bars of his cell, and nobody was the wiser when he made it over the wall. He took a cab to Hershel's church and sneaked in. He was sure there'd be a Santa Claus suit around for the Yuletide entertainment, and he was right. And certainly no driver with any Christmas spirit would turn down a Santa Claus hitching a ride. When the escape was discovered and roadblocks were thrown up, there wasn't a cop who gave a second glance to old Saint Nick.

Lilly Guard, working in New York, still kept in touch with her old west coast territory by means of the out-of-town newsstand in Times Square. There wasn't any missing the inky splatter that Bill's get-away made. A long time had passed since Bill had given Lilly the ozone, but the ozone was still chilling her heart. Unfortunately for Bill, it didn't affect her mind.

Where, Lilly asked herself, would Bill be likely to flee? Knowing him intimately, she figured he might keep going until he hit New York. Once in the city, he'd bet the horses. In the winter, with the local tracks closed, that meant he'd haunt the bookies. And at that time the bet-takers were cluttering up Broadway around Times Square.

Lilly rented a nun's costume—which seemed about the most unlikely thing for her to wear—and began to hang around the crossroads of the world. It was a long shot, hoping to nail him in the bookies' front yard, but Bill had taught her that the pay-off on a long shot was always sweeter than on a sure thing.

The fake nun was in her second week of pacing the area when the lightning struck. Lilly spotted her quarry going into a building frequented by the books. She waited until he came out, then tailed him to Jackson Heights and an apartment house a block from the subway. Once Bill was inside, she phoned Crowe and Crowe tipped the cops.

The pretty lady in the nun's habit was

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sitting in the lobby of the apartment house when two dicks came down the elevator with Bill. Lilly smirked and stared at him, but he was about to pass without noticing her.

"A thousand on Number Two," she said, in the throaty voice he knew so well, "to win."

Bill pulled up short, hesitated, but did not turn his head. "Okay, Lilly," he said, eyes still front, "you win." He nodded to the dick handcuffed to him. "Let's get going. It smells in here."

William Hagen Harkins had hit his 60th birthday when he got out of San Quentin and returned, once again, to live with Hershel. All these years the elder brother had been trying to give Bill religion, and at last the sinner agreed to repent. In honor of this momentous decision, two weeks after Bill's release, a special Sunday service was to be held at The Little Brown Church by the Sea.

This morning Bill got up before the rest of the household and dived into the Sunday paper. There his eye was caught by a story that promptly threw a hatchet into poor Hershel's special schedule. The piece declared that while the notorious forger William Hagen Harkins had been in prison, the banks throughout the country had so tightened their regulations that it was now practically impossible for Harkins or anyone else to hoodwink them. The story quoted a banker as opining: "We are in a way indebted to a scheming thief like Harkins for pointing out to us where we were too trusting."

Bill lay the paper in his lap, stared off into space, and, as he felt his rage mounting, uttered just three little words: "Why, the bastards. . . ." By the time Hershel and the rest of the family came down for breakfast, Bill had gone.

At an age when most men are thinking about buying a rocker, Harkins was zooming off on the most difficult phase of his career. He was in truth a victim of his own previous cunning. A stranger now going into a bank with a check on a distant city practically had to pass a blood test to get it cashed. But that was a challenge, and Bill, who thrived on conflict, had not mislaid his thinking cap.

Figuring that Crowe would be flashing the bad word to the jugs sooner or later, along with front and side views, Bill decided to go in for disguise. He stocked up on a wonderful assortment of expensive wigs, moustaches and goatees, different types of attire and glasses all the way from nose-clips to horn rims. To take the place of his own charming way of talking, he practiced types of speech to fit the characters he would play. He was particularly interested in fraternal pins of every kind, so that he could match whatever emblem his target banker happened to be sporting.

It was a well-thought-out campaign, and it worked just fine. Bill had been at it for more than a year before Crowe suspected a thing. And when he did get hep, his old mug shots of Harkins were useless. How was he to alert banks on whom to look for, when Harkins did his raiding in a constantly changing disguise?

To make things worse, Bill thought up a new trick. Walking into the State Street Bank and Trust Company in Boston one day, Bill inveigled a conversation with Edmund L. Bunyon, a vice prexy with a desk out on the floor. Representing himself as a new businessman in Boston, Bill asked Bunyon a lot of routine questions, stringing things out so that Bunyon had to be interrupted several times by people who needed his initials or written orders.

Bill had made it a point to hit the bank at a particularly busy hour, when he would be unobserved at crucial moments. Now he went to a counter and did a little writing, relying on his memory as a guide for his artful reproduction of Edmund L. Bunyon's penmanship.

Lining up at the window of a lady teller, he presently shoved through to her a check for $2,950, made out to Ralph Bunyon on a Chicago bank. Melting the teller with a warm smile, he also pushed in this message, written on a piece of the officer's memo paper he had neatly pinched: "O.K. My Uncle Ralph. Thanks. E.L.B."

The next five years were wonderful for old Bill—possibly because Lilly never showed up. With his disguises and his Uncle Ralph dodge, he kept the headache powders moving into the jugs. But then, in the Louisiana State Bank in Baton Rouge, he collided with the law of averages. A judge who didn't like forgers didn't like him, and Bill caught the book.

Over a year ago, the big iron gates of the law, a little weary, creaked open and William Hagen Harkins, age 74 and looking 56, marched smartly out. Hershel, as ever, welcomed him home. During the 45 years between the ages of 29 and 74, Bill had spent a quarter of a century on the sad side of prison walls and 20 years on the loose. Since the official tally of his take was approximately $2,500,000, he had run up a 45-year average of better than a grand a week—not bad in any line, particularly when you consider that Harkins never did find out what an income-tax return looks like.

On the first Sunday after Bill's last release, the great bank bilker was the star of the special service he had once missed at Hershel's church. This time he was formally accepted into the faith. "There were 20 cherubs at the service," Hershel told me, "when my dear erring brother was saved."

Bill now sings with rich voice in the church choir every Sunday and is a regular at the mid-week prayer meeting. He is something of a celebrity in the town, now called Pacifica; people point him out on the street, and the kids call him "Uncle Bill." Hershel says that since Bill's reformation he has got dismissals of all charges against him.

William Hagen Harkins, in the clear, went in for the honest handling of cash immediately after his release. His job was to keep the books and husband the long green in a Pacifica supermarket. If there is one thing Bill Harkins knows, it's how to handle money—the profits of the market went up very quickly after he joined the firm. "I make suggestions to the management," Bill explained to me. "It's simply a matter of keeping an eye peeled for stuff that doesn't move and tossing it out."

The two Harkins brothers are now hard at work writing a book about Bill's life outside the law. "We feel," Hershel said, "that it is our duty to tell the story, so we can show others who might be inclined to go astray that crime does not pay."

Although money is not the reason for the book, the Harkinses have notified Hollywood, which has displayed quite an interest, that bids will be considered only if they start at a quarter of a million bucks.

When I passed this news along to Horace Crowe, who, at three score and ten, is also in the process of calling it a career, he snorted and remarked:

"Who was the stupid s.o.b. who *first* said that crime doesn't pay?"—**Alan Hynd**

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MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
from the staff of TRUE

U.S. Forest Service

One of nature's most powerful forces, an avalanche buries everything in its way.

Every winter great masses of snow rushing down mountainsides make headlines in some part of the world. Lew Heffner, of Denver, Colorado, who once witnessed an avalanche in the Rockies, notes that "moving with express train speed," is a standard news story phrase and wants to know how fast avalanches do travel.

Avalanche control experts of the U.S. Forest Service assert that a mass of snow can come thundering down a mountainside at 200 miles an hour. Other unofficial estimates put the speed as high as 300. However, some avalanches merely crawl along. Sluggish ones have been clocked at speeds as low as 17 mph.

How fast an avalanche moves depends on the kind of snow, the pitch of the mountain slope, and the nature of its surface. Dry, powdery snow, which may weigh only 150 pounds per cubic yard, is fast moving; wet snow, which can weigh 10 times as much—up to 1,500 pounds per cubic yard—moves more slowly. Any kind of avalanche will move faster over a grassy or icy surface.

An avalanche picks up speed as it advances because it makes its own track. The snow packs gulleys, sweeps away obstructing rocks, and slides over itself. The speed of an avalanche is much greater at its upper surfaces than at bottom and sides, where friction retards it.

A fast moving avalanche has its destructive force increased by the "phantom avalanche" that moves ahead of it. This wall of air, compressed by speeding masses of snow, is capable of snapping off trees, demolishing houses, and starting other snowslides. It has been forceful enough to kill people at a distance of half a mile away from the stopping point of the avalanche.

Areas beside an avalanche are likewise zones of destruction because the moving mass creates a partial vacuum that will suck in objects many yards from the moving snow. Alpine villages out of the path of the snow have had every window in town exploded by the difference between pressure inside and outside the buildings. Once, at Telluride, Colorado, an entire house was sucked into a snowslide.

The destructiveness of avalanches has often caused more deaths than weapons of war. In 1916 the maneuvering of Austrian and Italian troops, contending in the Alps, set off snowslides. Some 6,000 troops on each side lost their lives in the roaring white destroyer which scientists describe as "a great natural force not inferior in power to the tornado, the flood, and the earthquake."

Q: Was Casey Jones of the famous ballad a real person? ***Elliot Jones, Phoenix, Ariz.***

A: The hero of the song, *Casey Jones*, was a popular engineer employed in the 1890's on the Mississippi Division of the Illinois Central Railroad. His real name was John Luther Jones, but to distinguish him from other men named Jones who worked on the railroad, his friends nick-named him "Casey" because he came from Cayce, Kentucky.

Q: Does smoke have any weight? ***Felix Charboneau, Millington, Mich.***

A: Yes. It generally consists of very minute particles of solid materials or equally small drops of liquid. If one took two containers of equal weight and added a quantity of smoke to one container that one would weigh more than the other.

Q: How are giraffes, taller than road underpasses and higher than box cars, transported in this country? ***George F. Clark, Mentone, Ind.***

A: In trailers, the kind which have a dropped frame that leaves the bottom of the semi about four to six inches above the ground. The trailers have a special loading ramp—and drivers who pick their roads carefully.

Q: What does the expression, "By the great horn spoon" mean? ***Paul J. Walsh, Phoenix, Ariz.***

A: It is a printable oath of American origin. It refers to the big spoons made from cattle horns which were used in cook's galleys for ladling out soup and porridge. Its popularity stems from the fact that sailors have always been fond of inventing all sorts of humorous oaths and expletives based on objects most familiar to them.

Wide World

Q: Is it the male mule or the mare mule that is incapable of reproduction? *J. L. Enright, New London, Conn.*

A: The mule is a hybrid animal (cross between horse and an ass). In practically all instances, the mule is an infertile animal, incapable of reproduction. This is true particularly in the case of the male mule, and no occurrences have been reported in which the service of such an animal has produced an offspring. Fertility in mare mules is quite rare but it does occur occasionally.

Q: I have heard the term, "Railroad Navy." Can you enlighten me? *Evelyn St. John, Atlantic City, N. J.*

A: It refers to marine equipment owned and operated by various railroads. The last survey taken, 1962, showed 1,304 steamships, steamboats, tugboats, ferryboats, car floats, lighters, scows, hoisting derricks, and other forms of marine equipment making up the Railroad Navy.

Q: Why do trees put on autumn colors and drop their leaves even though it has not frosted? *Rufus Keller, Scottsbluff, Nebr.*

A: Many people wrongly suppose that Jack Frost is responsible for the color change. The change in coloring is the result of chemical processes which take place in the tree during its preparation for winter. All during the spring and summer the leaves have served as factories where the foods necessary for the trees' growth have been manufactured. This food-making takes place in numberless tiny cells of the leaf and is carried on by small green components that give the leaf its color. In the fall when the cool weather causes a slowing down of the vital processes, the work of the leaves comes to an end. The machinery of the leaf factory is dismantled, so to speak, and the green chlorophyll is broken up into various substances. All that remains in the cell cavities of the leaf is a watery substance containing a few oil globules and crystals and a small number of yellow deflecting bodies that give the leaves their new fall colors.

Q: How did the custom of kissing under the mistletoe at Christmas time begin? *Kathy Conrad, Boston, Mass.*

A: An evergreen of the laurel family, mistletoe was considered a symbol of peace and hope by the Romans. Enemies, meeting under it, declared a truce and kissed one another. Another reason for the custom is found in Norse mythology. Balder was worshipped as the sun god. He dreamed he would die. Freyja, his mother, learned of the dream. Determined to prevent his death, she exacted a promise from every living thing that it would never injure her son. But somehow she overlooked the mistletoe. Loki, the god of mischief and evil, made an arrow of mistletoe and contrived to have Hadar, the blind god of winter, shoot it. Balder was hit and killed. Although he was restored to life, his mother's tears turned into mistletoe berries which became the symbol of love stronger than death. Her joy at her son's restoration caused her to kiss every person who passed beneath the mistletoe.

Q: Why are foreign officers allowed to attend the U.S. Army Command and General Staff College, and who pays their tuition and expenses? Do American enlisted men have to serve them? *Stanton Hudson, Fort Scott, Kans.*

A: The objective is not only to educate foreign military students in U.S. Army organization operations and tactics, but also to strengthen the military and cultural ties among the free nations of the world through classroom and social association. Attendance by foreign officers falls into three categories: officers who pay all expenses and tuition; officers who pay all their expenses with the U.S. paying tuition, and officers, usually from underdeveloped countries, whose entire expenses and tuition are paid for by the U.S. under the Military Assistance Program. American enlisted men do not serve as orderlies or "batmen," as your question implies, but foreign officers do receive the same courtesies given a U.S. officer. During the 56 years since 1908, when two lieutenants of the Mexican Army were enrolled, over 2,400 Allied officers representing more than 66 countries have attended courses at the school.

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"ABOVE AND BEYOND . . ."
[*Continued from page* 26]

The pilot okayed his request, on the condition that he first get checked out. Ellis quickly agreed. Then he dropped the bomb.

"I think I should tell you," he said. "I'm a double amputee."

The pilot's jaw dangled open in astonishment and when he regained his composure, he said he had changed his mind. "Unless you get a doctor's permission," he added.

Ellis scurried back to the Naval hospital and pleaded his case. He must have sounded convincing; the doctor agreed.

An hour later, Ellis was staring out the door of a single-engined plane 2,500 feet over Gillespie Field. What would happen, he wondered, when he hit the ground on those willow legs with the impact of jumping off a one-story building? He crossed his fingers and stepped into space.

To his surprise, the landing wasn't nearly as difficult as he had expected, only a momentary jar through his body as he bounced onto the earth. One leg was twisted around, but he merely reached down, twisted it back where it belonged, and strolled off.

"The rehabilitation of Lieutenant Ellis," wrote Lt. Charles A. Hanna, flight surgeon of Ellis's outfit, "is nothing short of miraculous. He who makes the decision *not* giving Ellis even a small chance to prove his value and love for Naval aviation is doing not only this man an injustice, but also the same to many men of experience, maturity and foresight who feel as I do."

Hanna's letter, sent to the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery in July, 1963, was one trickle in a flood of warm endorsements Ellis's self-imposed rehabilitation had stirred up.

Lt. Barry Kunkle, with whom Ellis had shared a room at the hospital, volunteered another. "As far as feet go," he wrote, "they are used only for brakes and rudder; if one can drive a car, he can work these safely." From Marine Capt. Marcus J. Gravel, a pilot for 11 years: "Ellis's apparent handicap is in reality a source of fuel for his indefatigable pride. This, together with his strength of character, made him a man the Navy cannot afford to lose." And with terse eloquence, from Cmdr. W. T. Marshall, Jr., skipper of the squadron at the time of the Mugu crash: "Lieutenant Ellis is beyond a doubt the most courageous man I have ever had the pleasure to know."

It had been many months since Ellis's letter to the Secretary of the Navy started plodding through the chain of command. He didn't think it had been pigeon-holed, but the long delay in receiving an answer was exasperating. Little did he know that the simple letter had touched off a hurricane of disagreement in the Pentagon.

Acting on the request of the CNO for a detailed medical recommendation before passing along his request, Vice Adm. E. D. Kenny, chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, wrote on August 16:

"From a medical standpoint, Ellis demonstrates an optimism resulting from treatment and rehabilitation. Indeed, he does not consider himself handicapped. He is considered fit for limited duty of indefinite duration. The only limitation is that of assignability precluding exposure to the inherent hazards at sea and in duty involving flying."

Limited duty. That meant grounding. But again, it was only a recommendation. Another letter was yet to be written, this one by Vice Adm. J. S. Thach, a distinguished, colorful Naval aviator who in World War II developed the so-called "Thach Weave"—a flying formation in which planes are so spaced that each protects the other from enemy aircraft. Now deputy chief of naval operations, Thach wrote the words Ellis had been hoping to hear.

The Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, he suggested, should prescribe "an appropriate series of tests" to which Ellis would be subjected before a special group of flight surgeons who would evaluate his ability.

Meanwhile, Thach added, Ellis would be allowed to fly on a limited status. On September 11, 1963, Secretary of the Navy Fred Korth concurred.

Ellis had won!

Fourteen months to the day after that tragic afternoon at Point Mugu, he was being offered a chance to fly again. And better than that, he was being allowed to demonstrate—before a panel of skilled, demanding flight surgeons, most of them pilots themselves—that he was as capable a pilot now as he had ever been.

To an outsider, the tests he was to take at Pensacola, Florida, might seem like the biggest part of the battle. They *were* tough, but by now Ellis was so brimful of confidence he felt he could run whatever gantlet the Navy asked him to.

He had his chance to prove it in October 1963 when he reported for temporary duty at the Navy's School of Aviation Medicine at Pensacola. There, he had to first fly a variety of aircraft, including a T-28 two-seat trainer, a twin-engined Beechcraft and a Cougar jet, the same kind he had crashed at Mugu. Next, skeptical doctors took notes while he jumped on a trampoline, climbed hand over hand up a rope, swung on parallel bars, and negotiated Pensacola's tough obstacle course. In January, at Ellis's request, he was sent back to Pensacola to run the tests a second time.

"This time," Ellis was told, "you'll have to make some carrier landings, too."

"I'd like that," Ellis replied.

From 2,000 feet, the carrier *Lexington*, cruising in sunlit waters off the Florida coast, looked like a postage stamp. All Ellis had to do was to lick that stamp with the wheels of an aircraft traveling nearly 150 miles an hour—maneuvering the delicate controls with legs and feet which had no sense of touch of their own—and then throttle off into space again.

Though he could not feel the controls, the muscles in his upper legs and thighs, Ellis found, had healed well. In a sense, he now flew by remote control, his upper legs transmitting commands to the willow

"Well, it was no story to be telling at a PTA meeting!"

legs and feet which in turn manipulated the pedals

Ellis insists the four touch-and-go landings he made that day were easy; those who watched, knowing the hairbreadth skill with which a carrier pilot must operate, could hardly believe how smooth the landings were.

But the toughest ordeal, physically, was the water survival course. The weather—as if a sudden, new enemy—blew up blustery and unruly that day. The air temperature plummeted to 56° and the Gulf of Mexico was 10° chillier. Laden down in a wet flight suit, hard hat and gloves—and his artificial legs—Ellis was dumped into the Gulf 300 yards offshore. From this point, he was required to (1) climb into a life raft dropped from a helicopter, (2) paddle ashore, (3) run across a narrow strip of sandy beach, (4) plod through mud in which his legs nearly became mired, (5) swim across a channel with a mild current, (6) cross an island on foot, and (7) in succession, swim a second channel, with an even swifter current, run through thick underbrush and swim to the mainland.

A marine instructor checked his watch.

"You must have motors in those legs, lieutenant," he said in astonishment. "It takes most men an average of an hour and a half to go through what you just did."

"What was my time?"

"An hour and fifteen minutes."

The rest is history. On the recommendation of the Pensacola board, the Secretary of the Navy permitted Ellis to return to flying, except for piloting the most refined supersonic jets and except for carrier landings without a co-pilot. Considering that the Navy at one time was ready to put him out to pasture, Ellis had performed a miracle. He is today the only double amputee in the Navy's history to continue flying.

Ellis remained with his squadron for awhile at North Island and later, at his request, was transferred to duty at the Naval Line School, Monterey, California. He still has hopes of entering the astronaut program, an ambition which even his most ardent boosters consider pretty far-fetched. They don't tell him that, though, because nothing is far-fetched to Frank Ellis.

"I'm still not completely satisfied," Ellis says now. "I respect the ultimate judgment of the Navy and I'll go along with anything I'm assigned to do. I wouldn't have put on a uniform twelve years ago if I didn't think the Navy was a pretty fine outfit. Still, I'll not be really happy until the day I can fly a jet, alone, like I once did.

"I'd like to pass along a final thought, a lesson that has been hammered at me constantly in the past two years," Ellis adds. "To a person suddenly confronted with the loss of a limb, two battles loom in his future. The first is learning to use the artificial limb which will replace the one he has lost, so that 'handicap' becomes only a word in a dictionary. That's the easiest battle. The second is to convince others he has done so. And that is by far the toughest."—**Joseph E. Brown**

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U.S. AIR FORCE CENSORSHIP OF THE UFO SIGHTINGS

[*Continued from page* 41]

Just before dawn that day, near Canberra, Australia, several observers on the ground saw a large white-glowing object traveling northeast across the dark sky. It moved with a peculiar wobble as though losing power or partly out of control. The gaping observers then saw a smaller object, visible with a faint red light, hovering not far ahead. The big white craft flew right up to the smaller one and appeared to strike it. Then the large UFO turned, no longer wobbling, and streaked out of sight. The small red light sputtered briefly and went out. Judging from the baffled observers' report the incident could have been either an attack by the big craft on the smaller object, or else some odd kind of mid-air refueling or recharging process.

The observers' report was investigated by the Scientific Attache of the American Embassy at Canberra, Dr. Paul Siple, and two NASA engineers. They concluded, in the first place, that the observers had indeed seen what they said they'd seen. They also concluded that the mysterious objects were not earth-made craft of any known kind. The embassy reported all this to Washington, D.C., in Airgram A-894—a copy of which was secured and deposited in NICAP's files.

The Air Force has also kept suspiciously quiet about scores of recent encounters between UFO's and aircraft. In 1962 and again in 1964, the Air Force alleged in various press releases and press interviews that the whole UFO investigation was finished: all sightings had been explained as balloons, hoaxes, illusions and other known phenomena, and the books were closed. This was a strange thing to say. For the Air Force, in effect, was denying that the following documented incidents ever happened:

September 21, 1961: A British and an American jet liner, flying over the Pacific, independently saw a huge round craft fly above them at incredible speed.

May 21, 1962: An Irish International Airlines plane encountered a round, metallic flying device at an altitude of 17,000 feet over England.

December 22, 1962: At Ezezia International Airport, near Buenos Aires, a curious round machine appeared shortly before dawn and put down at the end of Runway 1-0-2-8, blocking a Panagra DC-8 jet that was preparing to land. After a while it took off and sped out of sight.

July 18, 1963: Near Sunnyvale, California, four Air Force jets tried to intercept a disc-shaped UFO in the air. According to a report signed by a qualified ground observer and filed at NICAP, the strange craft was much too fast for the jets. It "pulled up in a short arc and shot up out of sight in an estimated three seconds."

This kind of thing has been going on throughout the 1960's. The Air Force persists in denying it, even though—as in the 1963 Sunnyvale incident—observers have clearly seen the Air Force's own planes chasing UFO's. The fact is, the Air Force seems seriously concerned about UFO's and is still investigating them intensively. The Air Intelligence group that is charged with checking up on UFO reports (its code name is Project Blue Book) is still in existence and still active, despite protestations that the book is closed.

The truth is, there is no longer any reasonable doubt that alien spacecraft are visiting the earth. The statement may sound startling at first, but when you think about it, it actually becomes quite mundane. It is not much more startling than the statement that, if you stand on a street corner, sooner or later somebody will pass by. There are billions of stars in the galaxy. In the light of recent scientific calculations, it seems likely that several million of them have planetary systems, and at least some of these planets must support life. It would be arrogant of us to suppose that we are the only intelligent beings in the galaxy, and just as arrogant to think that we are the first to develop space travel. Civilizations far older than ours may have orbited their first satellites when humankind was just learning to light fires. Such a civilization would eventually send its astronauts out to explore nearby space, and if they found a planet that harbored intelligent life—a planet such as our own—they would undoubtedly hang around and study it at length.

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

The Air Force is aware of all this. Back in 1949, in fact, before the decision was made to keep UFO facts secret, the Air Force issued a fascinating document called the Project Grudge Report. Project Grudge was the predecessor of Project Blue Book, and the 1949 report dealt with UFO sightings after World War II. The report pointed out that intelligent beings might conceivably exist on Mars or Venus. It speculated on the possibility that a civilization on one of those planets might have begun its technological advance thousands of years before ours did, and that the people of that civilization might now be interested in watching our own advance—out of scientific curiosity, perhaps, or out of a fear of future aggression. "Such a civilization might observe," said the report, "that on earth we now have A-bombs and are developing rockets. . . . We should expect at this time above all to behold such visitations."

As, in fact, we are. The alien visitors are evidently interested in anything we send up off the ground—airliners, missiles, satellites. When our first astronauts travel to the moon and planets, they will almost certainly see UFO's following them, watching, studying.

The Air Force, of course, no longer talks in these terms and no doubt wishes it had never published the Grudge Report. The official Air Force attitude now is one of scoffing at all that was said in the 1949 report. Anybody who talks about UFO's today is a "crackpot" or is "misguided." When the news can't be suppressed, the Air Force hopes, it can be laughed away.

We at NICAP are aware, of course, that not all UFO sighting reports are genuine. We know there are crackpots and publicity-seekers in our field of inquiry, as in all fields of human endeavor. We are not strangers to the elaborate hoax, the alcoholic hallucination, the bizarre mental aberration. When a man comes to us and says he has taken a flying-saucer trip with nude maidens from Venus, or his back yard is swarming with little green men smoking purple cigars, we nod politely and go our way. We screen all sighting reports with care, for our position is a ticklish one. The Air Force could laugh us out of business if we published reports of UFO incidents that later turned out to be demonstrably hoaxes or illusions.

But there are reports every month that come through the screening process as unarguably genuine. Reports from airline pilots, for example. Consider the position an airline pilot is in. Here is a man who, in the first place, guards his health carefully. He must be in top physical condition to hold his job. His eyesight and other health parameters are checked repeatedly. At the first sign of lapsing health he will be grounded. No airline carrying passengers could afford to be careless about this. Thus it can safely be assumed that a pilot is not subject to visual or other aberrations that will make him see things which aren't there. With literally millions of miles of flying behind him, he is not likely, either, to mis-identify things he sees in the air.

He isn't likely to mistake a star, a balloon or another plane for a flying saucer. Alcohol is absolutely out of the question. If he were to report for duty drunk, he would be fired on the spot. In fact most airlines forbid even a glass of beer for flying crews for at least 12 hours (often 24 hours) before takeoff. Moreover, a pilot is not likely to perpetrate a flying-saucer hoax. Even when he genuinely sees a UFO he hesitates to report it. He risks being ridiculed and being identified as a man who sees what isn't there. He risks his very job. A pilot pretending he'd seen a UFO would be like a surgeon pretending he had shaking palsy.

Despite all this, the Air Force still tries to raise doubts about the occasional pilot who defies the news blackout and tells his UFO story to the public press. For example, there was the famous Killian Case of 1959—an incident that occurred before the hush-up seemed to be fully in effect. On the night of February

24, 1959, an American Airlines DC-6 was flying across Pennsylvania toward Detroit. At the controls were Capt. Peter W. Killian and First Officer John Dee, and the passenger cabin was well filled. Suddenly three large, brilliantly lighted, round or disc-shaped craft appeared in the air nearby. One of them maneuvered close to the DC-6 as though for a brief inspection, then went back to join its companions. Eventually the three streaked off into the blackness from which they'd come.

Captain Killian, a man with 15 years and 4-million miles of airline flying behind him, told the curious story to the press. The Air Force instantly jumped on him. What he'd really seen, said the Air Force, was a group of three stars appearing and disappearing behind scattered clouds.

Impossible, replied Killian. "The sky was absolutely clear above us. Federal Aviation Agency records show we were flying at 8,500 feet. The clouds were at 3,500. Let the Air Force explain how we saw stars through clouds 5,000 feet beneath us."

American Airlines then got behind its man and announced that other pilots had often encountered UFO's in the same area. The argument grew hotter. In an interview with a *New York Herald Tribune* reporter, an Air Force spokesman remarked that some UFO witnesses "were so drunk they couldn't remember what they saw." This harpoon wasn't aimed directly at Killian, but it was a hell of a nasty implication to make under the circumstances.

Other people now began to jump into the debate. In Washington, Congressman Sam Friedel of Maryland offered Captain Killian a "day in court" if he wanted to come to the Capital. Evidently seeing that the "star" theory wouldn't hold up if this happened, the Air Force hastily came up with a new explanation: Killian had seen a KC-97 tanker refueling three B-47 jets. This was nonsense too. All aircraft flights in the U.S., including refuelings, are reported to both the FAA and the Air Defense Command. If there had been a refueling operation that night over Pennsylvania, the fact would have been known and released at once—not "discovered" two weeks later. In any case, it is inconceivable that a veteran pilot would fail to recognize a familiar aircraft when he saw it.

And there were other facts in the case that the Air Force could not explain away. Specifically:

First Officer Dee and the passengers also saw the alien craft. They corroborated Captain Killian's story.

Two other American Airlines crews, flying in the vicinity, were alerted by radio. They saw the UFO's, too.

Three United Air Lines planes were plying the airways in that sky neighborhood that night. They had no contact with Captain Killian or the other American Airlines crews. But they, too, saw and privately reported three UFO's.

All this might have come out in a public debate. But then, abruptly, Captain Killian stopped arguing. In a statement to NICAP, his wife said that American Airlines had been instructed by the Air Force to muzzle him. As of mid-1964, he was still forbidden to say anything more in public about that strange night in 1959.

The Air Force has other means of shutting people up. As an example, consider the infamous Stokes Case. This occurred in November, 1957. James Stokes, an engineer at the Air Force Missile Development Center close to Alamagordo, New Mexico, was driving his car down a highway when a gigantic oval-shaped machine flew overhead at an estimated 1,500 to 2,000 mph. Other witnesses on the highway also saw the enigmatic craft. Stokes' car radio failed and his engine stalled when the device passed over him, and he sat and stared in amazement as it streaked over the horizon.

Stokes talked to the press. The first result was that an order suddenly went out to all personnel at the Missile Center. The order, approved by Maj. Gen. L. I. Davis, the commanding officer, forbade everybody at the Center to comment publicly on UFO reports from then until further notice. This by itself indicated that the Air Force was anxious to keep something from the public. The next step was the issuance of a nationwide press release that bluntly called Stokes' story a hoax. Muzzled by General Davis's order, Stokes could not argue with this. The Air Force also took another step, a very suggestive one. *Stokes was quietly promoted two grades.*

The Stokes Case and the Killian Affair, and other, similar episodes, have had the effect of tightening the news cover-up. Pilots report quietly to their supervisors and to NICAP, but seldom to the press. Understandably, they fear the consequences of any public statement.

The Air Force's public statements meanwhile, have gone virtually unchallenged by the public at large. But this state of things can't last forever. The American public isn't as gullible as some government officials seem to think. Sooner or later a day has got to come when the public asks a question that the Air Force won't be able to answer. "See here," the public will say, "could it be, could it really be, that *every one* of those thousands of UFO witnesses was mistaken?"

Of course it couldn't be. And the Air Force knows it couldn't. This was as much as admitted not long ago by no less a man than Dr. J. Allen Hynek, eminent astrophysicist who has for a long time been chief Air Force consultant on UFO's. Writing of his thoughts about UFO's in the Yale University journal, Dr. Hynek stated: "The intelligence of the observers and reporters of UFO's is certainly at least average, in many cases above average, in some cases embarrassingly above average."

In the same article Dr. Hynek admitted something else the Air Force has been trying to keep hidden: "Flying saucers have by no means died out. There are more UFO reports per year rather than less . . . For every puzzling report that reaches Air Force attention there are many that do not."

In a democracy such as ours there is only one supportable reason for keeping important facts from the public: that the disclosure of those facts would imperil the national security. In the case of UFO's, the evidence is that *not* disclosing the facts imperils security. Some years ago NASA asked the Brookings Institution to undertake a major study of various aspects of space technology. The Brookings report was rather frightening. If a more advanced civilization than ours exists and we are not aware of it, the report said, serious trouble could result. This would especially be true if the people of that civilization decide to land here and make contact with us. The trouble can be forestalled only if we, the people of the earth, are prepared in advance to accept the existence of an older and higher civilization, the report said.

Considering this warning we should recall what happened to the American Indians when, unprepared, they suddenly came in contact with white men from a

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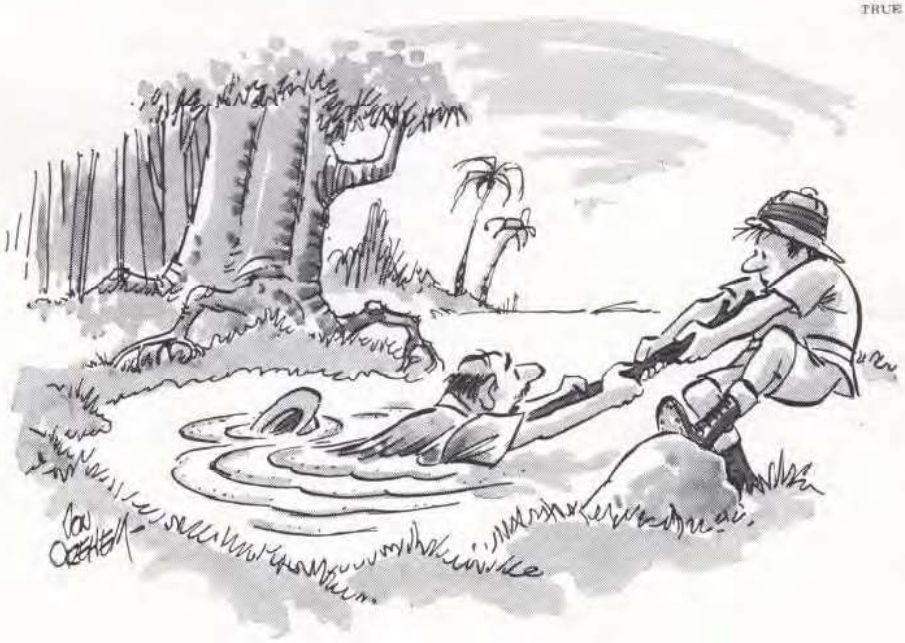

"I'm afraid it's too late to save my wife. I was standing on her head!"

more advanced civilization in Europe. The Indians were totally demoralized.

There is no evidence that those watching us from alien spacecraft have any hostile motives or plan an invasion. Major waves of UFO's began arriving here as far back as World War II, and there are well-documented reports of isolated sightings in the 18th and 19th Centuries—sightings in which people reported the same disc-shaped craft we are seeing today. If an invasion were planned, it would probably have happened long ago. As far as we can tell, the UFO crews and their civilization back home—wherever it may be—are just curious about us. But there is ample evidence that these inscrutable space travelers are well equipped to defend themselves if attacked. And this is another reason for telling the public the truth. When the Indian attacked the white man out of ignorance and fear, the odds against the Indian were utterly hopeless.

NICAP knows of two cases in which Air Force fighter planes apparently tangled with UFO's and lost. There may also be similar events which the Air Force has kept hidden. One known case occurred in 1948. Capt. Thomas Mantell was leading a flight of P-51's over Godman Airfield in Kentucky, late at night. The Godman Field control tower radioed that there was a round, bright, shining object in the sky and asked Mantell to have a look at it. Mantell peeled off from the flight, which was a low-level ferrying mission, and took his P-51 upstairs.

The Air Force announced that the tower had talked with Mantell by radio. Mantell was quoted as saying the object was "tremendous in size and appeared to be metallic. But, unfortunately, no one could see Mantell's plane as it climbed up beyond an overcast and, as a result, no one really knows what happened to him up there. He ceased answering radio calls to him from his flight. His plane came screeching earthward, disintegrating. The left wing tore off. The plane crashed with a tremendous explosion, spraying wreckage for more than half a mile.

A similar episode took place on November 23, 1953. An unknown object was reported in the sky over Lake Superior. From Kinross Air Force Base in Michigan, an F-89 jet took off to investigate. At the controls was Lt. Felix Moncla, Jr., and in the rear cockpit, preparing to track the UFO by radar, was Lt. R. R. Wilson. An Air Force radar crew followed the whole operation from the ground. They saw the F-89 follow the UFO for 160 miles over Lake Superior. There was no advance indication of any trouble. But suddenly the jet and UFO blips merged on the radarscope.

The rest was silence. Radio calls to Moncla and Wilson were unanswered. A two-day search of the lake turned up not a single piece of wreckage, not a lifejacket, not a slick of oil. Neither Moncla, nor Wilson, nor their F-89 were ever seen again.

The Air Force made all kinds of attempts to explain away this weird episode. At first the UFO was explained as an off-course Canadian airliner, then as a Royal Canadian Air Force plane. But neither explanation held water. It is a positive fact, substantiated by the Canadian Air Force itself in letters to NICAP, that no Canadian aircraft of any kind were in the vicinity at the time. The UFO was quite definitely an alien space vehicle. But precisely what took place between it and Moncla's plane is a total mystery.

Soon we may find out a little more about such episodes, and a lot more about UFO's in general. For pressure is building in Washington to make the Air Force end the secrecy. Particularly in Congress, the feeling is growing that public hearings should be held to air the entire mysterious subject. NICAP has submitted to Congress a documented report on its painstaking seven-year investigation in the hope of spurring action.

"A full explanation of the 'flying saucers' seems due," said Senator Vance Hartke of Indiana in a letter to NICAP on June 5, 1963. Said Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin in 1963: "The very fact that so many inexplicable incidents have occurred is reason enough for a thorough investigation." Many other members of Congress, of both parties, have also made strong statements in support of public hearings.

Sooner or later the truth has got to come out. A secret this big, with such enormous implications for all of humanity, cannot possibly be kept forever. Congressional hearings are almost bound to be held eventually—probably within the next year. The basic finding of these hearings—that we are indeed under surveillance of some kind by visitors from the universe—will undoubtedly startle and frighten many people throughout the world. But it shouldn't surprise you at all. The facts, the evidence, are before you right now.—**Maj. Donald E. Kehoe**

Note: NICAP will be happy to receive UFO sighting reports from readers and to furnish additional information on UFO operations. The address is NICAP, 1536 Connecticut Avenue NW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

OMNIPOTENT OOM

[*Continued from page 32*]

hour after hour with no diminution of male potency or female desire.

So that was it, Nyack concluded—Oom was running a love cult! The local prudes clucked and gasped their alarm. Oom, obviously, was a danger to the young of the community and would have to be run out of town.

But the Nyack police refused to act. Oom was a big taxpayer. So the prudes complained to the New York State Police, then a recently formed, eager-beaver organization mounted on horses. The night they received the complaint, a squad of troopers galloped to Oom's estate and swung down from their saddles near the main building.

Oom had converted a portion of the first floor of this building into a meeting hall. Up front was a raised dais facing rows of seats. As the troopers approached, Oom's several dozen guests, all decorously clad—the men in dinner jackets and the women in evening gowns—sat listening to their host deliver a talk.

Oom spoke earnestly and authoritatively on what he called the Art of Reversion. "I'll teach you," he told his audience, "to reverse your circulation, not once but several times a day. Many ills afflicting the average human arise from our static habits of posture. We are the only animals who constantly go about head up and feet down, never altering the position of our internal organs or the stresses we place upon our muscles."

Oom paused to adjust a mat on the floor. Then he flipped over gracefully and stood on his head. "Ah," he sighed, "how much better I feel! Reversing the course of my blood brings new life to tired tissues."

At that moment the squad of troopers burst in. Their sergeant did a double-take at the sight of Oom practicing Reversion. But then the sergeant recovered himself and began reading from a document: "Dr. Pierre Arnold Bernard, you are charged with. . . ."

Oom tumbled from his upside-down position and landed lightly on his feet. He leaped from the rostrum to face the sergeant. "You charge me with *what?* Officer, look around you. Whether you realize it or not, you are in the midst of a group of ladies and gentlemen, at a private gathering, on private property. Get out, or I'll slap you with a damage suit!"

The troopers retreated in abashed disorder, never to return. But their abortive raid had repercussions, for the New York papers got wind of it and ran the story, blowing it up with all they could unearth on Oom's lurid history. In this way the sedate citizens of Nyack learned a confounding lot about the strange man who had landed in their midst.

For there is no doubt that Oom was incredibly strange. No other character in recent history has possessed a personality so amazingly contradictory and so amazingly diverse. He was variously a conservative bank president and a sharp con man, an athlete and an advocate of weird love-cult practices, a public-spirited Chamber of Commerce executive and an entrepreneur with but little feeling for his community's concern over the immovable carcass of a huge decaying elephant.

Oom made up the name Oom around 1905, when he was 30. It had a mystical sound and went well alliteratively with Omnipotent. Also, somewhat later, Oom invented the name Pierre Arnold Bernard. A generation before there had been a Dr. Claude Bernard, a great French physiologist, and it flattered Oom to be mistaken for this doctor's son and the heir to his talents.

Actually, Oom was born plain Peter Coon, in Iowa, in 1875. In after years he told two stories about how he spent his young manhood. Sometimes he said he

had been a pro ballplayer in Louisville and St. Louis, but more often he boasted he had studied in India and had been granted the degree of Shastri, the equivalent in the Western World of a D.D., a Ph.D. and an M.D., all combined.

The facts are that for many years Oom worked in California as a fruit picker, salmon packer, then as a barber, and in 1905 fell in with an imaginative youth who called himself Mortimer K. Hargis. This worthy convinced Oom to give up barbering and shear the public without scissors.

In San Francisco the pair established the Bacchante Academy, which catered to young women interested in learning hypnotism and "soul charming." A stiff tuition was charged, perhaps deservedly, for Oom and his associate "professor" taught their pupils more than had been bargained for, such as the mysteries of relations between the sexes. Complaints of a moral nature lodged against the academy proved ineffective for several months, since its operators skipped from address to address well ahead of the police. Then Nature—in the form of the San Francisco earthquake of April 18, 1906—put the academy out of business. The earthquake also caused a fissure in the relationship between Oom and Hargis. Oom turned to learning. He got together a sizeable collection of books and read like crazy about mystical Hindu practices.

In 1910, Oom blew into New York City and opened an Oriental sanctum on West 74th Street. A graphic idea of what went on there may be gathered from an incident occurring in May. Two girls, Zella Hopp and Gertrude Leo, fled to the district attorney and complained that Oom had held them captive for several weeks. The D.A. picked up Oom on charges of abduction and clapped him in jail to await trial. But in the end there was no trial, for at a preliminary hearing Oom so scared the wits out of the Misses Hopp and Leo by glaring at them that they left the state. And in the doing the girls embarrassed the D.A. by leaving him without a case.

Oom slyly returned to the sanctum business, but now embellished his operation with the high-sounding name of the New York Sanskirt College. He occupied quarters on upper Broadway, and when the cops kept too strict a watch on him there, he moved to West End Avenue. His detractors contended he taught Oriental philosophies of his own invention—a racket to get neurotic women under his domination for the purpose of fleecing them. In a ridiculous way, a trick of Oom's once fizzled on him. A globe he claimed to illuminate through personal magnetism blew a fuse and was found to be hooked up by concealed wires to the house current.

Soon after America's entrance into World War I, Oom invented television—or a reasonable facsimile thereof. He lured to his sanctum the mothers, wives and sweethearts of service men, and at $50 a head permitted them to "see" and "talk with" their loved ones at the front. To perform these miracles he used devices—trumpets, screens of clouded glass and reflected images from photographs—ordinarily found in spiritualists' parlors.

Toward the close of the war, Oom expanded his activities by opening a "physiological" institute on Riverside Drive. It was at this point he christened himself "Dr. Pierre Arnold Bernard." Business boomed so, he found it necessary to take on several assistant "doctors." He claimed to banish the discomforts of a universal female complaint, but many of the women who flocked to him soon found he hadn't helped them—and squawked. George A. Whiteside, counsel for the Medical Society of the County of New York, charged Oom with practicing medicine without a license—indeed, without medical education or training—and threatened prosecution.

Oom quickly struck his Riverside Drive tent, only to pitch it in a fancier neighborhood, on East 53rd Street near Fifth Avenue. Meanwhile he had had the good luck to meet and marry a charming, cultivated young woman who was accomplished both as an exotic dancer and as a practitioner of the physical and aesthetic benefits to be derived from Yoga exercises.

The woman was Blanche De Vries. She possessed a scholar's knowledge of Oriental philosophy and she gave direction to Oom's hitherto helter-skelter reading. Also, she knew costuming and stage lighting and she had a feeling for the truly dramatic. Lastly, she was friendly with a clique of wealthy, socially prominent women interested in the esoteric, and she saw in Oom the makings of a guru—a teacher of Yoga and other tantrik practices—her rich friends would really go for.

The most important of these women was Ann Harriman Sands Rutherfurd Vanderbilt, who had been left a widow with several million dollars by two husbands and would soon be left a widow with many millions more by her third. For while William K. Vanderbilt, the yachtsman and railroad magnate, was on his last legs physically, he was as healthy as a Morgan or a Rockefeller when it came to money.

Mrs. Vanderbilt considered herself *the* arbiter of New York society, and perhaps she was. But even rich society arbiters have their difficulties, and Mrs. Vanderbilt felt hers were enough to get her down. Together with a dying husband, she had on her hands her two daughters by her second marriage, Margaret and Barbara Rutherfurd, both still in their twenties.

The girls had looks, charm, and millions of their own, but both were unhappy with *their* husbands and had already decided on divorce. Margaret was married to Ogden L. Mills, the Republican leader who a decade later would become Secretary of the Treasury under the late Herbert Hoover, while Barbara was the wife of Cyril Hatch, a New Yorker of substance.

At their first meeting, Oom and Mrs. Vanderbilt hit it off. All smiles, he gave her a benign form of his hypnotic eye, listened sympathetically to her troubles, and then led her into the exercise salon of the 53rd Street studio he and Blanche De Vries had fitted out in Oriental splendor.

"The word *Yoga*," Oom explained to

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"I think Stevens has been handling the 75 percent bracket too long."

Mrs. Vanderbilt, "comes from the root *yug,* meaning to join. It signifies the union of the body of the disciple with the visible world, and of his or her spirit with cosmic consciousness. Further, *Yoga* has the sense of a yoke, or discipline, which the neophyte must learn in order to attain perfect happiness."

Mrs. Vanderbilt much preferred the exercise salon to her husband's sickroom and she proved herself Oom's apt pupil. Soon she mastered the simpler Yoga contortions for meditation such as the "tree posture," the "noose posture," the "tortoise posture," and even the more difficult "supine thunderbolt posture." While they tired her in the muscle department, they so refreshed her in spirit that shortly she felt she could cope with almost any problem.

Mrs. Vanderbilt considered steering Margaret and Barbara to Oom's place for similar therapy, but realized this might be dangerous. Suppose word of it reached the gossip columns. East 53rd Street was far too close to home. Mrs. Vanderbilt consulted with some of her rich, middle-aged friends who had also become Oomites and they agreed that a sanctuary was needed at a distance from the city.

Almost overnight, Oom found himself showered with more money than he had ever dreamed of and chieftain of a tribe of both male and female followers to which he gave the first occult-sounding title that occurred to him—The Mystic Order of the Tantriks of India. This tribe at the outset consisted of no more than a dozen members, but eventually it would number well over 200, and would carry on its roster some of the best-known names in America.

Mrs. Vanderbilt put up the bulk of the money, but there were other contributors. With only a part of the funds pressed upon him, Oom bought the 78-acre estate of the French pirate at Nyack, hired servants, and stocked the garage with fancy automobiles. Then he began acquiring animals for a menagerie, for surely no Tantrik Order worthy of the name should be without some. As a starter, he bought elephants, llamas, lions, chimpanzees, and several families of small monkeys.

It was fortunate for Oom that the New York State Police raided his domain at the time they did and found him standing on his head and giving instruction in the Art of Reversion to a well-dressed—and fully-dressed—audience. For this was in the early days of the colony, when Oom was cautiously feeling his way, and when with equal caution his followers conducted themselves with great decorum. But as time went on, the antics on the Nyack estate grew wilder and wilder.

Weather permitting, some of the male Tantriks adopted breech-clouts as a costume, while certain of the ladies went about in revealing saris. Oom built a swimming pool on the property, excavating beneath what had formerly been a huge, glass-enclosed greenhouse. Thus the sun's rays made the pool usable in all but the coldest weather.

Nyack gossips, however, placed a different interpretation on why the pool was covered. Perched in trees and on rooftops beyond the walls of Oom's estate, they watched from afar through field glasses and later claimed they had observed men and women riotously bathing together in the nude.

Whether or not this was true, it is a fact that Oom never thought of himself as a chaperon—far from it. Many of his followers had more or less permanent quarters on the estate, while others visited over weekends and holidays. Where and with whom they slept did not disturb Oom.

"At Doctor Bernard's," an Oom disciple once confided to an outsider, "sex is discussed as naturally as hypnosis or reincarnation. Doctor Bernard believes that men and women can learn a lot about living by learning a lot about playing, and loving. He teaches the Oriental view of love as opposed to the restrained Western idea. Love, in its physical aspects, is akin to music and poetry. It unites men and women with the infinite."

Oom discouraged drinking; he felt that alcohol diminished sexual desire. On the other hand, he favored art and literature of a certain sort, for often they excited it. Over the years, Oom accumulated a library of 7,000 books, and although many concerned merely the mumbo jumbo of occultism, he could boast as fine a collection of strictly pornographic works as any in the country.

Oom ornamented his estate with tennis courts and a softball diamond, and converted one building into a gymnasium, with billiard and card rooms adjoining. Oom was a skilled and inveterate gambler, yet cagey enough to permit his more generous sponsors to win from him fairly often. During a night at the card table, it was good business, he felt, to lose a few hundred dollars if the victory encouraged the winner to make a contribution in the thousands to the Tantrik Order.

Oom and his followers played poker and bridge, but hearts was their favorite game. In hearts, the queen of spades is the key card. Oom put a handsome, 50-foot cabin cruiser on the Hudson, docking her near the Tantrik colony. The cruiser was for the exclusive use of the Oomites, for river outings, and Oom christened her—in gratitude, presumably—the *Queen of Spades.*

But all that occurred at Oom's place was not of a recreational nature. He held regular classes for instruction in the many facets of Yoga, which included not alone such postures as Reversion, but Yoga fasting, breathing and intense concentration. Oom's disciples learned from their Loving Guru what he claimed were the benefits to be derived from retracting the tongue, inhaling through one nostril and exhaling through the other, and sitting cross-legged hour after hour staring at a finger held to the tip of the nose. Only in following such disciplines, Oom contended, could a Yoga practitioner learn to "think about the unthinkable" and catch a glimpse of what lay "behind the beyond."

Soon after the State Police raid, Oom and his wife became dissatisfied with the austere, Occidental decor of the meeting hall housed in their Georgian mansion. Madame Bernard draped the big room with gold and purple hangings and dimly illuminated it with Egyptian sconces fixed to the ceiling. Then Oom placed an ornate throne for himself upon the rostrum and invited his followers to loll about on divans piled with pillows and cushions.

During Tantrik ceremonies, Oom sat on his throne wearing a turban, a silken robe and baggy Turkish pants, and flourished a scepter. While so engaged, he invariably smoked one of the long black cigars to which he was addicted. The

cigars were so strong they caused him to spit frequently, and while he kept a cuspidor handy, his aim was not always perfect.

A frequent Tantrik ceremony involved the initiation of new members. "To join the order," an Oomite later disclosed, "the novitiate must first have confessed to Doctor Bernard all sins, all secret desires, all inner thoughts; must then promise to abide by Doctor Bernard's orders; and must finally take the Tantrik vow.

"The novitiate looks upon Doctor Bernard as a high priest—indeed, as a sort of man-god. He kneels before Doctor Bernard and recites: 'Be to me a living guru; be a loving Tantrik guru.'

"Then all present bow their heads as though in church and repeat in unison: 'Oom man na padma Oom.'

"It is sung over and over in a chanting monotone, like the beating of drums in a forest, and is supposed, if kept up long enough, to induce a state of ecstasy."

Margaret Rutherfurd secured a divorce from Ogden Mills in 1920 and Barbara Rutherfurd got hers from Cyril Hatch the year following. But both of Mrs. Vanderbilt's daughters, at a terrifically high rate of tuition, had long since become Oom initiates and regular residents of the Tantrik retreat. Apparently it was Oom's task, as he understood it from Mrs. Vanderbilt, to obtain for the girls new husbands who occupied rungs on the social ladder on a par with their own.

Oom scored brilliantly in the case of Margaret. In early 1922, a famous Englishman, Sir Paul Dukes, K.B.E., came to the United States on a lecture tour. Sir Paul had been knighted for his services to the Crown as a British secret agent in Western Europe during the early years of World War I, and then in Russia toward the close of the war. He had, in fact, taken on a sort of Scarlet Pimpernel role and rescued from the Bolsheviks a number of Czarists who had close ties with the British royal family.

Sir Paul's interest in Yoga led him to Oom's colony. He liked what he found there and remained as an instructor in acrobatics. He and Margaret fell in love in Oom's gym while he was teaching her to perform on the trapeze and flying rings, and in October, 1922, they were married.

A wedding among the Tantriks was a great event. Following a civil ceremony, a second one took place in the throne room of the cult, with the cultists attending and Oom presiding. Over their usual costumes, the men present wore monks' robes, the women nuns' habits, and the bride and groom were carried aloft in coffins. The setting down of the coffins symbolized the burial of an old way of life and the resurrection of the wedded pair into a new state of Tantrik being, aflame with love. At the sound of a trumpet, all hands threw off their somber super-garb, and as an orchestra struck up began dancing. The coffins, covered with linen cloths, were flipped over and converted into banquet tables, and the revelry continued until dawn.

Oom also found a suitable husband for Barbara, although not so readily. He dug up his old Bacchante Club partner from the West Coast, Mortimer K. Hargis, who hurried East and appeared at the Tantrik colony. He called himself Winfield Jesse Nicholls and proclaimed to be a writer. Nicholls was his real name, he explained, while he merely used Hargis as one of his literary pseudonyms.

Writer or not, Nicholls could really make with the words when it came to courtship. Soon he had Barbara following him around doe-eyed and beaming admiration over his every word. In August, 1924, they were married, first by a justice of the peace and then Tantrik-style, and they spent their honeymoon in Maine.

Ex-Oomites say that for Oom's part in arranging the marriages of the Rutherfurd sisters, he collected $400,000 from Margaret, $250,000 from Barbara, and $400,000 from Mrs. Vanderbilt. True or not, soon after both girls got hitched, Oom went on a considerable spending spree. He added to his realty holdings by buying in South Nyack a fine estate of 40 acres and nine residences, and in Upper Nyack a choice waterfront property of seven acres and three residences.

But if money was paid both to secure husbands for the Rutherfurd sisters and to insure that their marriages would last, it was money down the drain. Both girls broke from the cult and their Tantrik mates in 1927. Margaret dyed her hair pink, danced briefly in a Broadway show, secured an uncontested divorce from Sir Paul Dukes, and then married three more times in the next few years. Sir Paul was too much the gentleman even to think of trying to latch on to Margaret's money or speak of her disparagingly. But he did develop a caustic attitude toward Oom. "I've left the colony," he announced a bit later, "not because of any criticism of it from the outside world. Rather, I could not stand to see Doctor Bernard use his ascendancy over others as a means to amass material wealth."

In her flight from Winfield Nicholls, Barbara boarded an ocean liner bound for Europe. Nicholls caught up with her in Paris, where he attempted to commit her to a mental institution and get control of her fortune, estimated at $10 million. But Mrs. Vanderbilt suddenly appeared, hired lawyers, and blocked both moves. Nicholls eventually agreed to secure a Nevada divorce and relinquish all claim to Barbara's riches for $100,000.

On his return to the States, reporters gave Nicholls a hard time. They accused him of marrying Barbara for her money—solely for her money—and charged that Oom had been author of the plot.

"You're quite wrong," Nicholls protested, and then went on to make a statement famous for the way in which it colored the truth. "Under Doctor Bernard, all of us at Nyack tried to work out a sensible scheme of balanced living. As a matter of fact, in our earnest, happy, normal colony we always consider brains as more than equal, matrimonially and otherwise, to all the millions the richest heiress might come into. Indeed, we've even traveled along the road to an ideal republic far enough to admit that brains may look down on wealth, if mere dol-

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lars are all the possessor has as a claim to recognition.

"What is love? It is the leaping high of the soul and flesh and spirit into a fine flame. When the flame smolders, giving off dust and hot, dry ashes, it is best to put it out. For Mrs. Nicholls I can only say I have the highest respect and finest affection. She is an earnest woman trying with great sincerity to solve the problems of life just as any little schoolteacher unhandicapped by wealth or great position might also strive."

Had Oom hired the top publicists in the country, he could not have got better advertising than from the scandals involving Mrs. Vanderbilt's daughters. These events fired interest in Oom all over America, and suddenly he was swamped with applications for membership in his Tantrik Order.

But Oom chose wisely whom he would ask in. He and Madame Bernard invited to the colony such men as Augustus Thomas, one of the foremost dramatists of his time; Francis Yeats-Brown, the author of *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*; Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, who had quit the pulpit of a fashionable Episcopal church in New York because of his belief in divorce; Henry Goldmark, the engineer responsible for building the locks of the Panama Canal; Dr. Frank Crane, the Dale Carnegie of his day; and Leopold Stokowski, the conductor.

And among the horde of women who came were Diana and Viola Wertheim, daughters of the multi-millionaire merchant, Jacob Wertheim, and the nieces of Henry Morgenthau, Sr.; Claire Lea Stuart, the dancer; and Elsie de Wolfe, who married Sir Charles Mendl, the British diplomat. In an autobiography she published, Lady Mendl included amusing photographs of Oom teaching her to reverse her circulation by having her stand on her head.

Oom's rise to the starry heights of national and even international fame, however, did not in the least endear him to Nyack's puritans. Now they considered him, in fact, a threat graver than before to the morals of the community, and especially to the morals of its youth. There was even talk of a local Ku Klux Klan contingent storming the colony to burn crosses, and while the klansmen failed to appear in any recognizable body, the Tantrik enclave was on one occasion marched against by an irate crowd of Nyack citizens.

This portending invasion arose out of an absurd situation which had nothing to do with morals. In the early 30's, one of Oom's elephants, Old Mom, fell ill. At 92, she was his eldest, and weighing as she did upward of two tons, she was also his largest. Out of respect for her size and the obvious severity of the malady afflicting her, Oom employed 20 veterinarians to attend her.

But in spite of all the vets could do, Old Mom died. Oom hitched up the other elephants and they performed the doleful task of dragging the huge carcass to the lower edge of the sloping Tantrik property. Then workmen on the estate dug a grave and Old Mom was pulled in and covered over.

Some weeks went by before word of the event reached the village, and by the time it did the story had undergone considerable embroidery. Old Mom, it was reported, had been buried smack in the middle of an underground stream feeding Nyack's water supply—and there was nothing on earth more poisonous than a dead elephant!

A great crowd of angry Nyackians armed themselves with clubs and whatever other weapons came to hand and marched for the Tantrik preserve. A newspaperman phoned Oom of their approach and he strolled down alone and met them at the gate. While his hypnotic gaze halted them momentarily, it was what he told them that permanently destroyed their resolve and cleared the way for future happenings.

"You guys are all wrong," Oom explained, pointing to a mound of earth. "*There's* Old Mom's grave and the town reservoir is far *up* the hill, as surely you must know. Which way does water run? Any idiot who believes it *climbs* has my permission to dig up the elephant, but I won't be responsible for her odor!"

Then Oom laughed—something he rarely did—and soon the crowd started laughing with him. Somebody read aloud the line cut in the pediment above Oom's gate about this being a place where a fool might "wear a thinking cap," and suggested that it certainly seemed applicable to the present situation. In the end, the Nyackians who had come to lay siege to the Tantrik colony did an about-face and dispersed in a peaceable frame of mind.

The incident marked the beginning of a radical change in the relationship between Oom and his followers on one hand and the villagers on the other. By now the bite of the Depression, spreading throughout America, had already sunk deeply into Nyack. Local merchants at long last realized that Oom and the Tantriks were beyond question their best customers, and that as such—regardless of the bizarre idiosyncracies—they should be shown due deference.

Oom soon found himself invited to join Nyack's volunteer fire company. He accepted, and while he attended no fires, he put to use the red-and-gold medallions issued for his cars. The medallions permitted him to race about the countryside immune to charges of speeding.

Next, Oom was elected first a director and then treasurer of the local Chamber of Commerce, posts in which he took avid interest. He cocked an alert ear to what was going on in the financial affairs of the area and learned that the controlling stock of the state bank, in the neighboring village of Pearl River, was up for grabs. He put in a bid for it, got it, and then named himself the bank's president.

With a big stake now in the economy of Nyack and adjacent communities, Oom worked to improve conditions, and in the doing utilized the talents of his Tantrik followers. Once a year he paraded his elephants and caged animals through the streets of Nyack as prelude to a circus held on the grounds of his estate, open for the day to the public. Oom, smiling broadly and bowing to all and sundry, rode in the parade as *mahout* of the lead elephant. His Oomites performed as stars of the circus, in the roles of clowns, dancers, acrobats, tumblers, contortionists and tightrope walkers.

In addition, Oom was the moving spirit in the building of an outdoor sports center in Nyack for boxing, wrestling and baseball. The center boasted a grandstand seating 6,000 and was brilliantly lighted at night. Oom, in fact, has been called by a number of sports writers the "father of night baseball," and he brought to Nyack such offbeat teams as the Pennsylvania Redcaps, the Cuban

TRUE

"Well, we'll soon find out. My own personal feeling is that it *will* buy happiness."

Stars, and the bearded boys from the House of David.

In 1939, Lou Nova—on his way up the heavyweight ladder for a crack at Joe Louis' title—became an Oomite long enough to train at the Tantrik colony for his coming fight with Max Baer. Oom taught him such Yoga exercises as *pranayama*, which improved his breathing, and *uddibardi*, which toughened up his stomach. Oom prophesied that Nova would "outwind" Baer and drop him in the seventh round, since seven was a mystic Tantrik number. At that, Oom wasn't far wrong. For Nova did stretch Baer cold on the canvas, although it took him 11 rounds to do it.

Oom's secretary, Percival Whittlesey, a Harvard alumnus, married Diana Wertheim, and that left Diana's sister, Viola, as one of the few single girls remaining in the colony. But Oom soon fixed things for her. He imported from California a young man he claimed to be his nephew, Theos Bernard, and Theos, in turn, claimed he was the only Caucasian to have been initiated into the secret ceremonies of the Tibetan lamasery at Lhasa.

Viola and Theos married and left the colony to go to school in New York. Viola studied medicine (and eventually became a renowned physician specializing in child psychology), while Theos took courses at Columbia leading to a doctorate in Oriental philosophies. All might have gone well had not Theos, in the manner of Oom, fallen victim to a compulsion for practicing and teaching Yoga.

A woman Theos taught reputedly went crazy, and her husband sued him for $25,000. Then Viola divorced him and he married Ganna Walska, the Polish opera star. But soon Ganna discovered that she, too, couldn't abide his dedication to certain Yoga postures, especially Reversion. In her petition for divorce, which was granted, she complained that Theos often stood on his head for as long as three hours at a time.

A year or so before America's entrance into World War II, Oom closed down his Tantrik colony and lent most of the buildings to representatives of the Wertheim family, who used them to house refugees from the Nazis. Percival Whittlesey took charge of the program and as a consequence suffered terribly. In January, 1941, Walter Groebl, a 17-year-old pro-Nazi from Georgia, drifted into Nyack, sought out Whittlesey, and shot him five times with a .32 revolver. Whittlesey miraculously survived.

Groebl escaped, but Oom launched an all-out campaign to find him. He hired detectives and their Sherlocking proved successful. In April, they nabbed Groebl in Minnesota and brought him back to New York. Because of his youth, a judge went easy on him. Instead of prison, he was sent to Elmira Reformatory.

By the close of the war the population of Nyack had tripled since Oom set up shop there a quarter-century before, and land had soared in value. Oom unloaded a part of his real estate at a fat profit, and the purchaser, ironically, was a fundamentalist religious sect whose evangelists preached dictums of sexual abstinence directly at odds with the ways of the free-loving Tantriks.

But Oom kept the bulk of his property, putting in a golf course and an airstrip, and he called the establishment he now operated the Clarkstown Country Club. It was a public, not a private club—a country hotel, really, complete with a social director, jazz band and conventional entertainment. Oom's wife, always an adaptable sort, assisted Oom in running it.

In 1947, Theos Bernard made the news again. Dispatches from India brought word that he had launched a second expedition to Lhasa, the Tibetan capital at the top of the world, had been set upon by Lahouli bandits high in the Himalayas and killed.

For sequels to their stories on the slaying of Theos, a contingent of reporters descended on Oom at his Clarkstown hostelry and found him puttering about the grounds. He appeared mild of manner, bald and tubby—a far cry from the old Oom of lean muscularity and hypnotic eye. He said he was sorry to learn of Theos' death but declared he knew no more about it than what he had read.

On the other hand, he seemed to enjoy talking about the heyday of the Tantrik colony. "People tell me I'm supposed to have gotten a million dollars out of the Vanderbilts," he chuckled. "A million bucks! Out of the Vanderbilts! If I could do that I wouldn't be a mystic—I'd be a magican!" Then he added that he had seen neither Mrs. Vanderbilt nor either of her daughters for years and years.

Oom wore no turban or robe. Instead, he had on a baseball cap, sweat shirt and dungarees. Asked if he was still interested in Yoga, he grinned and said: "Yoga's my bug, that's all. Like another guy goes in for running a Boy Scout troop or collecting stamps. But I don't teach it any more. How could I pay $20,000 a year taxes on this place and spend my time teaching Yoga? Today I run a country club, just like any other country club, only better than most. But it's open to anybody with a checkbook." When the reporters left, Oom was squirting a hose on a rhododendron bush.

Oom lasted another eight years. His club prospered, but it never interested him the way his Tantrik colony had, and he closed up shop. In the early 1950's he sold the bulk of his remaining real estate, some for a housing development and some for the site of what is now the Hilltop Elementary School. With the last sale went Old Mom's grave. The big elephant's bones, resurrected from the earth, are today objects of zoological interest to Nyack students.

Oom died on September 27, 1955, at the age of 80. He was sick only a few days, at the end of a summer marked by severe heat waves. His wife could not recall that he had ever been sick before, not with so much as a headache.

By this time, Nyack boasted a daily paper—the *Journal-News*. The paper gave Oom an obituary of two full columns on the front page, plus a carry-over inside. And in all this outpouring of words, every word was favorable.

—Charles Boswell

The private life of two public people—

Dorothy Thompson and Sinclair Lewis

DOROTHY AND RED

by Vincent Sheean

†776

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MYSTERIOUS MONSTER

[*Continued from page* 45]

at least 50 pounds and felt all of that.

I had just met my first paddlefish. Or, more scientifically, a Polyodon spathula, also known to rivermen as a spoonbill catfish (although not a catfish), boneless catfish, shovel-nosed catfish, flatbill. Call it what you will, it's a forbidding, scaleless fighter without a bone in its body—the question mark of the fish tribe—believed to be the missing link between cartilaginous, armor-plated fish of prehistoric times and bony specimens of today. A throwback, a refugee from time.

Why the paddlefish didn't move to the sea with the rest of the shark types eons ago is a mystery. Instead, it stayed in fresh water and grew a sensory, paddle-like blade for a nose. Scientists think—but aren't sure—that the paddlefish uses this blade to locate tiny algae that make up its feed. The fish has no teeth, its jaws are loosely slung, giving it a grotesque, aged appearance that injects into a person seeing it for the first time, as I had, an eerie feeling of the unknown.

I knew that, other than here in the Mississippi River valley drainage area, I could fish for it no place else in the world, save China, and there I would be angling for a close relative that reaches a whopping 20 feet in length.

With such fascinating qualities as well as size, it isn't strange that the paddlefish is rapidly making converts out of a lot of prairie land anglers like me who are suckers for big fish. Average weight of paddlefish caught below dams is from 20 to 30 pounds, but they frequently scale from 40 to 60. Several in the 150-pound class have been taken, and one came from Lake Manitou, Indiana, which weighed 163. Another which is in the late Ernest Brown's collection in Des Moines, weighed 168 and came from West Okoboji Lake, Iowa. But the prize-winning fish, two of them, scaled 184 pounds: one is reported by several authorities to have been taken prior to 1939 from Reelfoot Lake, Tennessee, by unknown means; the other, according to a taxidermist named Harry Tennant of Arnolds Park, Iowa, was speared years ago through the ice on West Okoboji. Tennant mounted it for a carnival company. Tennant also mounted Brown's 168-pounder which was speared by Ben Wiese and Charles Wilson.

Some paddlefish measure over 6 feet long. The Tennessee 184-pounder measured 5 feet. The average taken at Fort Randall is between 41 and 45 inches. I'll drink to any fish that big.

Like everything else about the paddlefish, fishing for it is different. My instructor in the art was Milo Brown, a bright-eyed 63-year-old riverman who claims the Missouri raised him. That probably is why he is known as a top boatman and fisherman on the "Big Muddy," and why the U. S. Army Engineers at Fort Randall employ him to oversee their boats.

"We fish where the water boils," Milo told me as he motored our boat into the swift, roily water below the dam and the spillway. There the paddlefish swims or lies, usually with mouth open, permitting the churning water to pass right on out through his red gills, a network of filtering rakers similar to the feeding system of a whale. These rakers sort out the plankton from the water and route it into the paddlefish's stomach.

The colder the water gets in winter, the closer to the bottom lie the paddlefish, Milo pointed out. When they are on the bottom they are easiest to snag. He had my line rigged with two medium-sized treble hooks spaced on my three-foot monofilament, 50-pound-test leader. At the end of the leader he had secured an eight-ounce weight (some use from four to 16 ounces, depending on the speed of their trolling motor). I was using a 72-pound line, Milo a 50.

"You let the lead hit the bottom as we move," Milo instructed. "Then yank—and be sure to snap it hard. Now let the lead sink back to the bottom. If you don't feel the bottom, you're fishing too high—we'll slow the motor or add more weight."

The secret of nailing the fish, Milo continued, is to jerk the line hard enough so that when one hook hits a fish, the weight and the leader will wrap around the fish, sinking the other hook, too. With two hooks in a paddlefish, no matter how big, chances are you've got him. With only one hook in, you'll probably be ducking as I ducked when the fish tears out and slams lead and hooks back at you.

A short time after my initial experience with the hook-throwing fish, I *did* get the second hook set in a fish, one that battled ruggedly for about 15 minutes with sprints on the surface and submarine dives before I dared try to land it. When the fish tired I tried to net it but I had hooked it up front and the long paddle made the net useless. So I grabbed the bill—which Milo told me was the common way to land paddlefish—and hauled my prize over the side.

We weighed it immediately: 24½ pounds. Then we laid the odd-looking critter in the bottom of the boat and, still exhilarated by the battle, studied it as it panted like a runner after a race. The head and flaplike gill covers together stretched more than half the length of the fish's body. When we lifted the bill and held the mouth open it was like

TRUE

"Been in the Marines long, mate?"

JAN.—TRUE—M.A., N.E.

peering into a cave, the opening screened in back by the long, narrow rakers of the gills.

Every fish we boated in three days battled as fiercely, except those we hooked in the tail. Without use of that long-pointed, forked tail, paddlefish are like fighters without fists. Instead of sparkling on the surface, they become underwater bulldogs.

We noted some fishermen casting from shore, retrieving in jerks, but our trolling covered more water. And we were able to get closer to the fishing hot spots—wherever some obstruction, like underwater concrete, caused the water to roil. Our little 2-horse motor propelled our 14-foot boat at just the right speed.

But catching these fish isn't as easy as it might sound. First, the continuous yanking is the hardest work of any fishing I've ever done. And the fish do not always stay on the bottom or in the churning water. As water temperature, or even the barometer, rises, paddlefish work higher, making them difficult to locate with a snagging outfit. On bright afternoons we saw them frequently leap playfully out of the water, as if mocking us. It is almost impossible to snag a paddlefish that is cavorting on the surface—you can't catch up with him.

And although they sometimes lie like logs when feeding, usually paddlefish are restless, moving into and out of an area frequently. We would go for hours without touching a fish, then we would hit a couple in a location fruitlessly covered a few moments before.

So rapidly has the sport of snagging paddlefish grown that now about 7,000 anglers per season fish for paddlefish at Fort Randall alone for the two-per-day limit. Above Fort Randall, where the Missouri River is entirely within South Dakota, the season is open year around, but anglers who brave the weak shore ice and cutting winds of winter have the best luck.

South Dakota and Nebraska, however, do not have a corner on the sport of snagging paddlefish. It also is a major sport in Missouri, particularly on the Upper Osage River above Lake of the Ozarks. But here, instead of winter, the best fishing is in the spring when the big fish leave the lake to swim upstream to spawn. Because of the spawning activity and despite a statewide season of March 15-May 15, Missouri chops off the snagging on the Osage on April 30. But it is hot while it lasts. Most of the fish are caught by drifting downriver in a boat, the anglers jerking as they drift.

Like the Missouri and the Osage rivers, almost every large, silty river emptying into the Mississippi is a paddlefish home. They are also found in many a lake in this broad area, but it is in rivers below dams that the style of fishing I have described is practiced. . . .

Only recently have paddlefish eggs stripped from wild fish been hatched and the young reared in captivity. This occurred in Missouri state hatcheries. Nearly every female caught, regardless of time of year, contains great numbers of eggs, usually from ¼ to ½ million, which has caused Bill Nelson, South Dakota state biologist who is studying paddlefish at Fort Randall and Gavin's Point, to speculate over whether they spawn every year. They do, however, grow rapidly, frustrating their predators. First-year paddlefish usually attain a length of eight inches, second year 12 to 13, third year 18 to 21, and fourth 27 to 29. After reaching 35 inches, growth rate slows. The ordinary paddlefish caught is so large that the state of Mississippi, for example, makes commercial netters throw back any less than 32 inches long; in Louisiana, any less than 15 pounds.

Female paddlefish do not mature until they are 5 or 6 years old, males 4, which probably is the reason for the foregoing restrictions. Spawning occurs when the female is 6 or 7 years old and about 42 inches long. One Missouri state biologist, Charles A. Purkett, Jr., has observed what he believed to be the action. In flood water of 61° Fahrenheit, in the shallows over otherwise bare gravel bars on the Osage River, he watched females rush on the surface as if depositing eggs. The males followed her, probably to milt the eggs. The eggs, when released from the female, flowed freely and did not stick to anything. But after fertilization an adhesive coating formed on them, permitting them to stick singly to the first object they touched: stones, sticks, pebbles. After a few days, little fish began to squirm violently inside the capsules, breaking out with tails, then—swimming from birth—they were washed into deep water as the flood receded. These first observations of mating paddlefish are considered a natural-history coup.

Purkett salvaged some eggs and larvae, raised both in an aquarium. This preceded by a year his stripping and hatching success.

He found that paddlefish are born about a third of an inch long with a yolk sac which provides them with food for the first few days. When hatched they do not look like a paddlefish—no paddle or eyes. But in a few hours a great change takes place. The paddle is the slowest to form, not developing for a few weeks; then from a little round bump of a snout, it elongates in a hurry into a big flat bill.

Are paddlefish good to eat? Well, their greenish-black eggs—or roe—are used to make caviar. They are about three times the size of shad eggs and bring high prices on the market. Paddlefish meat is rich, somewhat like trout or channel catfish. Baked or smoked paddlefish is considered a delicacy. After my trip to Fort Randall, I covered a broiled paddlefish with orange sauce and served it with crackers as hors d'oeuvres. It was a smash hit.

Preparation for cooking paddlefish is important, though. First, in cleaning, one must be sure not to break the gall bladder because its green fluid will taint the taste of the meat. Secondly, eliminate the cartilaginous spine which pulls out like a long rubber tube. Then cut away the dark and pink meat all around the spine and off each side of the fish. This leaves two thick fillets of boneless white meat—and therein lies the feast.

Simply another reason why inland deep-sea angling is for me.

—Hank Bradshaw

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THE GOLD NO ONE COULD HOLD

[*Continued from page* 57]

ore when it's right in front of you."

"Yes," we said. And we did know good ore—if it was free-milling, and not one of those complex sulfide or telluride ores that Colorado is famous for.

"Good!" he exclaimed, his eyes lighting up as if he'd won a point. "Come up to the wagon. Got something I'd like t'show you. . . ."

After he'd dumped the sack out in the center of the road, and my partner and I had recovered from the shock, we hunched down to pick up pieces of the rock, handling them as men in all ages past have handled gold: as if it had some curious magnetic attraction to the human flesh.

"You say you found it in the La Plata Mountains?" I asked, just to make sure I'd heard correctly.

"Yuh, that's right. Found it where you'd never suspect. In the *sandstone*."

We looked at the rock more closely. It was sandstone. But you don't find gold in sandstone. We knew that and said so.

"I did," the old man declared. "No quartz, no porphyry. Look for yourself."

It was yellowish-brown sandstone, stained with iron—riddled with native gold. A geologist would have declared anyone out of his mind for even suggesting such a thing.

"What are you going to do with it?" We still hadn't gathered our wits enough to ask an intelligent question.

"Well, it's like this." The old man lowered his voice and leaned closer as if to take us into his confidence. Unconsciously we looked around to see if anyone had sneaked up behind us. "I know where there's a little stamp mill. Three stamps. I can get it cheap. Five hundred bucks." Here he stopped and peered at us, giving us time to weigh the importance of this bit of information. Then he said, "If I can get hold of that stamp mill. . . ." His voice trailed off as he, too, hefted a chunk of the ore. Already in his mind he seemed to be milling it—tons of it—and seeing the gold collect on the mercury-coated amalgam plates, ready to be melted down into bullion. His eyes had a faraway look.

We waited impatiently for him to continue. Finally he pulled himself back from the rose-tinted future and said, "Tell you what I'd be willing t'do. I'll give a third interest t'anyone who'd put up the money to buy that there stamp mill."

Beyond a doubt he had at least $500, *or more*, in his rich ore specimens—ore that could be hand mortared and the gold extracted in an ordinary mining pan. It was preposterous that anyone could be so generous—or so stupid—as to offer a third interest in such a claim for $500.

I cast a quick glance at my partner. His expression seemed to verify my judgment of this old man. We were just too smart, too clever, to be taken in.

"No," we told him when he'd finished, "we don't have $500"—which indeed we didn't!

"Well," the old man said as he got ready to leave, "sorry y'can't come in with me. Sure like t'have a couple fellas like you—even if y're *placer* miners." He chuckled to himself. "Better think it over. It's a rich sonofabitch."

He started to sack the ore. We sat by the side of the road and watched. Then he did a strange and unpredictable thing. He said, "Say, how'd you fellas like t'have a specimen of this here ore?"

"Sure," we said. Who wouldn't?

He picked out a chunk of high-grade, one containing a generous amount of gold, and handed it to us. "Here y'are," he said.

We thanked him and watched him sack the remaining ore. When he'd finished, he hoisted the sack back into the wagon, climbed aboard and said, "So long, boys, and good luck." He gathered the lines in his leatherlike hands and slapped his crow-bait team on the rump.

"So long," we said, doubt and perplexity still battling in our minds.

We watched him as he drove up the narrow, crooked road until he disappeared around a rocky bend in the canyon. Our "bird in the hand" had flown the coop. We went silently back to our sluice box and snippings, scrounged from the ruins of a bygone era.

But now a discordant note crept into the peaceful rhythm of the day. We started to argue and compare our reactions to the old man's deal. Finally, to settle the matter, we agreed that the old boy was just another gold-brick artist (there are some in every mining camp from Nome to Capetown). We decided he must have stolen the ore from a rich pocket in some local mine—there were several still operating in the Telluride-Silverton area at the time. And we concluded that he was undoubtedly using the magnificent high-grade specimens to promote a fictitious claim with his fantastic story of a stamp mill he could buy for $500. He was probably picking up "partners" as he went along, wherever he could find them. But somehow, neither of us was satisfied with this glib explanation, for there was still the chunk of high-grade ore lying there on a rock beside us. If he'd stolen the ore, would he have parted with so generous a chunk? There was more gold in that piece than we would clean out of our sluice box in a week—and he'd *given* it to us, no strings attached.

With the coming of winter to the country of the San Miguel, we abandoned our sluice box and drifted into Denver, where we holed up in a two-bit flophouse on Larimer Street, waiting for spring and time to travel again.

On a gray, stormy day in early November my partner and I were in a hole-in-the-wall restaurant, patiently nursing cups of coffee and watching the snow

TRUE

"But with a smaller swimming pool, sir, the officers' club could have three extra tennis courts."

slant down outside this rancid haven of warmth. I noticed a discarded day-old copy of the Denver *Post* lying on the floor. Reaching for it, I scanned the headlines. Lower down and capped by a one-column headline, a story caught my eye: RICH GOLD STRIKE MADE IN LA PLATA MTS. Briefly it told of a strike made in southwestern Colorado by an old prospector whose name was Starr: "Assays taken of the ore showed values running to $2,000 per ton." Then it went on to say: "Geologists visiting the new strike were amazed to find the extremely rich, free-milling ore occurring in the sandstone. . . ."

I read the story twice and showed it to Herb. He ran through it and shrugged his shoulders. La Plata mountains cover many hundreds of square miles, and were literally overrun with prospectors searching for gold. Starr was a common name—like Smith or Jones. The discoverer could easily have been someone else. Neither of us was willing to concede he had been guilty of even a small measure of stupidity. We agreed that someday we'd go back and see whether the story *was* true. In the meantime we had more pressing problems: finding a place to sleep and getting enough to eat.

Time passed, as time is apt to do, but I never forgot the name . . . Starr.

Thirty years later, as I was driving near my home in Red Bluff, California, I was involved in a minor automobile accident. While getting the insurance claims adjusted, I became fairly well acquainted with the other party to the accident, a man by the name of Gilliland. He had recently moved to California from Mancos, Colorado. When I asked him whether he'd ever known a prospector by the name of Starr, or a gold mine the old man might have discovered, he laughed and said, "Sure. Everybody in southwestern Colorado knows about the Starr mine."

"Did it ever amount to much?" I asked.

"Amount to much!" he exclaimed. "There's only one word to describe it. Fabulous! Nothing but fabulous!"

And so now, this summer, I had to go back and see for myself what nature of bird it was that had almost been within my grasp.

I announced to my wife, "We're going on a trip." She said, "Oh? Paris, no doubt. I've always wanted to see Paris."

I made it clear. "No. Mancos, Colorado."

"Good," she said. "I've always wanted to see Mancos. What's there?" That's the kind of wife I have.

We drove over the Sierra, through Reno—Tonopah, and then across a desert where sagebrush grows like ragged algae on some primeval sea. A sun-punished place sucked dry by everlasting winds. A land of cinder cones and unpeopled spaces. And finally into Mancos, at the foot of La Plata Range of the Rockies.

"I'm looking for someone who knows about the Starr mine," I told the service-station attendant on the outskirts of town.

As he filled my tank he proceeded to dispense, in the traditional style, the information I sought.

"You mean the Red Arrow Mine. That's the one ol' Charley Starr found, or, to be more accurate, his son Raymond. It was Raymond who discovered the Red Arrow."

"Is the old man still alive?" I asked.

"No, he died back in—'36. A real character."

"You live here long?"

"All my life. I worked in the Red Arrow 'fore the war."

"Was it as rich as they say?"

"Mister, it was rich! I can't tell you how rich, but I've seen 'em carry rock outa there that looked like half gold. Took two men to lug a powder box of it."

"I know," I said—almost to myself.

"But they'd best never found it."

"How's that?"

"Well, for all the trouble it brought 'em."

"What kind of trouble?"

"Well, first at the mine . . . an' then lawsuits. . . . You go see Raymond. He likes to talk about the Red Arrow and everything connected with it—except Goldie."

"Goldie?"

"Yeah. She was the young redhead who hooked ol' Charley when he was in the chips."

"Tell me about it," I said.

"Rather not. The Starrs have always been friends of mine. You go talk to Ray. He'll tell you the whole story."

I found Raymond Starr hoeing weeds in a postage-stamp vegetable garden back of a small frame house. He didn't look like a prospector or a mine operator. After I told him who I was and what I'd come for, he said, "Yes, I found it, but the old man got the credit." He spoke without rancor.

I told Raymond of the meeting with his father 30 years before on the banks of the San Miguel River, and his father's incredible offer to sell a third interest in the mine for $500 so he could buy a stamp mill.

Ray Starr shook his head ruefully. "Yes, I remember that trip very well. My brother and I tried to talk him out of it, but we were down to our last dollar."

"You could have mortared enough gold out of those high-grade specimens to buy that stamp mill," I argued.

"I know," Ray agreed. "But when you're broke, and your back's against the wall—you don't always think to do what's smart."

I didn't have to cast too far back in my own life to dredge up examples that would force me to agree with him.

Ray stood there between his neat rows of corn and beans, shaking his head sadly. As I watched him he seemed to be reluctantly pushing back the curtains of memory and seeing once again the day his father drove off in the buckboard ruin to raise money for equipping the mine. What had once seemed a paradox now began to take on a semblance of reality, and I guessed there was more to the story than had already appeared on the surface.

"Tell me, Ray," I said, "how did you happen to find the Red Arrow?"

He stuck the handle of the hoe down in the soft earth. "Come on—let's sit over here on the porch steps. Might as well

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be comfortable." And he began to tell the story—part of it—right from the beginning.

They'd come from Pennsylvania, his father and mother, two brothers and two sisters, and himself. The old man was a carpenter, and in Mancos he'd gone to work at his trade. There, he and the boys heard stories of the fabulous fortunes being dug from the mining camps of Telluride and Silverton, less than 50 miles away. The fever took hold of Charley Starr and his sons—particularly Raymond.

So when time allowed they went prospecting, out into rugged La Plata Mountains.

An experienced gold miner would have passed these mountains by. The geology was wrong. But Charley Starr and his boys weren't geologists. They prospected where gold was never found.

It is true that they worked out some placer gold from nearby creek beds—gold that had eroded from minor ledges high above the sandstone belt, or had been carried down by ancient glaciers, the remnants of the ice age.

It was up one of these streams branching off Mancos Creek that Raymond finally filed on a claim, set up his sluice box, and began working the placer gravel.

"It was pretty slim pickin'," Raymond said, "but I kept working up stream all one summer, until finally I came to a place where the gold seemed to peter out. So I figured I was above the place where it came down off the hillside. I prospected that slope, above high-water mark, and sure enough, I picked up a trace. Just a few colors in a pan, but it was *rough* gold. Not water-worn. That told me a lot.

"I followed the trace up the mountain—500 feet or so—and then as I was scratching around in the leaves I uncovered a perfect arrowhead, chipped outa some kind of red stone. A beauty. When I scratched a little deeper I found a piece of rock with a ragged chunk of gold sticking to it. The rock hadn't come down from the hillside. It was in place. Then I knew I'd struck the lode. I called it the Red Arrow Mine."

"Ray," I said, "do you mean to tell me it was high-grade clear to the surface?"

"Almost from the grass roots down," he said.

"What did you do?"

"I got the old man, and my brothers, Howard and James. We dug a hole, four—five feet deep. That sack of ore you saw was only part of what we took out. We left a hunk of gold as big as a half-dollar sticking on a piece of rock at the edge of the hole."

"Doesn't it strike you, doctor, that the attitude of today's students towards sex is a little *too* mature?"

"Weren't you afraid somebody'd stumble on your hole and walk off with that chunk of gold?"

A note of bitterness crept into his voice. "That's exactly what happened—later. That, and a lot more. But at the time I just covered the nugget with a handful of mud. Then we went to work staking the mine out. For two weeks we traced the vein, and when we were through we'd staked 16 claims along its course."

"And nobody got wise to what you were doing?"

"Not a soul."

"Then your father hit out for Telluride to raise money for the stamp mill?"

"Yep. But he didn't make it. Nobody'd believe him. Sounded too good to be true."

"How right you are," I said. "How *absolutely right* you are!"

"So he came back empty-handed, and that's when our trouble began."

I remembered the man I'd met in the service station and his reluctance to discuss "the trouble." "Tell me about it, Ray," I said.

He looked down at the ground, his hands making fists at his sides. Then he seemed to relax. "Well, the word got out that we'd made a big strike. And all the curiosity-crackpots and shysters in the country flocked here—a bunch of vultures—to see what was going on. I even had women—damn good-looking ones—wanting me to marry 'em, or just t'shack up for a part interest in the mine. Or maybe for a thousand bucks. They drove me nuts! And then all those letters begging for money. Or threatening us. We got letters—'Send us so much, or else. . . ! I never carried a gun before in my life, but I started packin' one then."

"Did your father ever find a backer so he could buy that stamp mill?"

"Yes. After he came back from Telluride, we went to see George Gilmore and his son. They were operating the Mayday and Kentucky mines over in another part of the country. It didn't take the Gilmores long to see we really had something. They grubstaked us for a third interest, and we went to work."

"But you could have made it on your own—with that kind of ore."

Ray said quietly—almost to himself—"It was rich . . . there was enough for everybody . . . and we needed help. Why should we have kept it all to ourselves?"

I felt like getting up and kicking something out of pure frustration.

I left Raymond Starr sitting on the back steps of his little white house. I told him I wanted to look through the old newspaper files—that I'd be back later.

Mancos has one newspaper, the *Times-Tribune*. I found it housed in an old gray building that spoke of better days long gone. Inside was a clutter of equipment smelling of printer's ink: A scarred stone make-up table, blackened and slick from the endless sliding of galley-frames. An old flat-bed press. Files. Type cases. A thin-faced man wearing a green celluloid visor sat pecking away at a linotype machine, and a woman was working at an old roll-top desk. She looked up, and I introduced myself and my guest. She

was Louise Springer, the publisher, and she offered every help the office could give.

"I've known the Starr family for many years," she said. "It's true—Raymond found the Red Arrow." She dug down in the bound files of past issues stacked on a shelf beneath the worn counter. It was a struggle for her to go through the pile —30 volumes. I helped her lift the later years out and lay them to one side. Finally we got to 1933.

I opened the heavy old book to January 2 and saw that the papers were yellowed with age. A musty smell escaped them, as though a bit of time, along with the news, had been captured and aged, and was now being released from between the mellowed sheets.

"You'll find the story there somewhere," Louise Springer said. She went back to getting out one more paper to be added to this protracted parade of all the yesterdays.

Slowly I worked my way into the book, scanning the headlines as I went: Machine-gun Kelly was on the rampage again. . . . An unknown army sergeant by the name of Batista had just made himself head of the Cuban army. . . . Gaston Means was going to put the finger on the Lindbergh baby kidnapers. . . . Richard Dix and Ruth Chatterton were playing at the local movie theater. . . . A rabble-rousing German politician by the name of Adolf Hitler was fulminating against the Jews. . .

November 3, 1933. Across the entire front page the banner headlines announced: RED ARROW HITS. Quickly I read the story, searching out facts to add to my growing store: "Ore . . . $2,000 per ton. . . . Ore sacked and ready for shipment valued at $75,000 to $100,000." On the previous Monday, Howard Starr had gouged from the vein a chunk of gold that weighed half a pound. . . .

On November 10, banner headlines again: "RED ARROW INTEREST NATION WIDE". . . . "Original estimate of $1 per pound of ore has proved conservative. . . ." "An assay this week showed 121 ounces of gold per ton. . . ."

Then again on Friday, November 21, the headlines splashed across the front page declared: "RED ARROW RETURNS INDICATE GREAT WEALTH". . . Charley Starr had come back from Salt Lake City, where he'd sent 57 sacks of ore from which 72 ounces of coarse gold had already been hand picked, and there was still $6,000 in gold smelted from that shipment.

Throughout the issues were bits of evidence eloquently telling of the fever that had gripped Mancos. Ads proclaimed the virtues of the latest in prospecting gimmicks and mining equipment. There were numerous requests for "partner *with capital* to develop claim in the Red Arrow region." Mining engineers, geologists and surveyors were offering their services "at reasonable hourly rates," or if the prospect was right, "for an interest in the claim." It was all there—the story of get-rich artists converging like pestilential flies on the little town of Mancos.

I thanked the editor of the *Times-Tribune* and walked down the main street. There, in contrast to the fever the old newspapers harbored, the aged buildings seemed to sleep.

I went into a store. The merchant was a "newcomer" . . . "been here only 15 years," he said. He didn't know much about the Red Arrow, "except it brought a lot of misery to a lot of people."

I visited bars and restaurants, and stuck my nose into professional offices. Bit by bit I linked together the missing pieces of the story: How reporters and newsreel cameramen swarmed in to get the rags-to-riches story. How they had Mrs. Starr stand in front of a tub scrubbing clothes with an old-fashioned washboard, then holding up a chunk of gold, smiling happily as though all her troubles were over. Raymond finally had to take his mother and father away from Mancos for fear of reprisals when they refused the demands of the herd of jackals that swarmed around them.

Swiftly the promoters moved in to sell penny stocks in worthless holes-in-the-ground, circulating their pieces of paper in the backwash of the giddy, whirling storm kicked up by the success of the Red Arrow. Many of the townspeople were taken in and sapped of their savings, along with the gullible wherever found. They gambled that the luck of the Red Arrow would spread. And it did . . . but it was the ill luck of the Starrs. The Gilmores, I learned, who had had a third interest in the mine, still hung onto a fraction—as they had hung on, through troubles and trials, to much of their share of the Red Arrow's yield.

When I went back to see Raymond Starr, he was still hoeing his corn and beans. He seemed glad to see me again and eager to tell me more about the Red Arrow.

"Come on and sit down," he said, and we went once more to the porch steps where the sunlight was warm.

"Tell me, Ray," I began anew, "what was the greatest day in the history of the Red Arrow?"

The day I found it, of course," he said. "But then there was another day I'll never forget. We'd been tunneling along the vein for quite a spell when we broke into a seam of soft talc on the hanging-wall. I'll swear, you won't believe it! We picked chunks of gold out of that talc like plums from a pudding. We laid a canvas on the floor of the tunnel and picked that talc down and sacked it, right there in the mine. We carried those sacks out and dumped them on a sorting table. Can you imagine us sitting there, picking the chunks of gold out of that talc . . . $6,500 worth during a single day? One nugget measured 4 by 6 inches, another was 5 by 5 inches, and shaped like the map of the United States. Those two chunks alone weighed 99 ounces. We put them away in a safe-deposit box in the bank."

"Did you have any problem with high-graders?"

"No. My brothers, my dad and the Gilmores were on hand to watch out for our interests."

"What about troubles at the mine? You must have had some difficulties."

Ray shook his head sadly. "Yes, we had

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"I've followed your advice to contradict my husband . . . now what's the next step?"

plenty of troubles there."

He hesitated awhile, then began to talk again. "Our biggest trouble," he said, "was protecting what we had. Claim jumpers . . . they moved in like a swarm of locusts. Every time one of our claims was jumped we had to go to court and prove it. Either that or shoot the sonofabitch who jumped it—but there's a law here says you can't do that.

"There was a fella named Whipple, a partner of mine in a no-good placer claim. When we hit it in the Red Arrow, he ups and claims he'd grubstaked me and was entitled to a half interest in the mine. It cost us between $50,000 and $60,000 to defend ourselves in that *one* suit alone. Lawsuits, one after another . . . lawyer fees . . . court costs! Surveyors to survey and resurvey those hills!" He threw his thumb back over his shoulder in the direction of the mountains. "We *covered* those hills with surveyors' stakes, and every stake cost us money. You'd *never* believe how much. Even *I* lost track."

"And all the while you continued operating the mine?"

"We dug day and night—like it would last forever. And *spent* it as fast as we dug it."

"Did you object to having your mother pose for newsreel pictures, scrubbing clothes on a washboard?"

"That's the way we washed our clothes, sure, but we didn't want the whole damn world to know it," he said bitterly.

"With all that gold you took out—didn't anyone have any fun with it?"

"Hell, yes," Ray said, "We had fun. We had fun finding it—and digging it out."

"How about spending it?"

"No. No fun spending it."

"Didn't anybody have fun spending it?"

"Hell, no! None of us. Only finding it and digging it out. But that's life."

"Well," I said, "maybe you're right." Then I told him about reading in the newspaper that his father had said, "Best bank is to leave the gold in the ground. Dig it out as you need it."

Ray nodded. "But we didn't leave it in the ground. We dug it out as fast as we could dig, t'keep up with the payroll, buy equipment, hire lawyers—and they don't come cheap. Surveyors. By God, we spent thousands and thousands more! Like pouring sand down a rat hole. When we ran out of the pay streak, we went down the mountain and drove another tunnel in until we hit the vein."

I remembered reading in the *Times-Tribune,* dated April 13, 1934: "NEW EXTENSION OF RED ARROW IDENTICAL WITH ORIGINAL DISCOVERY." The story had gone on to say that geologists asserted the vein was a freak, and predicted it would peter out before it amounted to anything.

"So the new tunnel paid off as well as the first one?"

"It was even richer," Ray declared. "The deeper we went, the better it got. Then the United States Smelting and Refining Company came and offered us $1,000,000 for the mine. That was pretty hard to turn down. They just about begged us to take it. We got together and agreed to talk it over with the attorneys. I was willing to accept their proposition, and so was the old man, but the attorneys talked us out of it. They had a good thing going and they knew it. Those men from the U.S. Smelting were disappointed, I'll tell you! They really wanted the Red Arrow."

"How much gold did you take out of the Red Arrow, Ray?"

He shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "I sure as hell don't know. We were digging it out so damn fast—and spending it so damn fast. . . . *I just don't know. . .* "

I hesitated to ask the next question, for I knew I was approaching a pretty delicate subject—but it was all part of the Red Arrow story and I had to try to find out. "What about the redhead they called Goldie?"

Ray looked down at the ground. He was silent, and the muscles of his jaw tightened. Finally he said, "I'd rather not talk about it."

But there were others around town who had been more than willing to talk. They said old Charley had made a fool of himself "chasin' after a woman 30 years younger'n he was." They clucked their tongues when they spoke of "poor Mrs. Starr, and her ailing after a terrible, storm-ridden night when they lost their two little girls. Both died on the same night—influenza, pneumonia." Finally Mrs. Starr passed away. "Grief—despair—and a broken heart," they said.

"It sure as hell didn't take Charley long to marry Goldie after his wife died," one woman declared.

When I asked one old-timer, "Didn't they have any fun with all that dough they dug out?" He said, "Sure, they had fun. The old man and Goldie spent it like it was water running out of a pipe. Kee-rist! They lived it up—while it lasted."

"How about the boys?"

"Nope. All they did was dig their gawdamn guts out back under that mountain."

There seemed to be no end to the virulent tongue-wagging that boiled up in the town when the redhead and old Charley were mentioned. I suddenly lost my appetite to probe any deeper.

When I asked Ray about his father, he said, "Passed away in '36. He died a horrible death. Arsenic poisoning."

"Who poisoned him?"

Ray shook his head. "Nobody. It was some water he drank."

"What about Goldie? What's she doing now?"

"She's dead, too."

"What happened to her?"

"Heart trouble, I think. Damned if I know—and don't much care." Then, as if wanting to change the subject, he said, "Wait here. I got some pictures to show you."

Ray went inside and returned carrying a photograph album. He sat down, holding the big plush-covered volume on his knees, and began to leaf through it.

"Here's a picture we took the day we hit the talc seam," he said, showing me a photograph of young George Gilmore and himself holding a mining pan with part of the $6,500 picked out that day.

"And here's the two big ones we got the same day, along with a photograph of the red arrow head."

"What happened to the arrow head?"

"It's gone. I showed it to everyone who wanted to see it. Someone slipped it into his pocket when I wasn't looking."

Page by page we went through pictures of the mine: the first ore shipment being pulled on a sled through the deep snow by an ancient tractor; the mill-house; more high-grade ore, sacked because it was too valuable to be handled otherwise.

"Do you have any specimens of ore left?" I asked.

"Sure," Ray said. "Didn't you see that big chunka sandstone by the walk as you came in? I'll show you."

We walked to the front of the house. I bent down and looked at the rock carefully.

Ray said, "No use looking for gold. The kids around the neighborhood took their pocketknives and picked it all out."

There was nothing left but a chunk of yellow-brown sandstone, pockmarked where the gold had been.

"Why don't you break it open and expose more of the gold?"

"No sense doing that. They'd only pick it out again. You can't leave anything like that laying around. Not any more."

"You could hide it somewhere."

"No," he said, "I like to leave it here—just t'look at. I don't have to see the gold sticking out to know what's inside."

"What about the mine now?"

"They forced us to shut down during the war. We couldn't get blasting powder, rails, or other supplies. Then the timbers rotted and the tunnels began to cave in. Once you stop working a mine it goes t'hell fast. Bad air—dry-rot in the timbers. And I couldn't wait it out. I had t'have money to live on—pay my bills. So I sold out. That's how I managed t'buy this house." He looked proudly at the frame structure.

"Did the rest of your family sell out?"

"The whole works. We just didn't have enough money left after the war t'clean out the cave-ins, retimber the mine. It was in a helluva mess. Take a small fortune to open it up, and with wages like they are now. . . ."

"Who bought you out?"

"A guy that manufactures brass valves in Cincinnati. Name-a Lukenheimer."

"What's he going to do with it?"

"Well, he and a buncha bankers from Pueblo are just sitting on it—waiting for the price of gold to go up. When it does, they'll open'r up again. And there'll be a jackpot there—you can bet on that!"

"How much did you get for the mine, Ray?"

"Not a helluva lot. Peanuts. But like I say, our backs were against the wall. We didn't have the money to open it up. What'n hell were we gonna do?"

"Do you think the present owners would sell the mine?"

"Nope. Not for sale. There's been more'n one outfit try to buy it.."

"What do you think of the Red Arrow now?"

"It's as good or better'n it ever was, once they get back into the vein again."

"What are you doing now, Ray? To make a living."

He shrugged his shoulders. A shadow passed over his face, and he looked down at his hands. "One of my boys was a pilot in the Air Force during the war. . . . Crashed—Left us a little insurance. Now I take care-a my place. Garden . . . prospect. . . ." He brightened perceptively. "I'm working on a *good* prospect now. Back in the hills. Got caught in a snowstorm last fall, and damn near didn't make it outa there. But I brought down some samples of ore."

"As good as the Red Arrow?"

"It's good. Damn good. Maybe better." He looked back toward the mountains.

Then I knew: it was those mountains that anchored him—held him in this little town of Mancos. The mountains and their promise. . . .

Ray said, "Come on, I'll show you some ore I brought down from my new prospect."

He took me inside and introduced me to his wife, and showed me a picture of his son—a fine-looking boy, dressed in the uniform of the Air Force, smiling still in the fullness of life.

Out of a drawer he dug a piece of ore from his new prospect. "Think you might be interested?" he asked as he handed me the chunk.

"I sure am," I said. "That is—if it's anything like the Red Arrow."

"Give me your address," he said. "I'll let you know."

We shook hands and I said good-by. I left him standing there, hefting that chunk of ore in his hand, and in his eyes a faraway look that was strangely reminiscent of the vision I'd seen on old Charley's face those many years before. I thought, perhaps it isn't a phantom he's chasing. Perhaps he *will* find another Red Arrow. And suddenly it occurred to me that, after all, the search *may* be more rewarding than the gain. I remembered Raymond's words, "Hell, yes, we had fun. Fun finding it and digging it out. . . ."

Before leaving for home I had one last pilgrimage to make: I drove up a Jeep road into La Plata Mountains as far as I could go. The road was rutted and high-centered. I scraped on rocks and skidded into swampy places where snow was still melting. Finally I came to a canyon. Far below me the silver thread of Mancos Creek snaked its way westerly through the green trough of mountains. Across the blue haze of distance I could see, thrusting their way skyward, the ramparts of Mesa Verde, home of the ancients—and northward La Plata Mountains reared upwards to join the snow-capped Needles of the remote San Juan Range of the Rockies, the armored backbone of a continent.

Still I was not content. I wanted to get away from roads, from empty beer cans and the garbage of civilization. I wanted to walk over the same ground that Charley Starr and his boys had walked 30 years before in search of the Red Arrow. I wanted to stand on the deserted dump, to see the lonesome ruins of the mine itself—and perhaps pick up a chunk of high-grade lost by some careless miner during the heyday of the Red Arrow.

I started to walk down through groves of white-trunked quaking aspen, their restless leaves stirring above me in a soundless dance. And as I went, the wind freshened and a quick summer storm seemed to be in the making. Over the sky the thunder rumbled, and under clouds like flowering soot, lightning spit and flashed as bright as sunlight. When the first chill drops of rain struck me in the face, I turned and trudged back up the mountain to my car and headed for California. I'll never know how close I was—or how far. . . .

Over a year has passed since then. I'm still waiting for a letter from Ray. And just in case, I've got $500 stashed away in the local branch of the Crocker-Citizens Bank to buy a stamp mill. I don't intend to let the next bird slip out of my grasp.

—Al Gaumer

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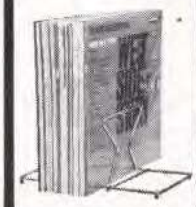

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ROUGH ROAD FOR A ROUGH RIDER

[*Continued from page* 47]

Only with full darkness did they paddle ashore to build a small fire and gulp a hasty meal before rolling up in their buffalo robes. Dawn found their boat solidly locked in a vast press of newly-frozen floes, and it took them half the morning to break their way free.

"We can't gain on them at this rate!" Roosevelt fumed. His crisp, clipped speech contrasted sharply with the casual drawls of his men, just as his quick, almost shrewish gestures contrasted with their nonchalance.

"They'll be havin' as much trouble makin' time as us," Bill Sewall reminded him.

Through the rest of the second day, the thundering stream grew even more formidable. Again and again, the clumsy scow narrowly escaped being crushed in the awesome clash of ice and current. Paddles and poles grew heavy with ice, and it was an unending battle to break it free. But they tried to make use of every minute of daylight.

"Shouldn't hafta worry about bein' ambushed for a while," Will Dow observed. "Not with them havin' a week's start."

The thought had occurred to Roosevelt, too. One of the men they were chasing was a fiery-tempered, redheaded giant named Mike Finnigan and another was a hulking, sullen-faced halfbreed who called himself Ed Burnsted. The third was just a simple-minded old German named Chris Pfaffenbach who'd done the chores and cooking for the pair, but both Finnigan and Burnsted were what Bill Sewall called "hard tickets."

"It could be pretty savage work," Roosevelt said. "It doesn't pay to underestimate such fellows."

There was no thaw that night. It took them until noon of the following day to break their way out to open water. The river curved to the east and the nightmarish, eroded landscape of the Badlands gave way to occasional stretches of open plain by mid-afternoon, when they suddenly spotted the smoke of a fire. They drifted on, warily, until they saw a familiar shape at the shore.

"It can't be!" Roosevelt said.

"That's your boat!" Sewall whispered. "They must o' figured they'd wait out the ice. Get your guns ready."

Edging silently to the bank, the three men made a slow, careful stalk through stunted brush. But when they slithered to the edge of a campsite clearing, they found only the elderly Chris Pfaffenbach.

"I giff up!" he sobbed. His two companions were out hunting, he said.

"S'posin' we have him just go on sittin' there like nothin's happened?" Bill Sewall suggested. "Then we'll lie up out o' sight."

Roosevelt nodded, and found himself a vantage point in the thickets, rifle ready. He was 28 years old and a long way from his Long Island estate and the halls of Harvard and Columbia Law School.

He'd been born rich but sickly, plagued by everything from a bad heart to asthma, and he'd grown at a pitifully slow pace. Considered too delicate even for exclusive private schools, he'd been taught at home by tutors instead, and invariably there had been too many women hovering over him—an aunt and grandmother to join a mother in calling him "Teedie" and a "darling little creature" as he tottered precariously on legs the shape and color of pipe cleaners.

He'd wanted to become a naturalist. As frail as he was, he loved the outdoors. But for seven generations, Roosevelts had distinguished themselves in "public service." After the death of his father, Theodore felt compelled to carry on the family tradition—winning election to the state assembly at a time when the Republican Party's need for some clean-handed candidates bordered on desperation. The biggest joke of the session at Albany was the routine this squeaky-voiced little fellow had gone through to get the speaker's attention—climbing on a table and frantically waving a pocket handkerchief. And when he'd had the floor he'd frequently been just as much of a joke.

"When young Mr. Roosevelt finished his affecting oration," one newspaper reported, "the House was in tears—of uncontrollable laughter."

Then abruptly, in February of 1884, both his wife and his mother died, and he'd been completely broken up by the loss. For weeks he stumbled about in a trance, not knowing or caring what he said or did. Public life became increasingly unbearable for him, and the old longings of his boyhood begun tugging ever more strongly. Suddenly he announced he was going to give up politics for the solitude of a secluded ranch in the Western wilderness.

If the world he'd known had proved too harsh, a far harsher one awaited him. In the Little Missouri country north of Medora, where he established his Elkhorn Ranch, cattlemen still depended more on Winchesters and vigilance committees than on the far-off lawmen of Dickinson or Mandan. Harboring both white and red renegades as well as cougars and wolves, the Badlands earned their name. It was hardly the place for a man with a weak heart, much less eyesight and lungs to match. Roosevelt hired Sewall and Dow, two skilled Maine woodsmen, to help him, but he was alone the night he blundered into the bar at Nolan's Hotel in Mingusville (Wibaux, Montana today) at the worst possible time. The place had been taken over by a drunken saddle tramp who strutted back and forth with a revolver in each hand, extorting his drinks by threatening everyone and putting an occasional bullet in the clock for emphasis.

"Hey!" he shouted, pointing at Roosevelt. "Here's who'll buy the next round!"

Since the cowed crowd was dutifully laughing, Roosevelt had thought this was some sort of joke. He smiled and nodded, then went to a chair behind the stove. The gunman swaggered across the floor to stand over him, repeating the demand and following it up with a string of curses most mule skinners might have envied.

"Well," Roosevelt finally said, "if I must, I must."

But suddenly, halfway to his feet, something rebelled and broke loose inside him. All at once, he found himself straightening up with his clenched right fist swinging for an unshaven jaw. Whatever he lacked in shoulder weight, he more than made up in sheer rage, a rage probably born of all the taunting he'd ever taken, as a child or as a do-gooder politician. He heard both pistols go off, but he felt nothing as he flailed away frantically at his tormentor with both fists. The man toppled over, struck his head on the bar and slumped senseless to the floor.

No one was more stunned at what the young dude had done than the young dude himself. And suddenly a curious change came over him, almost like an awakening. Before long, his intended

TRUE

"I hate to be a spoilsport, but do you realize that it's now 4:30 a.m., January the third?"

refuge had become a place of constant challenge for him, and he ended up attempting every task imaginable—riding in the joint roundups and trail drives, trying his hand at roping and branding, even calf-wrestling.

"I know *you* can ride him!" he'd sputtered whenever anyone offered to gentle a half-broken mount for him. "What I want to find out is if *I* can ride him!"

Each new accomplishment had merely increased his craving for another. Each depth of self-discovery had heightened his hunger for further self-testing. Once, in a night stampede, he'd almost gone under trying to turn the lead steer himself. Another time, he'd set out to ride across the dam at Medora and ended up swimming his horse ashore in the icy Little Missouri.

Now, lying in cover with three days on a floe-filled river behind him and a risky showdown just ahead, he could tell himself that he'd faced up to the frontier code like any true Western rancher. But ironically enough, he was no longer certain it was the life he really wanted.

The late-afternoon silence was finally broken and Roosevelt spotted the big halfbreed, Ed Burnsted, trudging toward them.

"Drop that rifle!" Roosevelt was first to his feet.

By the time Burnsted was fully awake to what was happening, three men had beads on him. The surprise on his dark face turned to ominous anger, but there was nothing he could do but obey.

"Don't figure we can trust him to be no decoy," Bill Sewall decided. "S'posin' I take him on downriver out o' hearin'?"

Roosevelt agreed and got back to his hiding place. In the increasing cold, a slow half hour went by before there was the sound of other steps in the glue-like gumbo. Roosevelt waited until the approaching figure was well into the open clearing, then burst up from cover.

"Get your hands up!" He emphasized the order with his Winchester.

Mike Finnigan froze, but he still held his rifle. He looked like a dog wolf brought to bay by hounds.

"Damn you!" Will Dow shouted from the far side motioning with his double-barreled shotgun. "Drop it!"

Finnigan may have been a hard ticket, but he wasn't quite hard enough to try bucking a crossfire of bullets and buckshot.

Roosevelt was as triumphant as a small boy on his first successful rabbit hunt, but his jubilation faded fast through the days that followed. The job he'd taken on was just beginning. With the Little Missouri running northward through Medora past the Elkhorn and then curving eastward to meet the main Missouri flowing southeast to Mandan, the rivers formed a great arc in the wilderness above the Northern Pacific Railroad that stretched westward from Mandan through Dickinson to Medora. The nearest point of help on that arc lay 130 miles back upriver at Medora itself. There was nothing to do but try floating on to Mandan, more than twice as far away, with three men to be kept under guard in two boats.

They'd scarcely started when they came to a vast jam of ice that was slipping slowly downstream. Since both boats were too heavy for portaging, they could only wait, following behind this creeping barricade. Tying the prisoners would have meant sentencing them to death by freezing, so an all-night watch had to be posted, adding sleeplessness to the ravages of cold and fatigue. It took them a full week to cover 30 miles of river.

Luckily, they came upon a remote, winter-range cow-camp and learned that the trail south to Dickinson was supposed to be open. Roosevelt borrowed a horse, rode a dozen miles down to a small ranch by the Killdeer Mountains and arranged to hire a team and buckboard and driver there. The worried prisoners were now stalling and resisting in every way possible short of getting themselves shot; it took all the next day to march them overland to the ranch. But early the following morning, with only a 45-mile wagon ride along a marginal trail remaining, the end seemed at last in sight.

"One man'll be enough to keep 'em guarded," big Bill Sewall suggested, "and it'll take two to run the rest o' that river. Why'n't you and Will load up on grub, go on as soon's you can and ship the boats back from Mandan on the railroad. I'll take these fellas in."

This was the only sensible plan, but it wasn't what most Western ranchers would have done, and Roosevelt knew it. He hesitated a brief moment, then shook his head emphatically.

"I'll take the prisoners in," he decided.

Sewall and Dow weren't in the habit of arguing with their boss, even in his more rash and reckless moments, but they argued this time. If he insisted on going to Dickinson, they said, then one of them should come along, with the other trying the river trip alone. What if he dropped his glasses, they reminded him. What if he had a heart attack or a bad spell of asthmatic coughing? But every argument merely hardened Roosevelt's stubbornness. He gave his orders and refused to discuss them. Climbing to the buckboard seat, he sat sideways, holding his rifle on the captives in the rear and told the driver to get started.

He'd done a very foolish thing, and he wasn't long in realizing it. Beyond the ridge country south of the mountains lay a monotonous plain, and by the time the plodding team had begun following the faint ruts across it, he knew the driver he'd hired couldn't be trusted. The man was getting far too friendly with the prisoners, and in their bantering familiarity of frontiersmen together, Theodore felt more and more the dude and outsider. He hadn't dared sit behind with Finnigan and Burnsted, and now he felt unsafe in the front seat as well. One grab for his rifle, he knew, and the waiting pair well might overpower him.

Roosevelt finally decided his only chance lay in following afoot. While the amazed captives watched with calculating eagerness, he sank ankle-deep in icy stickiness that made each step an effort. Great weights of gluey gumbo clung to his boots and had to be kicked free. A freezing drizzle began falling, soaking him thoroughly and fogging his glasses. But mile after mile and hour after hour,

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he drove his already-abused body determinedly on. Constantly reminding himself that other Western ranchers went through such demanding ordeals as a matter of routine, Theodore Roosevelt marched behind the wagon with his rifle held ready throughout that entire day.

Just before dark, this strange procession reached the isolated shack of a prairie homesteader, and such hospitality as the place had to offer in food and warm shelter could be taken for granted. But there was no real rest for Roosevelt. The long day he'd gone through was like a powerful sleeping potion in his system; but while his well-rested prisoners stretched out on the floor to watch him and reckon their chances in whispers, Roosevelt had to sit up all night with his back against the door and the Winchester in his lap, fighting to keep his eyelids open. When dawn finally came and he ordered the three men into the wagon again, the bleak landscape was blurring before his swollen eyes and his head felt numb.

Nothing numbed the aching in his legs, though, or the painful throbbing in his frostbitten feet; and the trail grew steadily more troublesome. The dreary desolation of the plain gave way to twisted butte country as he neared the Knife River, and he had to order the prisoners out to push on the soft slopes of the gorges, shaking his head hard to clear it and keeping a tight guard in close cover. The ice still held in the river, but it was too weak to take the wagon's weight. Now openly rebellious, the hired driver refused to go on.

"Get that team unhitched!" Roosevelt told him with a rifle bead on his chest. He had the men take the buckboard apart, drag it across piece by piece, then reassemble it on the far side. On through another region of bluffs and steep slopes, he drove the muttering men, staying on his feet with what seemed the bottom-scrapings of his strength.

"Look!" Mike Finnigan suggested more than once. "You let us go, and we'll just walk off. We know you ain't gonna kill us just sittin' here, and when you give out we might get pretty rough. Better let us go now, 'cause it's the only chance you're gonna get!"

Roosevelt ignored him repeatedly. But when the broken country gave way to another vast barren plain, and there was still no sign of Dickinson on the far horizon, he swallowed hard against the sick panic growing inside him. And when his legs suddenly went out from under him without warning, his terror was as icy as the mud in which he rolled. But he got his rifle up in time to stop Finnigan and Burnsted, both already halfway back upon him.

"Next time," he warned in a hoarse whisper, "I'll shoot. You move one foot, and I'll shoot!"

He tried resting a while, but it didn't help. His muscles simply stiffened in the cold, and he had to get to his feet to keep his eyes open. Dropping as far back from the wagon as he could and still be sure of hitting a man, he ordered the driver on, and the next time his legs failed him he landed with the rifle held ready. How many more times he fell, he never knew. He forced himself on with reserves of strength he'd never known he had, until the effort he was making became confused and dreamlike, with the soft slap of hoofs and the complaining creak of wagon wheels dying in his ears. There were long miles of that trail he simply couldn't remember traveling.

Then, curiously enough, his mind began to clear. He gradually became intensely aware of the world around him, feverishly excited with the realization that he was still on his feet and moving. He actually had a taste for the struggle then; each additional step seemed a more satisfying experience than anything he'd ever done before. As if from a great distance above, not in detachment but rather in wild ecstatic pride, he saw himself—unbeaten, as untamed as the land about him or any of the men ahead.

It was in this strange blending of elation and exhaustion, strongly resembling drunkenness, that he staggered into Dickinson late that afternoon. In fact, after 36 hours without sleep, he looked exactly like a drunk as he reeled from side to side behind the wagon—a figure solidly coated with mud except for a grotesque grin that was all glasses and teeth. But he managed to mutter a coherent explanation for an incredulous sheriff. And the tale of the dude who'd waded 45 miles of gumbo to bring in three horse thieves was soon well on its way to becoming a permanent part of Dakota legend.

Even so, a Dickinson doctor named Victor Stickney was far more impressed with Roosevelt's feet than his story. "Worse case o' blisters I've ever seen!" He shook his head slowly. "Those two hired hands o' yours—they must be Easterners too, huh?"

"Yes, they're both Maine lumberjacks," Roosevelt said, wondering how Westerners could possibly have done more under the circumstances.

"Trust Easterners to go to all that fool trouble!" Stickney snorted. "Anyone from around here would o' strung 'em up on the spot!"

Roosevelt stared at the man a moment, then suddenly broke out laughing, laughing almost hysterically with his tired shoulders shaking. After all he'd been through, it seemed, he still hadn't quite come up to the code of the frontier.

Not that it mattered, because his private war was won, and he was all through trying. Within a few months, he was on his way east again, eager for another chance at political life. And before the year 1886 ended, he'd married a new wife.

"What a change!" the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* observed. "He is now brown as a berry and has increased thirty pounds in weight. The voice that failed to make an echo when he climbed upon his desk and shook his little pocket handkerchief and piped, 'Mistah Speakah!' is now hearty and strong enough to drive oxen!"

Theodore had gone west a sickly, depressed boy who'd found even the Roosevelt tradition of amateur public service too much for him. He came back a man to be reckoned with among Republican Party professionals. Historians may credit a heavily-publicized charge up San Juan Hill 12 years later with putting the Rough Rider in the White House, but Teddy Roosevelt himself always figured such things as the chase down the icy Little Missouri had a good deal more to do with it. "If it hadn't been for my stay in the Badlands," he insisted on several occasions, "I would never have become President."

There was something else that made that manhunt memorable for him, though. Testifying against Finnigan and Burnsted—each of whom received 25-month sentences—in court, he suggested to the judge that any charges against Pfaffenbach be dismissed. In his opinion, he explained, the man was too half-witted to do anything bad deliberately, or anything good for that matter. And the old German leaped to his feet sobbing, "Thank you, Mr. Roosevelt!"

"That was the only time," Roosevelt would recall in his old age, looking back on a busy lifetime of the campaign rough-and-tumble that he loved, "any man ever thanked me for calling him a half-wit."

—Gene Caesar

TRUE

"It says Goldwater by 1,208,473 votes."

SIX FEET UNDER—DEAD OR ALIVE

[*Continued from page* 49]

mask with high humidity, but the patient expired on the second day following admission."

If John Griffith had not cried out when he did, he would probably have been buried alive. To most Americans, being buried alive is something that can't possibly happen to them—but it most certainly can. Even highly trained physicians cannot always tell the difference between true death and a cataleptic trance or "cardiac arrest." In 1960, a group of doctors at the Cornell Medical Center, New York, wrote an account of 14 patients who had no pulse, heartbeat or respiration, and so were technically "dead," but all of them recovered under special treatment. If this is true in one hospital, how many people throughout the country are actually alive when pronounced dead? Some 2 million persons die in the United States annually. If a doctor makes a mistake in only one case out of a thousand, there may be 2,000 of us buried alive every year. Since vast amounts of money go into probing diseases killing fewer people, premature burial should merit inquiry.

More than 30 ailments can produce a deathlike trance—among them catalepsy, asphyxiation, syncope (loss of consciousness from cerebral anemia), apoplexy, epilepsy, and even such diseases as cholera, smallpox and influenza. Shock, freezing and being struck by lightning can also produce a paralysis indistinguishable from true death. Yet many states do not even require a death certificate to be signed by a physician; the signing—the attestation to death—can be done by a chiropractor or an osteopath. In 41 states, coroners do not have to be doctors, and in 32 of these they are not even provided with the services of a qualified medical man. Their appointments are purely political. The police, the American Medical Association, and the American Bar Association have all protested this state of affairs, but it still obtains.

Reading the medical records, you begin to develop an uneasy feeling that modern doctors are no more able to detect death than were their predecessors of a hundred years ago. In Boston, in 1894, Eleanor Markham was in her coffin on the way to her grave when the pallbearers stumbled, and the jounce awoke Miss Markham. She beat on the coffin lid and was released. "My God, I thought you'd never hear me!" she screamed. "Do you realize you were burying me alive?" The doctor who had pronounced her dead was in the funeral procession; he said testily, "Hush, hush, my dear. It's a mistake easily rectified." On July 1, 1963, in Willard, Ohio, Ruth Croust (the name, like some of the others in this article, has been changed to prevent embarrassment) was pronounced dead by a doctor and taken to the funeral parlors of Walter Lindsey. While preparing the body for burial, to quote the official report, "Lindsey noticed that a mistake had been made." He called the doctor back to work. The physician "decided a sudden jolt on the way to the funeral home probably reactivated her." The report doesn't say whether he sent Ruth a note of apology. One case parallels the other: the ability of a doctor in 1963 to recognize suspended animation was no greater than his predecessor's in 1894.

In the old days, a person prematurely buried had some chance of escaping. Coffins were flimsy affairs and often covered with only a few inches of earth. A desperate man, or even a woman, could sometimes fight back to the surface, and many a "corpse" did. Today, coffins are strongly built and buried deep. A person regaining consciousness has no hope. It is hard to imagine a more terrible death.

Although it seems incredible, a human being can live for a considerable period in a coffin without suffocating. It has been proved that even a fully conscious individual can survive for a surprising length of time if he keeps still. Harry Houdini stayed submerged in a glass coffin in a hotel swimming pool, under constant observation, for an hour and a half. In 1958, a Hindu fakir named Randi improved on this feat by remaining submerged for three hours in a pool in London. In January, 1963, two doctors—M. A. Wenger, professor of psychology at the University of California, and M. Bagchi, of the University of Michigan's Medical School—studied four Indian yogis who claimed to be able to pass into a total trance state by stopping the action of their hearts. Three of these men could reduce heart action to such a point that no beat could be detected with a stethoscope; the pulse of the heart showed up only on an electrocardiograph. The fourth man stopped his heart completely. And they all remained alive.

It may be this kind of "sleep" is akin to a common life process in animals. An animal deep in hibernation passes into a state where all the vital functions slow down to the point of virtual stoppage. Dr. John Johnson, a biologist, studied a hibernating ground squirrel which ordinarily respires 200 times a minute. In hibernation the squirrel breathed only once a minute, and as a result could survive for a considerable time in a glass jar full of suffocating carbonic gas that killed an active rat within a few seconds. A human being in a similar trance state practically stops breathing, and can live for several days virtually without oxygen.

Premature burial has a long and grisly history. The last century was full of such cases. In 1866, when a vault in Kronstadt, Romania, was opened to receive a new coffin, the skeleton of a man who had been interred 14 years before was found lying on the floor. He had managed to stay alive for some time after his burial by breaking open other coffins and eating the corpses, but he had finally starved to death. In St. Giles, Cripplegate, England, there still stands a monument to one Constance Whitney, showing the lady rising from her coffin. Mrs. Whitney had been duly buried after her "death," but that night the sexton dug her up to take a valuable ring from her finger. His efforts awoke Mrs. Whitney, who screamed, with the not entirely surprising effect of frightening the man off. Then she climbed out of her grave and walked home.

A farmer near Erie, Pennsylvania, named George Hefdecker was not so for-

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tunate. On November 14, 1891, he "died." Because the local sexton was away for the weekend, Hefdecker, nailed into his coffin, was put in a vault until the grave could be dug. When the time came to bury him, it was found that the coffin had fallen off the vault shelf and was in bad need of repair. So it was opened. According to one of the witnesses, "The body had turned around and the interior of the casket showed signs of a terrible struggle. Clothing around the head and neck was in shreds as was the lining of the coffin. Bloody marks of fingernails on the face, throat and neck told of the awful despair of the doomed man, who had torn his own flesh in agony. Several fingers had been bitten off and the hands were torn until they scarcely resembled those of a human."

The most horrible aspect of premature burial is that the victim may be perfectly conscious but unable to speak or move a muscle. Obviously only by an incredible bit of luck does anyone buried alive return to tell of his experience, but an Englishman in 1895 had this good fortune. Here's his account of what happened:

"I was taken with typhoid fever, but as I grew physically weaker, I felt myself mentally stronger. I heard the physician say, 'All is over,' and he covered my head with a cloth amid the sobs of my family. I attempted to speak, but my tongue clung to my palate and my limbs felt as though they were bound. On the next day they dressed me for the funeral, and for three days I was exposed on a bier. I heard and understood everything.

"On the morning of the fourth day, they turned me over to the undertakers, who treated me with revolting brutality—one of them applied his knees to my chest to force me into a coffin that was too narrow. I experienced such cruel torture I hoped the pain would allow me to speak, but the coffin was closed and I heard the nails being driven in. The coffin was put on a hearse, and I was taken to the graveyard. I felt the coffin knock against the sides of the grave as it was lowered. I heard the slipping of the ropes as they were withdrawn. I heard the voices of my friends talking above me and then a thousand thunders crashed around me as earth and stones were thrown in. My hope now was that I would suffocate quickly. I was disappointed. My lungs were paralyzed and used no air."

That night body-snatchers dug up the coffin and sold the supposed corpse to a medical school. The man recovered when a student began to cut the chest ligaments.

In 1895, a Dr. Franz Hartmann wrote a treatise listing scores of cases where people had been prematurely buried, and about the same time two physicians named Tebb and Vollum expressed the opinion that 2 percent of all the people who died in the United States were buried alive. As a result of these accounts there was something of an international panic. Such prominent men as Wilkie Collins, Daniel O'Connell and Hans Christian Andersen put provisos in their wills that they were to be beheaded after death, and Lady Burton, the widow of Richard Burton, the famous explorer, asked that a spike be driven through her heart. People spent large sums on special vaults equipped with breakaway coffins, bells, and inside lock controls. Undertakers advertised interments featuring coffins rigged with signal ropes leading to bells above ground, speaking tubes, and even electric alarm bells. The climax was the Fearnaught coffin. Any motion of the body automatically set off a siren, sounded a bell, ran up a flag and opened an air vent.

Most people feel even if a mistake is made by a doctor, at least a painless death would come during the embalming process. Yet no state requires bodies to be embalmed; in fact, several religions forbid embalming. As a consequence, not infrequently people are buried within five or six hours after their supposed death. In the case of babies, embalming is often not employed—and a life-or-death error is easy to make.

A mistake of this nature occurred in Philadelphia on February 15, 1959. At 7:30 a.m., Kathryn, the infant daughter

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of Mr. and Mrs. Gregg Fisher, was pronounced dead. The young doctor in attendance called the medical examiner's office and announced he would sign the death certificate. The examiner arranged to have the child's body picked up by a police car. However, there was a change of shifts at this hour, so it was not until 9:10 that a police car with Patrolmen James Merrick and Sam Reid arrived at the Fisher home. The delay was important because it gave the supposedly dead child some time to recover.

The body was wrapped in a towel and put in a paper bag. The patrolmen drove to the Philadelphia morgue, and Merrick took the body out of the bag and laid it on the wheeled table. As he turned to leave, he saw the child was breathing. The patrolmen instantly rushed her to Hahnemann Hospital. For the moment the child's skin was pink, her respiratory system functioned normally, and her heart beat was good. Oxygen was applied and it seemed as though she would live. Unfortunately, the strain of this terrible experience, added to her physical weakness, was too great, and she did not survive.

Such cases rarely make the headlines because personal problems, legal technicalities and the natural reluctance of doctors to admit fearful mistakes make it difficult to obtain definite data. I telephoned the Fishers to get more complete information, and wound up talking to their lawyer, who explained that, since a suit was pending, he could say nothing.

But at the coroner's office I spoke to Dr. H. Spellman, who remembered the incident well. "We had a similar case some years ago," he told me. "A ragpicker going through trash cans came on the body of an infant wrapped in old newspapers. The child had obviously been abandoned as dead and showed no signs of life. It was taken to the morgue, and there began to move. But we were unable to save it."

I asked Dr. Spellman if it wasn't possible that individuals in a state of suspended animation from some cause might not be mistakenly pronounced dead. I recalled a case which had occurred in April, 1963. A 44-year-old man named George Pack got into an extremely cold refrigerator car chilled with dry ice in Youngstown, Ohio, and was locked in. When the car was opened in Cincinnati two days later, Pack was found frozen and apparently dead. But he recovered.

"Yes, such things can happen," the doctor admitted. "But I would say they are rare. When you have worked among people both living and dead for some time, you develop a feeling about such matters. Still, it is always possible to make a mistake."

These mistakes occur more frequently than one cares to think. On January 31, 1959, Mrs. Mary Johnson of Boston suffered a cerebral hemorrhage and was pronounced dead by a physician. The family notified the DeWare Funeral Home, and James O'Brien was sent to collect the body. While O'Brien was moving it onto a stretcher, he heard a groan. He called the doctor, who injected a stimulant, and Mrs. Johnson recovered. She had been pronounced "legally, officially dead," and if she had not groaned, she would have either died at the undertaker's or been buried alive—depending on whether or not she had been embalmed.

According to the National Funeral Directors' Association, about 2 percent of the people dying in the United States today are not embalmed. Most of these are interred within 24 hours. That's about 40,000 persons a year. How many are really dead? Doctors, coroners and undertakers all understandably hesitate to discuss the possibility of premature burial in America today. Although I wrote to dozens of people who had been reportedly involved in such incidents, very few were willing to give information. One case was that of Mrs. Graham Hicks, of Gallatin, Missouri, who, on September 13, 1960, was found in her home apparently dead of asphyxiation. A doctor signed the death certificate, and Mrs. Hicks was sent to the Hope Funeral Home. According to the newspaper report, L. O. Richardson, the funeral director, while making preparations for burial, "saw a faint stirring—you could hardly call it a breath, really," and called the doctor who had pronounced Mrs. Hicks dead. She was rushed to a hospital at Cameron, where she recovered.

I wrote Mr. Richardson, who sent me the following account:

"The death call came about 7 p.m. When my assistant and I arrived at the farmhouse, we were met by the doctor who had pronounced Mrs. Hicks dead. He expressed the opinion that her death had been caused by carbon monoxide, since the furnace in the home had not been working properly and she had collapsed in the basement. He led us to the body and made a stethoscopic examination. We noticed that her color was very dark, in fact, purple in color, and her facial expression showed no signs of filling out after she was lifted from the concrete floor.

"After we arrived at our funeral home and had placed her body on the embalming table, we noticed that the coloring in her face had cleared, but since this does sometimes happen we thought nothing more about it, and proceeded in our usual way to prepare the body. I cannot tell you why, but there was simply an inner feeling that convinced us all was not well. I felt further precautions should be taken, although I still could not really believe that she was alive. But after several tests of our own we detected what seemed to be a faint breath. We immediately went to our ambulance and got oxygen, which we administered for several minutes. When it became apparent that she was still breathing, we called the same doctor who had pronounced her dead. He came at once, applied his stethoscope, took her pulse and said that not only was she alive but her pulse beat was steadily growing stronger.

"He told us this was unquestionably a case of 'suspended animation,' something he had studied at school like all doctors, but had never expected to see. He decided that she be taken to the hospital where she recovered."

Mrs. Hicks owes her life to the attentiveness of the funeral director and the fact that he also ran an ambulance serv-

[*Continued on page* 108]

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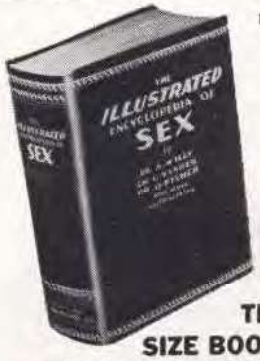

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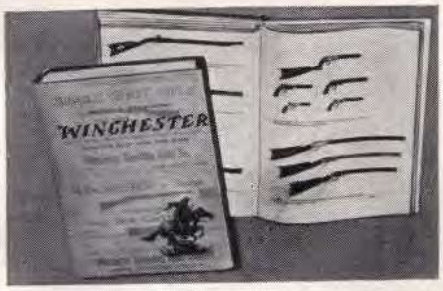

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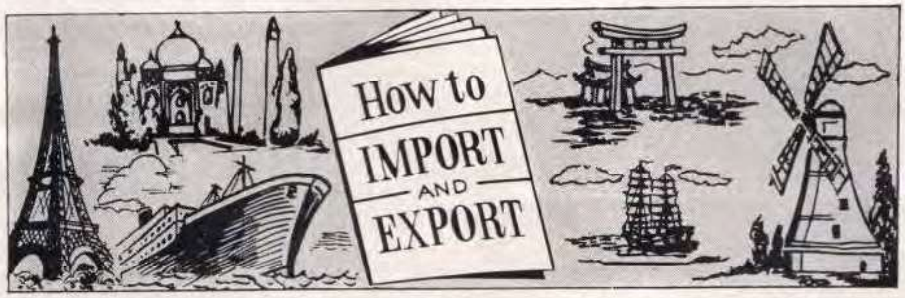

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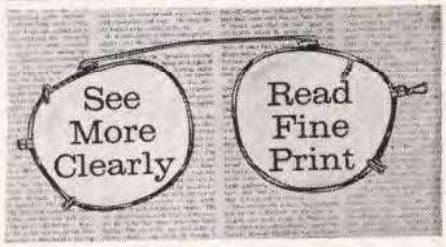

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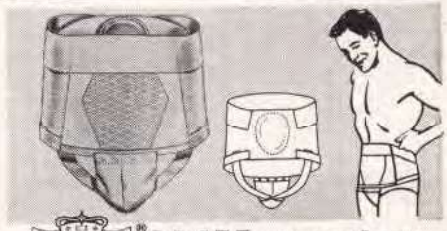

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[*Continued from page* 105]
ice, for which he kept an oxygen supply. The question remains: how many undertakers would be so conscientious and how many would have restoratives of any kind at hand?

What complicates this whole problem is that there is no specific moment when death occurs. Even when a man's head is cut off on the guillotine, the mouth continues to open and close while the eyes still roll for several minutes. Death by decapitation is usually considered instantaneous and these movements are described as mere "muscular reaction," yet there is no surety that the head is not conscious. In December, 1961, Dr. V. A. Negovski, a prominent Russian scientist, published a report telling how he had been able to kill dogs and bring them back to life as much as three hours later. Negovski then tried his resuscitative technique for treating patients who had "died" as the result of automobile accidents, drowning, asphyxiation and shock. He was able to save 236 out of 456—more than half. Says Negovski, "Only when there is irreversible damage to the vital organs is death permanent."

The realization that suspension of the vital functions does not mean an individual is "dead," any more than the nonfunction of an engine means the engine is permanently useless, has important medical and scientific significance. It means that incalculable numbers of people who ordinarily would be considered beyond hope can be revived. For example, on December 23, 1961, Joseph Schubert, a retired machinist, dropped in apparent death in Daytona Beach, Florida. He was taken to a hospital, where three doctors pronounced him dead of heart failure. Soon after Dr. Walter Dombkoski noticed the eyes were not dilated. He opened Schubert's chest and began to massage the heart. Then he employed artificial respiration by machine. Schubert remained in a coma for six hours, but finally recovered. In a San Francisco hospital a few months later, George Argiris, 47, succumbed to heart failure. Nine doctors and three nurses used mouth-to-mouth respiration and electric shock to revive him. "He was 'dead' eight times—it's an act of God that he lived," said Dr. Edmund Stalteri, the presiding physician.

Doctors have tried hard to discover some physical characteristic that would be unquestioned evidence of death. Dr. Hilton Fagge wrote: "There is no real test except putrefaction." But even this dictum was later modified by Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, who decided, "Only when the brain itself decomposes is death certain." I asked Dr. John B. Flick, Jr., a prominent Philadelphia physician and surgeon, what the modern definition of "death" was. He told me, "There is no one specific distinctive feature. Putrefaction of part of the body does not mean death. An individual's arm or leg may decompose due to a badly treated wound, but amputation can save his life. The same is true of other organs. Even part of the brain may decompose, but through surgery the patient can recover. Exactly how or when true death occurs we cannot say. As medical science progresses, the distinction between life and death will grow increasingly less distinct."

I inquired of several prominent professional men whether there is any real guarantee that people are not being buried alive in America today. Howard C. Raether, executive secretary of the National Funeral Directors' Association, wrote me in reply: "Every once in a while one hears of an incident involving an individual being buried alive. Such occurences were more prominent during the last century, although there have been several instances where a person pronounced dead was discovered to be alive by the funeral director."

In this age, unless the victim becomes conscious while being prepared for burial, he surely will die. But in former times there was at least a possibility of survival. Even the body snatchers sometimes offered a man at least a bare chance at life.

There are no body snatchers today, so if a doctor makes a mistake only the undertaker can save the victim. One of the directors of the Oliver H. Bair Company, a large funeral establishment, discussed this problem with me. "In embalming," he said, "a main artery and a vein are cut. The preserving fluid is injected into the artery at 10 pounds' pressure, forcing blood out of the system through the opened vein. When the artery is cut, we always have clamps ready, so if there is a flow of blood, suggesting the subject is still alive, the artery can instantly be closed. Then a doctor is summoned at once." The director conceded he had no records of how often this event occurred. He explained that if a body is not to be embalmed, it is kept under refrigeration, but the period is often short. "Some religious groups specify immediate burial. We take all possible precautions, but naturally follow the wishes of the family."

A doctor who asked to remain anonymous told me, "Perhaps half a dozen times a year in my practice a patient is dead as far as medical science can tell, but I'm not absolutely sure. I make a private arrangement with the undertaker to keep the body at least 48 hours without embalming. By the end of that time, there is sufficient change to tell beyond question. However, when the family insists on a viewing or an immediate funeral, there is very little I can do."

I talked to a young man who works for an undertaker specializing in quick, cheap funerals. He said, "We handle many bodies from the old people's home. Maybe in one case out of 50, when we're putting the corpse on the stretcher to take it to the funeral parlor, the person groans or waves his arms even though he's been pronounced dead. We have to put him back on the bed and call the doctor. You ought to see the expression on the faces of the other people in the ward when that happens. You can tell that each one is thinking, 'If it hadn't been for that, he'd have been buried alive or killed on the embalming table. Suppose that had been me!' "

Medical men aren't indifferent to the problem. In some countries, there are "waiting mortuaries" where bodies are left for several days before burial. Weimar, Germany, was the first town to have such a mortuary, and others have been built in Frankfurt, Munich, and Stockholm. Most doctors, however, believe that cases of suspended animation are so rare that the cost of maintaining such institutions is unjustified. Perhaps a vote on that score should be taken among people who have suffered suspended animation—and survived.

But with no inconsiderable number of persons coming back to life after a pronouncement of death by doctors, it would seem that further precaution is in order. In the states of this country where it isn't required that a registered physician sign a death certificate, the possibility of laymen's mistakes is shudderingly obvious. But since even doctors can't always recognize the existence of life, a further check on the sometimes fatal judgment of death should be called for by law; it might be in the form of a waiting mortuary, or an examination of the body by a second doctor, or by a medical examiner specially trained. It would seem reasonable, too, in view of the 40,000 unembalmed persons being buried every year, that embalming be required, unless there are religious objections.

Suspended animation isn't all bad. The realization that human beings can remain in such a state of "sleep" for a virtually indefinite period may result in an important breakthrough in interplanetary travel. We know now that it is possible to put a human being into a state of artificial hibernation by hypothermia or "freezing." Hypothermia, first developed as a form of anesthesia for operations, causes almost total cardiac arrest—in other words, heart action practically stops and with it most of the vital functions. Hypothermia may be the answer to sending astronauts on long-distance rocket flights. A conscious man uses 1.13 pounds of oxygen every 24 hours. He needs 1.14 pounds of food and 2.11 quarts of water for the same period. To Mars and return, it is estimated, would take 500 days. Since the life processes of a man under hypothermia are reduced to 3 percent of normal, the saving in weight of supplies for a three-man crew would be enormous.

Oddly enough, hypothermia, by bringing the astronauts to just this side of physical death, might be the best means of keeping them from a living death entombed in space. **—Daniel P. Mannix**

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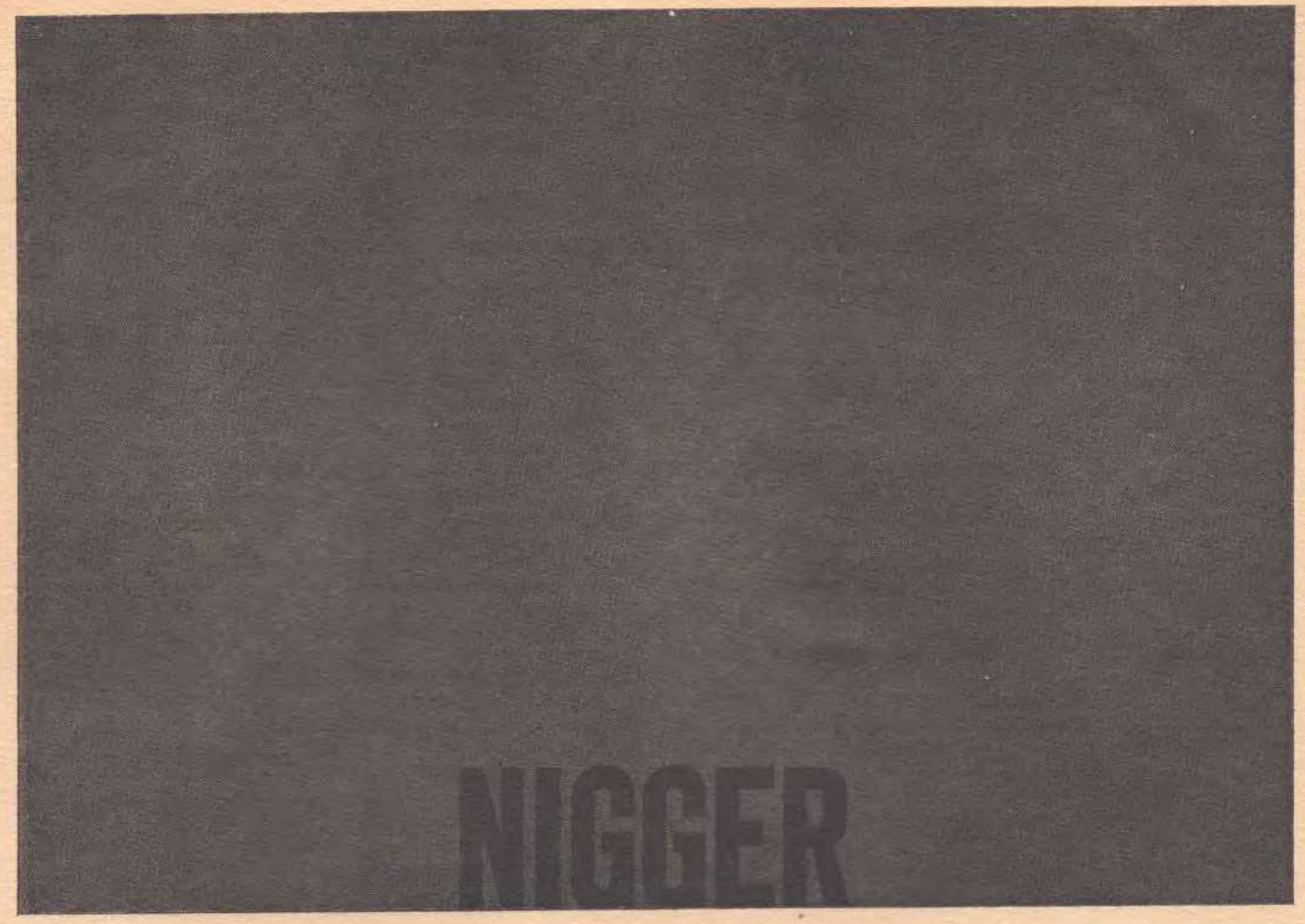


[*Continued from page* 42]

him telling Momma all the things he was going to do for her. Stay home. Get a job. Get off relief. Give up other women. Take Momma to all the night clubs. She wouldn't have to work for the white folks no more.

"Told you about working so hard for them white folks," he'd say. "Don't want my kids left in this house all by themselves."

She cried. "You mean it, Pres, you really mean it?"

"Yeah, 'Cille."

She got up off her orange-crate chair and put her hands on his face and kissed him.

I walked right in then. "Get your goddamn hands off my Momma."

He beat me, pulled off his belt and beat me across my backside. Momma held me on her lap while he beat me.

"Ha. That's a hell of a man there, that Richard. I beat his ass good, 'Cille, and he don't even cry."

His children were little men and he didn't even know it. Every time he hit me I couldn't cry from almost wanting to laugh. I know, old man, couple of days from now you'll be too far away for that belt to reach me.

Momma made me go to bed and she whispered: "Please treat your Daddy nice. For me. Please do it for me."

That night he beat her.

He beat her all through the house, every room, swinging his belt and whopping her with his hand and cussing her and kicking her and knocking her down and telling her all about his women.

"Think you're so goddamn good, bitch," said my Daddy, cracking my Momma across her back with his belt. She whimpered and fell against a little table, knocking over a lamp from the white folks. She bent over to pick up the lamp and Big Pres kicked her in her backside and she fell forward on the linoleum floor. She lay there, her face pressed against the linoleum, sobbing.

"Get on your feet, bitch." Momma got up, slowly.

She never said a word, just crying, sobbing, trying to stay on her feet, trying not to get hit too hard but never really ducking his hand or his belt. She'd see it coming and close her eyes and put her hands up, but she never tried to get out of the way. The kids were crying and hollering and Ronald and Pauline were hugging each other and Dolores was hiding her face in her hands. Garland and Presley were scared to death. I watched him knock her down, and cuss her, and he was saying the things I wanted to say when she forgot her love for me and told him I was crazy. He left her on the floor, dirty and crying, came over and whopped me across my face so hard that when I knocked into the wall the pictures fell right off their hooks. One was a picture of Jesus, and the other was a piece of wood with the Ten Commandments.

And then they were in the kitchen and Big Pres was crying and kissing my Momma and saying he was sorry and how he was going to take care of us and give up his women and get a job.

And Momma kept saying, "No, Big Pres, it's all my fault, it's all my fault, I shouldn't talk like that, they'll be time to get off relief when you're home awhile and get a chance to rest up."

I got up off the floor and I walked into that kitchen. Big Pres was sitting at the table with his face in his hands, and Momma was standing over him, stroking his head. They both were crying. I took down the butcher knife off the wall, the big one with the black handle, and swung at his head. Seen plenty of people swing knives when I shined shoes in the taverns and I knew how to cut. Swung right at his head, everything I had, I swung for every kid in the whole world who hated his no-good Daddy.

Momma grabbed my wrist with both her hands and twisted the knife out of my hand.

Big Pres looked up real slow. I guess it's a hell of a thing for a man to look up into his own son's eyes and see murder.

"I'll leave now, 'Cille," he said very softly. "You should have let him hit me, should have let him kill me. I never was any good, never treated you or him right. I need to be dead."

He got up. "Don't beat Richard, 'Cille, don't beat him. I know what I done."

Momma grabbed Big Pres' leg and he kicked her away. He turned and walked out the door. My Momma tried to hold the door open while he closed it behind him.

"No, Big Pres, he didn't mean nothing, Richard's crazy, you know that. . . ."

He turned and kicked her foot out of the door, and slammed it shut. My Momma fell down and slid across the floor, holding the doorknob in her hand.

"Don't leave, Daddy, don't leave, Daddy . . ." the kids were screaming.

I followed him out the door and down the street. He didn't see me, his head was down, and he walked like the greatest crime in the world had just been committed against him. His head didn't come up again until he walked into a tavern. I walked in behind him and stood near the door where he couldn't see me. He walked right up to a woman sitting at the bar. She was smoking a cigarette and tapping her high heels against the rail.

"Where you been, Big Pres? I been waiting on you for hours."

"I had to beat the bitch's ass for bad mouthing you, Mollie," he said. "But I got a tough little man there, Richard, you should see that little man, beat his ass and he didn't cry."

"I been waiting all day, Big Pres. Don't you start telling me about some little bastard you got. Don't even know if it's yours or the . . ."

"Watch your mouth, Mollie. My 'Cille's a good woman, no loose piece of trim like you."

"Sure, who you think buys the bread when you're . . ."

He knocked that bitch right off the stool. He swung that big hand of his and her cigarette went one way and her shoes came off and she went face first on the floor. He stomped that woman like no other man in the world. I got to see my Daddy at his best that night. Two men stood up from tables and started toward Big Pres. He threw back his head and he laughed and he stood over that bitch and his hand came out of his pocket with a razor in it.

"Dare any dirty mother in this place to come and stop me from stomping this bitch. Hear?"

Nobody moved.

He walked out of there, 10 feet tall. My Daddy. I walked over to the woman on the floor and helped her up. She shook me away.

"I'm real sorry, ma'am."

She spat in my face. She didn't know I was Big Pres' boy.

I watched him walk down the street, head up high, hands swinging loose.

When I got back home that night, the knob was back on the door. And the light was on in the hallway. She was sitting up that night, looking out the window. Momma sat like that for the next three or four months, looking out the window, dozing in her chair, listening to the police news. Then she'd go to work without having been to bed.

Sometimes I'd stay up with her, listen to the radio with her, look out the window with her. I tried to make her believe I didn't know she was waiting on him.

Like a lot of Negro kids, we never would have made it without our Momma. When there was no fatback to go with the beans, no socks to go with the shoes, no hope to go with tomorrow, she'd smile and say: "We ain't poor, we're just broke." Poor is a state of mind you never grow out of, but being broke is just a temporary condition. She always had a big smile, even when her legs and feet swelled from high blood pressure and she collapsed across the table with sugar diabetes. You have to smile 24 hours a day, Momma would say. If you walk through life showing the aggravation you've gone through, people will feel sorry for you, and they'll never respect you. She taught us that man has two ways out in life—laughing or crying. There's more hope in laughing. A man can fall down the stairs and lie there in such pain and horror that his own wife will collapse and faint at the sight. But if he can just hold back his pain for a minute she might be able to collect herself and call the doctor. It might mean the difference between his living to laugh again or dying there on the spot.

So you laugh, so you smile. Once a month the big gray relief truck would pull up in front of our house and Momma would flash that big smile and stretch out her hands. "Who else you know in this neighborhood gets this kind of service?" And we could all feel proud when the neighbors, folks who weren't on relief, folks who had Daddies in their houses, would come by the back porch for some of those hundred pounds of potatoes, for some sugar and flour and salty fish. We'd stand out there on the back porch and hand out the food like we were in charge of helping poor people, and then we'd take the food they brought us in return.

And Momma came home one hot summer day and found we'd been evicted, thrown out into the streetcar zone with all our orange-crate chairs and secondhand lamps. She flashed that big smile and dried our tears and bought some penny Kool-Aid. We stood out there and sold drinks to thirsty people coming off the streetcar, and we thought nobody knew we were kicked out—figured they thought we *wanted* to be there. And Momma went off to talk the landlord into letting us back in on credit.

But I wonder about my Momma sometimes, and all the other Negro mothers who got up at 6 a.m. to go to the white man's house with sacks over their shoes because it was so wet and cold. I wonder how they made it. They worked very hard for the man, they made his breakfast and they scrubbed his floors and they diapered his babies. They didn't have too much time for us.

I wonder about my Momma, who walked out of a white woman's clean house at midnight and came back to her own where the lights had been out for three months, and the pipes were frozen and the wind came in through the cracks. She'd have to make deals with the rats; leave some food out for them so they wouldn't gnaw on the doors or bite the babies. The roaches, they were just like part of the family.

I wonder how she felt telling those white kids she took care of to brush their teeth after they ate, to wash their hands after they peed. She could never tell her own sick kids because there wasn't soap or water back home.

Home was a place to be only when all other places were closed.

Most of the time we hustled. Saturday was our big day. We'd get up in the early morning before daylight and run out to the white neighborhoods, not the rich neighborhoods where my Momma worked, but the working people's neighborhoods. Depending on the time of year, we'd scrub steps, shovel snow, wash automobiles, and wash windows. A lot of times I went out with Presley, my older brother, or alone, because my friend Boo's father was a chauffeur, and he didn't have to hustle so much. It was the windows I didn't like, standing out there on a second-story ledge, afraid to stay out there, afraid to come in and go out again on the next window. Sometimes I prayed out there. A couple of times I wet my pants.

I got picked on a lot around the neighborhood; skinniest kid on the block, the poorest, the one without a Daddy. I guess that's when I first began to learn about humor, the power of a joke.

"Hey, Gregory."

"Yeah."

"Get your ass over here, I want to look at that shirt you're wearing."

"Well, uh, Herman, I got to . . ."

"What you think of that shirt he's wearin', York?"

"That's no shirt, Herman, that's a tent for a picnic."

"That your Daddy's shirt, Gregory?"

"Well, uh . . ."

"He ain't got no Daddy, Herman, that's a three-man shirt."

"Three-man shirt?"

"Him 'n' Garland 'n' Presley supposed to wear that shirt together."

At first, if Boo, my best friend, wasn't around to help me, I'd just get mad and run home and cry when the kids started. And then, I don't know just when, I started to figure it out. They were going to laugh anyway, but if I made the jokes they'd laugh *with* me instead of *at* me. I'd get the kids off my back, on my side. So I'd come off that porch talking about myself.

"Hey, Gregory, get your ass over here. Want you to tell me and Herman how many kids sleep in your bed."

"Googobs of kids in my bed, man, when I get up to pee in the middle of the night gotta leave a bookmark so I don't lose my place."

Before they could get going, I'd knock it out first, fast, knock out those jokes so they wouldn't have time to get set and climb all over me.

"Other night I crawled through one of them rat holes in the kitchen, would you believe it them rats were sleeping six to a bed just like us."

And they started to come over and listen to me, they'd see me coming and crowd around me on the corner.

"We don't worry about knocking the snow off our shoes before we go into my house. So cold in there, no snow's going to melt on the floor anyway."

Everything began to change then. Once you get a man to laugh with you, it's hard for him to laugh at you. The kids began to expect to hear funny things from me, and after a while I could say anything I wanted. I got a reputation as a funny man. And then I started to turn the jokes on them.

"Hey, Gregory, where's your Daddy these days?"

"Sure glad that bastard's out the house, got a little peace and quiet. Not like your house, York."

"What you say?"

"Yeah man, what a free show I had last night, better than the movies, laying in bed with the window open, listening to your Daddy whop your Mommy. That was your Daddy, York, wasn't it?"

And then I'd turn, real quick, to another kid.

"Hey, Herman, did the police wagon ever get by your house last night? They stopped by my house and asked where you lived. . . ."

I got to be good, the champ of the block, the champ of the neighborhood as I got older. I'd stand on the corner, hands in my pockets, feet on the sewer lid, back to the street, Boo right next to me. After a while, they'd come from all around to try to score on the champ.

"You Richard Gregory?"

"Yeah."

"I'm George. . . ."

"You're midnight, blackest cat I ever saw, bet your Mammy fed you buttermilk just so you wouldn't pee ink."

Sometimes I could even use the humor on myself. Like when I was delivering papers and I broke my arm and I couldn't cry from laughing over the run-down heels on my shoes that made me slip when I turned the corner. A worn heel could break an arm, but I never heard of an arm could break a heel.

When I was 13 I was transferred to Cote Brilliant Grammar School. I changed a lot there. I stopped shining shoes because I wanted to go to school clean, without polish all over my hands. I started taking books home with me. I still didn't read them because it was too cold at home, but it was a good feeling to have them around. In the three years I went to Cote Brilliant, I only missed school when I didn't have enough warm clothes. I got to be a big man there.

Then I went to Sumner High and I was nobody again. I guess I never would have finished high school without track. When I heard that the track team at Sumner High got to take showers every day, I asked the coach if I could join.

"You run before?"

"Sure, coach, I do a lot of running."

"Where?"

"Around the neighborhood."

He shook his head. "We've given out all the lockers and uniforms for this year."

"All I want to do is take a shower in the afternoon."

He looked me over and kind of smiled. "All right. But you'll have to bring your own sweat suit. And stay off the track and out of my boys' way."

That's how I started in sports. Sumner had a fine athletic field. While the team ran inside the field, around the track, I ran outside, around a city block.

Every day when school let out at 3 o'clock, I'd get into an old pair of sneakers and a T-shirt and gym shorts and run around that block. In the beginning, I'd just run for an hour, then go and take a hot shower. And then one day two girls walked by and one of them said: "What's he think he's doing?" And the other one said: "Oh, he must be training for the big races." I just kept running that day, around and around the block, until every time I hit the pavement pain shot up my leg and a needle went into my side, and I kept going around and around until I was numb and I didn't feel anything any more. Suddenly, it was dark and the track team had all left. I could hardly walk home my feet hurt so much, but I couldn't wait until the next day to get out there again. Maybe I couldn't run as fast as the other guys, but I could run longer, longer than anybody in all of the city of St. Louis. And then everybody would know who I was.

I kept running all that fall and all that winter, sometimes through the snow, until everybody in school knew who I was, the guy who never took a rest from 3 o'clock until 6 o'clock. And I felt so good when I ran, all by myself like a room of my own. I could think anything I wanted while I ran and talk to myself and sometimes I'd write stories on "My Favorite Daddy" and "What I'd Buy with a Million Dollars," and I could figure out why people did certain things and why certain things happened. Nobody would point to me and say I was poor or crazy; they'd just look at me with admiration and say: "He's training." I never got hungry while I was running even though we never ate breakfast at home and I didn't always have money for lunch. I never was cold or hot or ashamed of my clothes. I was proud of my body that kept going around and around and never had to take a rest.

After 6 o'clock I'd go to White's Eat Shop and wash dishes in return for dinner. Sometimes I'd go downtown and sneak into a white hotel and put on a busboy's uniform and get a good meal in the kitchen. The Man never knew the difference. "All niggers look alike." And then I'd go home and go to sleep because I was tired and I needed a rest. I'd be running again tomorrow.

When spring came, the coach called me over one day and asked me if I'd like to run on the track. I ran against the guys on the team, and they were still faster than me, but I could keep going long after they were pooped out. Every so often the coach would walk by and tell me I was holding my arms wrong, or that my body was at the wrong angle, or my knees weren't coming up high enough. But I was on the inside now and I was getting a little faster every day. By the time school closed in June I was beating the boys on the track team. The coach told me to report for track first thing in September. There would be a locker for me and a uniform.

That summer was the roughest I ever spent. The Korean War was on, and good jobs were opening up at ammunition plants. I lied four years, told them I was 21, and went to work for a company manufacturing 105-millimeter howitzer shells. The unfinished shells weighed 45 pounds each, and I had to pick up 243 every 20 minutes. I always had stomach trouble, never could wear a belt, and every time I bent over and picked up a shell my insides tore a little. But with overtime I could pull down as much as $200 some weeks. When the other workers found out how old I was, there was a lot of resentment. They'd slip up behind me with crowbars and shove the castings down the belt faster than I could pick them up. I'd be so tired when I came home it was a real effort to get out and practice my running.

I kept my job when school started. The band had a special music class at 8 o'clock in the morning, one hour before regular classes started, and I worked out a deal with the bandmaster, Mr. Wilson, to let me take it. That way I could come to school right from the plant, and finish up classes and track practice early enough to grab a few hours' sleep before leaving for the 11 o'clock shift. In return, I cleaned up the band room every morning, set the music out on the stands for the musicians, and kept out of their way. I liked sitting on the side and watching the band play, everybody working together to make a good sound, the bandmaster, a real sophisticated conductor with his baton, telling everybody when to come in, when to stop. I started watching the drummer. He seemed to be having the most fun, sitting there so cool, beating on that big kettledrum. When he brought those sticks down everybody heard him. He played all by himself, but he kept the whole thing going. I started tapping my hands on my knees along with him, and sometimes I'd get there a little earlier and take some licks on the drum myself. And after a while, when I was home, I'd keep time to the radio, beating a fork on one of Momma's pots.

After school I'd be out on the track, inside the fence with my own uniform. There was a new coach, Warren St. James. And he started spending a lot of time with me, teaching me how to start, how to pace myself, when to make that closing kick. I learned fast because I was hungry to learn, and when the season opened I was running in dual meets, in the mile and the half-mile. I was doing well, finishing third and second, and once in a while I'd win a little race. But I was always tired, some-

times too tired to sleep before I went to work at the plant.

Momma came into the bedroom one evening, about 8 o'clock. I was sitting up in bed, thinking about last week's race and the mistakes I made, how I just didn't have it at the end, how I couldn't get those knees up high enough for the stretch sprint.

"Can't you sleep, Richard?"

"No, Momma."

"I don't know why you don't quit that old sport, Richard." She sat down on the bed. She always sighed when she sat down. "I worry about you, Richard, you got so much trouble with your stomach and your mind drifts so."

"Momma?"

"Yes, honey."

"Remember when you took me to that old woman, I was a real little kid, and she said I'd be a great man some day."

Momma took my head in her lap and rocked back and forth. "She saw a star right in the center of your head, and I knew it, oh, how I knew it. You're gonna be a great man, Richard."

"Momma, I'm gonna be a great runner, the coach said I could be a great runner. Momma?"

"Yes, honey."

"I want to quit my job."

And my Momma rocked me in her arms and I guess she thought about the grocery store credit tablet with the picture of the snuff can on it, and getting up at 6 o'clock to put sacks on her shoes and she said: "Okay, honey. And don't you worry, my special little man, we're gonna be all right."

That was my last night at work. The next morning I got to the band room and the bandmaster was staring out the window looking mad. There was a concert the next week, and the drummer was in the hospital.

"You read music, Gregory?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I know you been fooling around with the drums. Now I want to try something. Whenever I tip my head toward you like this, see, I want you to hit the drum like this, hear, and when I . . ."

The drummer never got his job back. We got through that concert, and the one after that, and then it was football season and I was banging the big bass drum in the marching band.

Life really began to open up for me. Everybody in school knew me now, the athletic crowd and the musical crowd, and the girls that hung around both. I didn't go out very much. I didn't have money, and I was pretty shy. I could make quick talk outside the corner drugstore, or at a party, but when it came to that big step of asking a girl to have a date with me, I just couldn't get those words out.

But I was all right, man. The band was taking big trips, to West Virginia and Illinois and Kansas, and we were playing Beethoven and Bach and Mozart, cats I never even heard of. Once, just once, I invited Momma to a concert. I sat on the stage of the school auditorium, and I got sick and ashamed when I saw her come in wearing that shabby old coat, her swollen ankles running over the edges of those dyed shoes, that dress the rich white folks gave her, a little too much lipstick, the cheap perfume. They asked her to go sit up in the balcony. I should have got up and thrown that kettledrum right into the faces of all those doctors and society people and light-complected snobs sitting in the orchestra. But I didn't. I just was glad she was up in the balcony where she couldn't be seen by too many people.

I never wanted her at track meets. That was mine, all mine. Flagpole Gregory, they called me, Ironman Gregory. I could run all day. I had style. I wore Argyle socks in the races and a handkerchief wrapped around my head. I had a little trick. When I came down the stretch I'd look up at the flagpole and make a little salute. Then I'd go into my closing kick and win going away. They thought I was very patriotic, that the flag gave me extra strength. Once, in a meet against Vashon High, the other big Negro high school in St. Louis, some kids took the flag down, figuring that would beat me. I never even knew it.

I'd wake up early on Saturday mornings with a smirk on my face. I'd walk around the house, look at the peeling linoleum floor, the dirty dishes in the sink, all the raggedy shoes under the bed. I'd punch Garland on the arm and tickle Ronald and maybe pinch the girls. I'd hug Momma. "We're all right, Momma, we're all right." And then I'd take that one big step out of the house, jump the stoop, and I was in another world.

I'd walk to the stadium through the early morning, my uniform bag swinging in my hand, and with each step my stomach would turn over again and the little hairs would start standing up on the back of my neck. When I got to the stadium I'd just wave at the guard and he'd open the gate for me. I didn't even have to show him my competitor's pass. "Good luck, Greg, as if you need it." He'd wink at me and I'd wink back.

And the sun would be coming up high and it would still be cold under my sweater. I could feel the sweat under my armpits and between my shoulder blades and behind my knees. "Hey, Greg, hey, Greg," and I'd never look around, just climb quietly up to the grandstand and sit on a wooden bench like any other spectator. They'd be running off the shot-put and high jump early and I'd just sit up there and watch. Just another spectator at the track and field meet.

The loud-speaker would crackle and snap: "Will all entrants in the one-mile run please report to the official's table, will all . . ."

I'd stand up real slow, and feel this thing start to take me over, this monster that started at my toes like hot water flowing upward through a cold body. By the time I got down the steps I'd be on fire. I dressed fast in the locker room under the stands, put on my bright Argyles, wrapped a handkerchief around my head. Then I'd walk out on the field and I knew I could crush the world.

"There you are, Gregory, I've been looking all over for you. Where you been?"

"I'm ready, coach."

St. James looked me over. "You better be. I want to talk to you. That big boy from Vashon, he's good, you have to watch him . . ."

"Don't tell me about him, coach. You go on over and tell him about me."

I got to the line with the other runners, and now, for just a moment, I was scared. God, I'm bringing 118 pounds of bones to this line, been training right, going to bed every night, trying to keep the rules, now. . . .

Bang.

Let the pack get ahead of you for the first quarter, no need to get banged around and elbowed up there with the pace-setters burning themselves out. Take it easy, Greg baby, that's the way, that's the way. At the half they started falling back, the guys who don't know how to run, the guys who smoked, the guys who don't really have it. Take them now at the three-quarter, take one at the curve, get the other one coming off, and come around the straightaway and clean them all up. One by one. Don't play with them, Greg baby, don't play with them, just pass them by like snatching off weeds on the run. Now you feel that thing, the monster, and you're going, man, you're going. There's only two up front now and they're way over their heads, and here comes the flagpole, don't forget to look up and salute, Greg, that's your trademark. Somewhere Coach St. James is saying, "Goddamn. Look at that Gregory, look at that machine." And my knees are coming up higher and higher and I'm running faster and faster and I pass those two like the Greyhound Bus passes telephone poles and the tape snaps against my chest and then, slowly, I'm off the stride, slowly, my head goes down, and, slowly, the thing inside of me lets go. The monster slips out, and I'm left all alone there, Richard Gregory, not Dick, not Flagpole or Ironman, just Richard. I fall on my knees and then on my face, and the grass smells sweet and my stomach explodes. "That . . . that . . . my last race, coach . . . no . . . more."

"Come on, Gregory, on your feet. They're getting ready for the relays."

And I'm up again and waiting, and it starts all over, the hot water seeping up, the monster slipping back in. I can see our number three man hit the curve and slow down like I told him to and now I'm running and the stick hits my hand like an electric charge. I put my head down and I go and the charge stays with me because everyone else is ahead and they have to settle down and run a race, but I have to go out and catch them all. Now my knees are coming up again, higher and higher and higher than the flagpole, and I salute my knees and then I snap the tape again. This time, when I fall on the grass, I go right to sleep, into a dream world. I'm standing on the back of an open car riding up Fifth Avenue in New York City, ticker tape

falling out of the buildings like a Christmas snow and everybody in the world is cheering me as I go by, except Big Pres who's hanging his head. I'm asleep in the middle of a stadium and I don't even hear them screaming my name.

I'd wake up screaming sometimes myself, my legs cramped and twisted under me. Momma would come in and sit down and take my legs and rub them gently.

"Anything makes a man like this here, he got to be crazy to go out and do it," she would say. "What is it, Richard, inside of you makes you go out there? I'm really afraid for you, Richard."

I was captain of the track team that year, and the cross-country team, and I played the kettledrum in the orchestra and the bass drum in the band, and the bongos for a dance club called the Rockettes. Even started taking girls to the movies. I was so cool I always took them up to the balcony, the sophisticated place in those Negro movie houses in St. Louis. If the picture wasn't so good you could always smoke and hug your girl and make jokes.

The trick there was to go to the movie house before you picked up your girl and slip the usher some money to save you a couple of balcony seats. Then you'd come back with your girl and wink at the usher and say: "Hi, baby," and he'd take you right upstairs. Sometimes the usher would be out to lunch and all the balcony seats would be filled. That was the worst feeling in the world. But usually you'd get up there, and when the movie was over you'd strut down from the balcony, real slow, so everyone could see how cool you were, how important. You knew somebody, you had connections. You never let anyone know you tipped the usher. In those days, all I really wanted out of life was always to be able to sit in the balcony.

I had never really thought about college until that last semester in high school when scholarship offers began coming in from colleges around the country. Momma had only finished the third grade, and so just finishing high school was a big dream in our family. College was for people with money. After high school you get yourself some kind of a job. There were more than one hundred offers, colleges from California to Massachusetts, but my grades were too low for most of the schools. I was probably the only class president in the country that year who was in the lowest fifth of more than 700 students. I tried to study that year, to read books, but I just didn't know how. At 8 o'clock, after track practice, I'd sit down in the kitchen and try to read. God, I'm going to sit here until midnight if I have to, I'm going to read this book, even if it takes an hour to read every page, I'm going to sit here and read, one word at a time. And then the words started getting fuzzy and my mind started drifting, floating off to a million places.

Didn't matter, it was still my year. Coach St. James had gone to Southern Illinois University in Carbondale, and he said he could help me get in. He thought it would be the best school for me, a chance to be a big fish in a little pond. Southern Illinois wanted to give me an entrance exam, but I didn't even show up for it, I was so sure I would flunk. I talked to the coach down there and told him that if he wanted me to run track for him I wouldn't take any tests. He sent me to the dean, who made a deal: I could go to college, on an athletic-work scholarship, without taking the entrance exam. But the first quarter I made bad grades I'd have to take the exam and pass it, or leave school.

I was walking down the main street of Carbondale, Illinois, in 1953 and a white man touched my arm.

"Dick Gregory?"

"Yeah, that's right."

"You don't know me, but my son and I always come to watch you run. He's sitting in the car over there, he can't walk without crutches. I'd be much obliged if you'd say hello to him and give him an autograph. It would mean a lot to him."

"Be glad to."

We walked over to the car and opened the front door. He was a skinny little boy, maybe 9 years old.

"John, this is Dick Gregory. He wants to say hello to you."

I leaned in and shook his little hand. His legs were in heavy metal braces. "Real glad to meet you, John. Your Daddy tells me you're a big fan. You always come out to cheer for Southern. You know, we always run faster when there's folks behind us."

The little boy smiled, very shyly, and pulled out a 10-cent-store album. "Would you sign my autograph book?"

"Sure, John. Got a pencil?"

John didn't have a pencil. Neither did his father have one. It was a Sunday, and the only place we could get a pencil was the restaurant we were standing in front of. I turned to the father.

"They'll give you a pencil in there."

He looked at me a little strangely, but he went in and got a pencil. He handed it to me as if he thought I should have walked into the restaurant and gotten the pencil myself. I signed the autograph book, told John I'd be looking for him in the stands next week, and walked away. Quickly. I could feel the father's eyes on my back, could hear him thinking about some uppity nigger making him go fetch a pencil. Somehow I didn't feel I could explain to him that Negroes weren't allowed in that restaurant, that before I could have asked for a pencil I would have heard that woman behind the cash register say, "I'm sorry, but you know we're not allowed to serve colored in here."

I don't know if that father and his little crippled son would have believed me. What the hell, Dick Gregory *owned* Carbondale. Captain of the cross-country team, captain of the track team, financial grant, busboy in the president's house, fastest half-miler in the school's history, drummer in the orchestra and the marching band, big actor in the variety show. Outstanding Athlete of 1953. The only things Dick Gregory couldn't do in Carbondale were eat out with his teammates and sit in the orchestra section of the movie house. I should have gotten that little crippled kid's autograph. He was an American.

Sometimes it seemed as though all the manhood I won for myself out on the track was taken away when I got into town. You run and you tear your body apart and you win and the crowd goes wild shouting your name and your teammates carry you off the field on their shoulders and Doc Lingle, the coach, throws his arms around you, and when the team goes off downtown for a steak and a beer you have to tell them you can't make it, you have something better to do. I didn't finish a single book while I was in college, but I learned a lot and I got myself an attitude.

In the beginning, I could fool myself. When I left for Southern Illinois in March of 1952 for the spring quarter with a metal suitcase and a shopping bag full of Momma's baloney sandwiches and a fried chicken, it was a thrill just to be going out of town. I had slipped out on the neighborhood; just Momma and me and some of the kids went down to the Greyhound Bus Terminal in St. Louis. And it was a bigger thrill when I got to Carbondale, left the shopping bag under my seat on the bus, and walked on the campus. I was in college, I was really in college. It was going to be beautiful.

I made the team right away, as a freshman, and I made a lot of friends. There were mostly white kids at school and white instructors, and not too many of them had heard of me. I had never seen so many white folks in one place before, except in parades and during election campaigns when they'd have Colored Day picnics and let the black babies pee all over them for the vote. But I wasn't too nervous because I had talked to white boys during track meets in high school. And I had my equalizer: I could always go out on the track and crush the world.

I developed as a runner. Leland P. Lingle was a fine coach and a fine man. He was the first white man to stretch out his hand to me. It was Doc Lingle who told me to take courses in Speech and Drama and Music. It was Doc Lingle who laughed at my jokes and said I'd be a first-rate entertainer some day. He was a kind man. He used to buy me a $1.25 steak dinner at the University Cafeteria every time I broke a school record, and he never complained when I purposely lowered the record a 10th of a second at a time just to get more steaks. I eventually brought the half-mile record down to 1 minute 54.1 seconds.

But I was still very confused. Track became something different for me in college. In high school I was fighting being broke and on relief, and each Saturday I'd go out and recharge my batteries, be a hero for another week. But in college I was fighting being Negro. That's not a temporary condition. It was a hell of a thing for me to be running good track in college and walk past a downtown restaurant and see a teammate in there eating a sandwich and drinking a malt with his girl. He'd look up and smile and wave at me through the plate-glass window. I'd wave back and I'd say to myself: "Eat up good, 'cause

tomorrow I'm going to crush you on the track." But by the time tomorrow rolled around, I'd have swallowed the hurt down and I'd go out and show that guy how to shift his weight when he took the turn.

There were the weekends the team went traveling, and we'd all be sitting in some roadside diner, and the only reason I was in there was because I was one of Doc Lingle's boys. Local white folks would walk in and look at me and nudge each other. I never talked about it with my white friends because it's not something you can tell them about. All you can do is sit in the team bus with your metal suitcase across your knees and bang on it like it was a drum and sing calypso songs and tell jokes. Happy-go-lucky Greg. Personality Kid. Funny man. Always laughing. Sure. Momma always said there was more hope in laughing.

There were quite a few Negroes at Southern, and we stuck together. Roomed together and dated and partied and hung around together. We'd walk downtown in twos and threes, and as we passed those restaurants the white kids would come out and say: "Where you going, Greg?" and I'd wink and say: "Got a little party to go on, Big Daddy." We hardly ever took our white friends down to the Negro neighborhood. They must have thought segregation worked both ways. That wasn't true. There were two honky-tonk bars down in the Negro section and we were a little too ashamed of them to bring our white friends down.

There were a lot of things I didn't tell the white boys, because I couldn't take the chance that they wouldn't understand. About Momma, and how she was in and out of the hospital these days, the diabetes and the heart trouble getting worse, a bad-smelling discharge coming out of her that Dolores thought was cancer. How could I explain how I felt about my Momma, and that as much as I loved her I didn't want to go back home? How could I explain that I was dying a slow death, too, in college, trying to figure out why I was running and going to business administration classes and working as a busboy in the president's dining room and planning my steps so I'd always be near the University Cafeteria or University Drug when I got hungry? How could I explain how I felt the day a white History instructor wrote the word Negro on the blackboard and spelled it with a small *n*? At the end of the hour I went to the board and erased the letter and wrote in a capital *N*. Everybody stared and nobody said anything about it. I don't know how long it all would have gone on, or what I would have done if it hadn't been for what happened in the movies.

I always liked the movie house in Carbondale. I thought it was the coolest place in the world. In St. Louis, it was always a big deal to get up into the balcony, but in Carbondale we had it made. As soon as I got there, I found out that all the Negro athletes sat up in the balcony. A bunch of us would go to the movies together, and we'd march right up to the balcony, and laugh and make jokes about the picture. I always figured that one of the juniors or seniors had taken care of the usher. I remembered the first time I went to the movies alone, I bought a ticket with my last penny, and I just sort of stood around downstairs, looking for someone to borrow a quarter from so I could tip the usher. I was a little embarrassed when the usher, a white student I had seen around campus, came up to me. I had nothing for him.

"You're Dick Gregory, aren't you?"

"That's right."

He smiled at me. "We always hear a lot about you. Nice to have you here. You can go right on upstairs, there are plenty of seats."

Did I feel big. Didn't even have to tip the usher to get up to the balcony any more. I knew someone, I had connections. "Thanks, baby, I'll take care of you next time," I told the usher.

The next time, I took a girl. I had promised to take another girl to the movies that night, but at the last minute I got another date. I was so afraid of running into that first girl up in the balcony that I took my date and sat downstairs. She jerked away from me and started toward the stairs, but I grabbed her hand. "Come on, baby, you're with me tonight."

She must have thought I meant that Dick Gregory was such a big man he could go anywhere he wanted. She seemed to be trembling when we sat downstairs but I was so busy worrying about meeting that other girl that I didn't notice right away. Then I thought she was chilly. And I thought all the people downstairs turning and staring and pointing at us were whispering about that great track star, Dick Gregory. Then the usher came over.

"There are plenty of seats in the balcony, Greg."

"That's okay, baby, I'll sit here tonight."

"Greg, I'm sorry, but you have to go upstairs."

I figured that he wanted a tip from last time after all, so I started to lean over and explain why I couldn't take a chance on being seen up in the balcony tonight.

His voice got hard. "I said you have to go upstairs."

I still thought he was playing until he came back with the manager. "May I see you for a moment, Mister Gregory?" When white folks call you mister you know something is wrong.

I told the girl I'd be right back, never knowing I was leaving her down there with all that hell, the white folks downstairs turning and hissing and grumbling, and the Negroes upstairs cheering, yelling, "Go, baby, go, you give it to 'em, Greg." Until I got into the manager's office, I thought the balcony was cheering me for last week's race.

"I'm sorry, Mister Gregory, but you know you can't sit in the orchestra."

"Why not?"

"Because colored seating is in the balcony."

My St. Louis dream died that night, my dream about always being able to afford the balcony. In Carbondale, the balcony was my place. I stood there, so confused, wondering if the usher back home in St. Louis had been cheating me all those years, or if this man was trying to destroy something I had.

"If you want me in the balcony, you'll have to put me there."

"Do you want me to call the police?"

"Go ahead."

He called the police. I almost laughed. How many times had I given an usher a tip to save me a balcony seat and when I got there the usher was gone and the balcony was full and *I* wanted to call the police. Now, here's a man calling a cop to get me up to the balcony.

I went back and got my date and left. She was crying. On the way out, the manager said: "Be sure and get your money back."

"Keep it. I'll be back."

I went back alone the next night and sat downstairs. They gave me the okay. Let him sit downstairs, he's crazy, anybody who bucks the system is crazy and we don't punish insane people here in America. And the nights after that I started bringing Negro friends, guys who weren't Dick Gregory, a big athlete, guys who couldn't be crazy. If I had thought about it, I should have brought Doc Lingle or the dean or the president of the University.

And then Hollywod produced that great movie about Jesus Christ called *The Robe*. The movie house in Carbondale had paid a lot of money for that movie, and one night, while I was sitting downstairs, the manager invited me to his office. He was scared to death. He told me how much money he had spent for the picture, how afraid he was of going bankrupt, how he couldn't afford to lose white customers at a time like this. If I promised not to sit downstairs while *The Robe* was showing, everything would be all right afterwards. Negroes could sit anywhere they wanted to. I was sick and tired of negotiating for my rights. I agreed.

I was sitting in that movie house—in the balcony—on the night that Momma died. It was a good thing I was in the balcony that night because Doc Lingle would never have thought to look for me downstairs. He called me out into the aisle, and told me to telephone home.

"Is it Momma, Doc?"

"Just call home, Dick."

"Is she dead?"

"Just call home."

"Doc?"

"I'm very sorry, Dick."

When I finally got through on the phone, Dolores said: "Hurry home, Richard. Momma is dead."

"No need to rush now, 'Lores."

I went back to my room and started to pack and my roommate said: "Think nice thoughts about her, Greg, how much good she did and how much pain she was in. Make you feel better."

I cried and I prayed that night, thinking of Momma and blaming myself. If I hadn't gone to college, if I had stayed home

and gotten a job, Momma wouldn't have had to keep on working in white folks' houses, riding the streetcar with basket lunches to sell to the colored porters in the downtown hotels, hiding the telephone when the relief worker came around. My Momma was 48 years old when she died.

I went back to school numb and I stayed that way for most of the next four years, through the rest of that year at school, through two years in the Army, through the last year at college. It wasn't a sleepy numbness; it was a cold, hard, bitter numbness. It got me the Outstanding Athlete Award of 1953.

I remember the day I walked past the Athletic Department office, a few weeks after Momma died, and for the first time I really noticed the pictures along the walls. There were rows and rows of Negro athletes' pictures, but along the top of the wall, where the pictures of each year's Outstanding Athlete hung, there were only white faces. A school 84 years old and not one Negro had ever won the award. It was time.

So I walked up to the coach and told him that if I wasn't elected Outstanding Athlete for 1953, I was going to quit. I threatened them so cool that they couldn't even give it to another Negro—I went to them as an individual, made them think it had to do with me, not race. I made it. Outstanding Athlete of the Year, and all I could do was run track; never picked up a basketball, couldn't play baseball, didn't know how to swim. The next year another Negro, Leo Wilson, made it, and we've been making it ever since. But someone had to break the ice—with a threat. I remember that night in June they gave out the award at a big dinner, and when they handed it to me I thanked them and then I said to myself: Thanks, Greg, you got it for yourself, the same way you got to be class president in high school. A sports commentator flew down from St. Louis to do a 30-minute show on Dick Gregory, greatest athlete ever to hit Southern Illinois University. A St. Louis boy. And would you believe it, he was born on relief?

It's a hard thing to be a big athlete on campus and to go downtown and feel like the chump who dropped the ball on Homecoming Day, to walk down a street and have farmers and little kids wave and call to you like you're a big man and know in your heart that every one of them is really bigger than you. There was a man in Carbondale, a white man who owned a clothing store, and I used to borrow money at school so I could go in there and buy socks and ties I didn't even need, just so I could walk around that section of town and have some place to go. He was a kind man, and we talked about history and about sports and he even gave me credit. But he wasn't enough to keep me from wondering about people who didn't break down those segregation laws, who didn't check on teachers who spelled Negro with a small *n*, who didn't build dorms for the Negro coeds so they didn't have to live in Negro roominghouses two miles from campus in a town without buses. Sure, the Negro men lived in the dorms, but that was because so many of us were gladiators. We had to be watched. And I wondered how we Negroes were able to sit in the stands and cheer for Southern Illinois to win a football game against a team that had more Negroes than ours did. Of course every time a Negro got the ball, on either team, we hoped he went for a touchdown. We sat together in the stands, because when you're mixed in with the whites you hear a guy behind you say: "Look at that nigger go," and then a white tackler dives at the Negro runner and the Negro shakes him loose and goes all the way for the touchdown and you want to turn around and say: "Go ahead, call him another nigger." But you don't.

You hang around and drift around and don't even bother with your student deferment. I was drafted in 1954 and I didn't care much what happened to me in the Army. I'd sleep in my bunk all day, I'd fall out to formation wearing blue suede shoes, I'd salute with my left hand. When I was on K.P. I'd crawl into a big pot and go to sleep, and when the mess sergeant started banging on the pot I'd refuse to come out unless he paid me the minimum hourly wage. A colonel came by one day on inspection and asked me what I was doing in the pot.

"We ran out of chipped beef, sergeant," I said to the colonel, "and I volunteered to be cooked for lunch."

The next day, I was brought to the colonel's office. I walked in without saluting and sat down without permission. He just shook his head.

"Gregory," he said, leaning across his desk, "you are either a great comedian or a goddamned malingerer. There is an open talent show at the service club tonight. You will go down there, and you will win it. Otherwise, I will court-martial you. Now get the hell out of here."

I won it. I just stood up there and talked about the system and the Army and the post and the officers. I told them how the Army charged me $85 when I lost my rifle. That's why in the Navy the captain always goes down with his ship. And I won the next talent show, and the one after that, and the next thing I knew I was in Special Services on an Army tour.

I started developing little routines now, in between clowning around and playing the bongos and singing a few calypso songs. I worked at a little Negro club in Petersburg, Virginia. I'd come onstage wearing long white underwear, a big black cowboy hat, and a painted mustache and sideburns. Once I got the audience's attention, I could start talking, tell them about my home in St. Louis, so cold the snow wouldn't melt on the floor, the bed so crowded we had to leave bookmarks to save our place when we got up to go to the toilet in the middle of the night. I never really prepared for those shows, or for the Army shows. In 1955 I qualified for the All-Army Show at Fort Dix, New Jersey. The winners from that show would go on Ed Sullivan's television show. I didn't make it, probably the best thing that could have happened. I would have been destroyed if I had made the Sullivan show in 1955, knowing nothing about show business, being on there by accident. I would have had the wrong attitude. I probably would never have worked as hard as I did later. But I was disappointed then, and kind of hung up when I got out of the Army in the spring of 1956. No place to go. Nothing much to do. The day I cleared post I had to fill out a form with my home address on it. I wrote Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, Illinois. It seemed like the only home I had, so I decided then to go back.

It was different back at school now. There was a new athletic system, putting more emphasis on football, shoving Doc Lingle off in a corner. I got back on the track team, but I wasn't really interested, couldn't figure out what I was running for. I stayed through summer school, on into the fall quarter, and my grades were poor. I'd tell people I was flunking out because it's simpler than explaining that there just wasn't any more reason to stay. Most of my friends were gone, and in the fall we got a collection called "Dimes for Doc," to send the coach to the Olympic Games in Helsinki. Doc left, and I decided I might as well go, too.

Once I would have been afraid to go out into that white man's world without any diploma, but now I knew that it really didn't matter. I'd been around. I'd seen Negroes who had been graduated from the white man's colleges with that piece of white paper driving cabs and carrying mail. I'd seen Negroes who got all A's in accounting go downtown to the big department stores only to hear, "Sorry, we're not hiring porters today." That piece of white paper isn't enough unless they graduate you with a white face, too.

Then the old monster jumped up again. It wasn't going to let me tuck down my head and crawl out of Carbondale. So I sent myself a telegram.

I was lying around my dorm room when the telegram came. Was I cool. Never got a telegram before, but I just lay there as if I got one every day. My roommate got all excited.

"Aren't you going to open it, Greg?"

"Read it to me, baby."

I knew the message my heart. COME TO BALTIMORE MARYLAND IMMEDIATELY GUARANTEE $25,000 A YEAR START SIGNED FRANK D'ALESANDRO.

"Is this a gag, Greg?"

"Nope. I was in the Army with Frank. His Daddy's mayor of Baltimore. Said he could get me a job in show business anytime I wanted. Think I should take it?"

He ran out of that room, waving that telegram, screaming up and down the halls of the dorm. Nobody ever bothered to see that the telegram had been filed at the Carbondale office. They all came in to congratulate me. The whole campus flipped. For two days I walked around, showing that telegram to everybody who could read, from the president of the University to the guys who cleaned up the stadium. The dean of

students read it, and we talked, and he said that maybe I should go. He put his arm around my shoulders, and we looked out his window at where they were breaking ground for the new Student Union. I had led the campaign for the new Union, and now I'd never see it built.

The kids threw me a farewell party, and everybody wished me good luck. I tried to feel ashamed, but I couldn't. I was only lying to them for a little while. I'd make it big somehow, somewhere. Some day that $25,000 telegram would come true.

That night I went down to the Greyhound Bus terminal and bought a ticket to Chicago. My brother Presley was working in Chicago at that time, and I figured he could help me get a job. I told the kids who came to see me off that I had me a little girl in Chicago, and I was going to have me a little ball before I took a direct flight to Baltimore and settled down to show business. I waved to them through the bus window, and suddenly the monster drained right out of me and I felt like I was leaving the whole world behind, leaving everybody who would ever say: "There goes Dick Gregory." I made the bus driver stop, and I got my bags off, and I ran back to campus, crying all the way.

Back at the dorms I saw all those happy faces who believed in me, all those people who wanted to shake my hand again and wish me good luck again. I had to live up to them. They had said their good-bys, they had sent me off like a champ, and now I had to go. I made up some story about not wanting to ride a bus now that I was almost a star, and I borrowed some money. The kids took me down to the train station.

A night train can be the loneliest place in the world when you look out the window and all you see is darkness moving fast. I showed my telegram to the porter.

"You do a good job, son," he said. "They'll all be watching you. Show them what we can do."

I tipped him all the money I had left, just for believing me.

It had been a short trip that train ride from Carbondale to Chicago, but some of the days that followed were very long. It was months before I found Presley, months of little rooms and basements and working in the Post Office and in an airplane factory. By the end of the year I was unemployed.

One Saturday night in early January with nothing to do I just went walking around some streets on the South Side I had never been on before. There was a little neighborhood night club on a corner, jukebox and entertainment on the weekends. The place was packed with Saturday-night faces, happy faces. I walked in. The master of ceremonies was the comic, and his material was blue and old, but after a while I was laughing too, and I had forgotten the reason I was out that night. After the show, I went backstage and told the man how much I had enjoyed his routine. We started talking, and I told him I was a comedian, too. I gave him my last $5 and he let me follow his act on the next show.

"Got a man here that's supposed to be funny," he said to the crowd. "Let's bring him on and find out."

I went out there scared, and I wasn't funny at first. I started talking and creating and I don't remember what I said, but after a while I was getting respectful laughs. The M.C. came out and took the microphone back. "You're a real funny man," he said. "You'll go far in show business."

I wasn't sure then if he was being sarcastic or not, but I figured I had done pretty well getting even weak laughs on clean material after following his blue jokes.

The next Saturday night I went to another Negro night club, the Esquire Show Lounge. I slipped the M.C. $5, and this time I got a nice introduction and I followed the band's first set. I gave a masterpiece of a show that night. I just felt right and cool, and the crowd had come to laugh.

I never let them stop laughing, hit them hard and fast with jokes on processed hair and outer space and marijuana and integration and the numbers racket and long white Cadillacs and The Man downtown, and my dumb cousin and my mother-in-law, and the world situation. By the time I stopped my handkerchief was soaked and I had run out of cigarettes and I felt like I had passed them all, snatched them off like weeds, and broken the tape. When I came offstage the owner of the Esquire took me in a corner. The cheap son-of-a-bitch let me buy myself a drink, and asked me if I'd like to start as M.C. in two weeks. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Ten dollars a night. I sat there and I looked at that man and I couldn't believe him. He said it again. I didn't know how I was going to wait until my opening night.

It came, finally, and I wasn't funny at all. It's one thing to be funny when you're a guest on another man's stage, something else again when it's your stage and you have to be funny night after night. My training began, now, but it was beautiful because the people in the Esquire were like a new family and the women looked up to me as the big entertainer.

All week long I would train for that Friday night show that started my weekend. For the first time since high school, I got that thirsty taste again, waiting each week to go out and crush the world. Only now I didn't have to beat anybody. I had to make people happy. Every day during the week I'd be working out for that three-day meet: buying comedy records, buying joke books, watching television, listening to people, going to the library and digging into musty old books of humor, and finding out where those comedy records got *their* material from. I walked downtown and spent money for books and magazines I couldn't even afford, and along the way I'd hang out in the Walgreen's at 63rd and Cottage Grove and on corners and anywhere people were, listening to them talk, trying out thoughts and ideas and jokes on strangers.

Morning, noon and night, 24 hours a day, trying to develop a mind like I once developed a body, watching, listening, talking. Hours and hours of television, the Ed Sullivan Show, the Jack Paar Show, every comedy show, even funny old movies, and then the news shows, the soap operas, the westerns, the series. What makes people laugh, what are people thinking about?

One Sunday, after my afternoon show, a girl came out of the audience and asked me to come back to her table and give some autographs. She said she'd like me to meet her sisters. I told her I'd be delighted. That's why it's so important to be nice and polite to people. You can never tell when you're going to meet your future wife.

I walked over and there was a young girl at the table, very bashful, very excited. She was twisting her napkin to death, and giggling out of embarrassment. When I sat down it was like God came over to the table. She had never been in a night club before. She was from Willard, Ohio, a small town, and her name was Lillian Smith. She was a secretary over at the University of Chicago.

"Well, look, Lillian, I'm over there nearly every day to run track. Let's have lunch one day."

She was so nervous while she was writing her phone number down, she kept tearing the paper with her pencil point. I rolled up the paper and put it in my pocket. Lillian Smith stayed through the second show and the Sunday evening show and she kept staring at me like she was afraid nobody in Willard, Ohio, would ever believe she had actually talked to this great man. When I left that night with the girl I was dating at the time, I went over and said good night to Lillian. I thought it might give her a thrill to call her, just because she was so sure I wouldn't.

That was around the middle of April in 1958, and I only saw Lillian a few times. She was so bashful and shy, sometimes I just ran out of words. But I was getting better and better at the Esquire. I worked harder, got to be a night owl so I could go to the bars and restaurants where other show people hung out when they were finished working. I couldn't afford to watch them work, but I could always buy coffee or a drink and talk to them and listen. I used to walk into those places where nobody knew me, and I used to tell myself that some day I'd walk in there and everybody would turn around and say: "Hi, Greg."

They knew me at the Esquire, though.

Oh, man, I kept romping and stomping all that fall, and my shows got better and better, and the lines got longer and longer, and more and more people were coming out just to hear me. Lil and I were going out pretty often now, and I'd take her out to the club to see my act, and we'd talk about my work and she'd type up material for me at her job. I was such a big man now I went right up to the Esquire owners and I told them I was due for a raise. Been here almost a year, I'm packing the place every night, and $10 a night just isn't enough money for a comic like me. I want $12 a night. They told me $10 a night was plenty. I told them if they didn't give me a $2 raise I'd quit on them. They didn't give me a raise.

When I quit the Esquire I had the same funny feeling in my stomach I had when I left college with nowhere to go. Everything, everyone was behind me. I spent most of December lying around the house, reading and watching television. Toward Christmas I played a couple benefits, just enough to make me feel I was still an entertainer. It was at one of those benefit shows that somebody mentioned there was an old, vacant night club for rent out in Robbins, Illinois.

I'd pay $168 a week, for using the club Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays. There was insurance and licenses and cleaning and heat and electricity and water and taxes. By the time I left Robbins and headed back north to Chicago, Dick Gregory was in business.

One of the first things I did was borrow $800 from Lillian, my rich ace in the hole. We had gotten pretty close. Then I went to every newspaper in Chicago, white and Negro, and took out ads. In the big papers, good-sized ads with printed directions for getting out to Robbins cost $65 a day. I was going first-class. I bought glasses and tables and chairs. Went around to entertainers I knew, and hired a band and some acts. I knew I'd need a car, and a girl I knew had one. I asked her if she would like to be my head cashier. She was fascinated by the idea. I hired a few other girls I knew as waitresses. Then I went to buy whisky. I had never been much of a drinker, but I learned more about liquor in two weeks than most people learn in a lifetime. Scotch, Bourbon, gin, vodka, rye, wines, brandies, and every kind has a dozen different brands. I finally talked a liquor-store owner on 63rd and St. Lawrence into letting me have $1,000 worth of liquor for the first weekend. I would pay for only what was used and opened, bring everything else back. I convinced him that when I hit it big with the club he'd get all my business. Then all I needed was beer, and different kinds of soda.

That first Friday in January I opened the doors of the Apex Club at 7 o'clock and leaned back with a smirky smile to watch the people trample each other in the mad dash to get in. By 9 o'clock there were four customers. They got very good service. At 10 we had a dozen, mostly friends, but by 11 o'clock the Apex Club was more than half filled and, baby, I'm a night-club owner. I never worked so hard in my life.

Saturday night we had a big, live crowd, a full house. It was twice as wild as Friday night, and I worked ten times as hard, and it was beautiful. I got up on stage and I gave two great shows, mostly topical material right out of the newspapers. And by the time we closed up we had $1,200 in the till. I couldn't believe it. I didn't know whether I was opening a club or closing it, I was so tired, but I knew I had $1,200 in a sack. We ran afternoon and evening shows that Sunday to fairly respectable houses.

By Monday morning I was in the pawnshop and at friends' houses, scraping up enough to pay the next week's ads and rent. The $1,200 wasn't mine very long, with all the back bills. The only performers I paid for the first weekend were the bandsmen—they belonged to a union that would have closed the place. But I wasn't more than $1,000 in debt now, and things were rolling, and I knew after the second weekend I'd be almost clear, and after that I'd have to hire someone to help me count the money. I saved that expense at least. The next Friday we got 13 inches of snow. Thirteen inches of snow and three customers.

Saturday came with five more inches of snow and sleet, too. The highways were bad and we were 19 miles out of downtown Chicago. Twenty people showed up. There were 20 on Sunday, and two more inches of snow. It was only the beginning of one of the worst winters we ever had in Chicago. The third and fourth weekends had snow and sleet and hail and freezing rain. Most nights there were more employees than customers in the Apex Club. I paid the girls with promises, promises that the weather would break, that we'd hit it big, that they'd all get their back pay and more. They believed me. I borrowed more money to keep the place going. I pawned and sold everything I could get my hands on. I began to resent the bandsmen who didn't drink heavily on the job. They weren't leaving their salaries in the club. The liquor-store owner began to complain because I was bringing too much whisky back, so I began to start each night with a pint each of gin, vodka, Bourbon, and Scotch, six cans of beer, and a couple of cartons of soda. As I sold out, I'd run to a small package store across the street and buy more. There were nights I didn't have to buy more. And the rent went on, and the advertising went on. I was sinking so far into debt I couldn't see straight.

On Thursday, January 29, 1959, I decided it was time to play my ace in the hole again. My rich girl. I went to see Lillian Smith. She was very sweet, but apologetic. All she could give me was $300. She had quit her job at the university and she was leaving town. I had to ask her twice before she told me why.

"I'm pregnant, Greg. I'm going to have a baby."

The words felt as though someone had taken a bucket of ice water and splashed it against my naked guts. That's all I need now, a baby, everything I'm trying for, everything I'm killing myself for, and no money, and no real home, and I don't want to bring up any baby that's going to be brought up as poor as I was brought up.

We sat and we talked and I asked Lil questions. No, she wasn't rich—she had saved some money for college and when she left after a year she had kept the money in the bank. She had already given most of it to me. Yes, she had known about this for some time, she was about four months' pregnant. But you've been so busy and working so hard, Greg, I just didn't want to . . . and now I'm not listening to her and I'm thinking that as poor as the Gregory kids were, and as ornery and as rotten and as no-good as Big Pres was, at least we all had a name. Big Pres had given us that.

I asked Lil to marry me.

She refused. She said she didn't want to do anything to stand in my way.

This time I didn't ask her. I told her. Friday, we got the blood tests and bought the license, and on Monday, February 2, 1959, I was a married man.

At midnight on Monday, Lil and I got on a Greyhound Bus for St. Louis. Three hundred miles down, sleeting all the way through the night. I told her that everything would be all right, the weather would break soon, the night club would hit, and I'd bring her back to Chicago and be a husband and a father. She was very brave. Lil was going to a city where she knew no one, to live with people she barely knew existed. I had no idea how hard it was going to be for her, then.

I took Lil to the project where my sister Dolores lived with her three kids. Dolores was separated from her husband and was working as a waitress. Times were tough for her, too. But she was good and kind and she welcomed Lil. I saw some of my kinfolk in St. Louis and I asked everybody to help, and I talked to Lil some more. Then I went back to Chicago and the Apex Club.

My first daughter, Michele, was born on the floor of Dolores' apartment. Lil had been all alone and didn't have cab fare to the city hospital.

I lost the Apex Club in the summer of 1959, and the next year and a half was up and down, in and out, hustling and scuffling and pestering people to listen to me, hire me, pay me. But I was moving now, and tasting that thing. The Apex had put the monster back in me for good. In August I got my old job back at the Esquire, at $10 a night. I started bugging Herman Roberts, the owner of the biggest Negro night club in America, to come out and catch my act. He wouldn't move. So I brought the mountain to him. The Pan-American Games were in Chicago that year, and I knew a lot of the athletes. I borrowed some money, and rented Roberts Show Club for one night to throw a party for the teams. Naturally, it was a one-man show. Afterwards, Herman Roberts came up to me and asked how much I wanted to be master of ceremonies at his club. I said $125 a week. He nearly slipped and said: "Is that all?"

All the top Negro acts played Roberts in those days—Sarah Vaughan, Count Basie, Sammy Davis, Jr., Billy Eckstine, Nipsey Russell, Dinah Washington. There was Red Saunders' big house band, an eight-girl chorus line, and more than a thousand seats. When I stood on that electrically powered stage and introduced the acts and gave the coming attractions, I felt like a top Negro act, too. I rented a furnished apartment for $25 a week and brought Lil and Michele into Chicago. The kitchen was in the basement, but it was home and we were together. Told everybody I was on my way. Had me a few words with that dumb Esquire management. Too quick. The Roberts job folded a month later; I didn't know he only kept his M.C.'s four weeks at a time.

Lil got her old job back at the University of Chicago, and we bought a 10-year-old Plymouth for $50. No insurance and no floorboards, but every day, with six-month-old Michele on the front seat, the old car made the rounds. Booking agents, night-club owners, people who knew people. Now and then we'd come up with something, $10 here, $50 there, once a $175-a-week gig at a white honky-tonk. I lasted only a week there. Told the management they'd have to stop those B-girls from tricking the tourists so badly if they wanted to retain an artist of my caliber.

So Michele grew a little older in the front seat of that Plymouth. She never cried, never carried on, just lay there all wrapped up in blankets against the wind coming in from underneath. We pestered more people, kept going around to the union, the American Guild of Variety Artists. On Monday nights, AGVA members got a chance to audition in front of an audience of white nightclub owners and agents. Every time I asked them to put me on an AGVA night, they asked me if I could sing or dance.

"I'm a comedian, sir."

"We'll have an opening for you in about a year and a half."

Whenever things got too tight, I'd pick up a little money washing cars, doing little things here and there. Then Herman Roberts called again. Only $10 a night to start this time, and I'd have to help the waiters seat the customers during the Sammy Davis, Jr., engagement. But I could stay for as long as I was funny. It was at Roberts' that I learned one of the greatest lessons in show business.

Sammy Davis, Jr., and Nipsey Russell were appearing on the same bill at Roberts, probably the biggest attraction the club ever had. They were playing to 90-percent white audiences, and for many of those customers it was their first trip to the South Side of Chicago. Nipsey stole that show, even against Sammy Davis with all his talents. I couldn't believe it. I tried to figure it out.

A few nights after Nipsey had opened at Roberts, he was called down for an AGVA night. I went downtown that Monday night to a white club and watched Nipsey work that audience of white nightclub owners. It was the same routine he had killed the customers with at Roberts, but that night Nipsey just sat up there and died.

And then I began to figure it out. A white man will come to the Negro club, so hung up in this race problem, so nervous and afraid of the neighborhood and the people that anything the comic says to relieve his tension will absolutely knock him out. That was the kind of audience that Nipsey slayed in the Roberts Show Club. But when Nipsey went downtown for AGVA night he was in the white man's house, and the white man felt comfortable and secure. He didn't have to laugh at racial material that he really didn't want to hear.

This gave me something to think about, to work with. Some day I'm going to be performing where the bread is, in the big white night clubs. When I step up on that stage, in *their* neighborhood, some of them are going to feel sorry for me because I'm a Negro, and some of them are going to hate me because I'm a Negro. Those who feel sorry might laugh a little at first. But they can't respect someone they pity, and eventually they'll stop laughing. Those who hate me aren't going to laugh at all.

I've got to hit them fast, before they can think, just the way I hit those kids back in St. Louis who picked on me because I was raggedy and had no Daddy. I've got to go up there as an individual first, a Negro second.

I've got to be a colored funny man, not a funny colored man.

I've got to act like a star who isn't sorry for himself—that way, they can't feel sorry for me. I've got to make jokes about myself, before I can make jokes about them and their society—that way, they can't hate me. Comedy is friendly relations.

"Just my luck, bought a suit with two pair of pants today . . . burnt a hole in the jacket."

That's making fun of yourself.

"They asked me to buy a lifetime membership in the NAACP, but I told them I'd pay a week at a time. Hell of a thing to buy a lifetime membership, wake up one morning and find the country's been integrated."

That makes fun of the whole situation.

Now they're listening to you, and you can blow a cloud of smoke at the audience and say:

"Wouldn't it be a hell of a thing if all this was burnt cork and you people were being tolerant for nothing?"

Now you've got them. No bitterness, no Uncle Tomming. We're all aware of what's going on here, aren't we, baby? Now you can settle down and talk about anything you want: Fallout shelters, taxes, mothers-in-law, sit-ins, freedom riders, the Congo, H-bomb, the President, children. Stay away from sex, that's the big pitfall. If you use blue material only, you slip back into being that Negro stereotype comic. If you mix blue and topical satire that white customer, all hung up with the Negro sex mystique, is going to get uncomfortable.

In and out of Roberts in 1960, I had plenty of time to think. I realized that when I started working the white clubs, one of my big problems was going to be hecklers—especially in the beginning when I'd be in honky-tonk white clubs. Handling a heckler just right is very important to a comic. Unless you're well known as an insulting comedian you can't chop hecklers down too hard or the crowd will turn against you. Most hecklers are half drunk anyway, and you will lose a crowd if you get mean with a drunk. On the other hand, you have to put a heckler down. If a heckler gets the best of you, that crowd will start to feel sorry for you. I had worked it out pretty well in the Negro clubs. I'd put a drunken heckler down gently: "Man, I'd rather be your slave than your liver," and that would go even better in a white club. Whenever I got a vicious heckler, I could say something like: "Now how would you like if I came to *your* job and kicked the shovel out of *your* hand?" That would work fine, too. But some day, somewhere, I'd be in a white club and somebody would get up and call me a nigger.

I worried about that. When that white man calls me nigger, every other white man in that club is going to feel embarrassed. The customers are going to tie in that uncomfortable feeling with that club—even after I'm gone—and the club owner knows this. He would rather keep me out of his club than take a chance on losing customers. I need a fast comeback to that word. That split second is all the difference between going on with the show or letting the customers feel pity and a little resentment for the entertainer who got put down.

I used to make Lillian call me a nigger over the dinner table, and I'd practice the fast comeback. Somehow, I couldn't get it right. I'd always come back with something a little bitter, a little evil.

"Nigger."

"Maybe you'd feel more like a man if you lived down South and had a toilet with your name on it."

"No, Greg, that's not right at all."

I was lying around the house one night, watching television and feeling mad at the world. I'd been out of work for three weeks. The snow was so deep I hadn't even been outside the house for four days. Lil was sitting in a corner, so calm and peaceful, reading a book. There was no one else to pick on.

"Hey, Lil."

"Yes, Greg."

"What would you do if from here on in I started referring to you as bitch?"

She jumped out of the chair. "I would simply ignore you."

I fell off the couch and started laughing so hard that old stomach of mine nearly burst. That was it. The quick, sophisticated answer. Cool. No bitterness. The audience would never know I was mad and mean inside. And there would be no time to feel sorry for me. Now I'd get that comeback.

I got my chance a few weeks later, in a run-down neighborhood club on the outskirts of town. The customers were working-class white men, laborers, factory hands, men whose only marks of dignity were the Negroes they bossed on the job and kept away from on weekends. It happened in the middle of the late show on the second night. Loud and clear.

"Nigger."

The audience froze, and I wheeled around without batting an eye. "You hear what that guy just called me? Roy Rogers' horse. He called me Trigger."

I had hit them so quick that they laughed, and they laughed hard because that was what they really wanted to believe the guy had called me. But I had only bought myself a little time. There was an element in the house that really knew what he had called me. I had the crowd locked up with that fast comeback, so I took a few seconds to look them over and blow out some smoke.

"You know, my contract reads that every time I hear that word, I get $50 more a night. I'm only making $10 a night, and I'd like to put the owner out of business. Will everybody in the room please stand up and yell nigger?"

They laughed and they clapped and I swung right back into my show. Afterwards, the owner came over and gave me $20 and shook my hand and thanked me. I had made my test.

In November of 1960, I got a week at Eddie Salem's Supper Club in Akron, Ohio. I'll never forget that gig.

It was the biggest job I ever had, in the biggest white club I had ever seen. My first real out-of-town engagement. Two hundred dollars a week and I was on the same bill with Don Cornell, the singer. A big white club with a big white star. The response to my material was pretty good. Eddie Salem let me eat in his club on credit. He lent me money so I could send Lil enough for the groceries, and so I could spend money like the top Negro entertainer I was pretending to be. After my act I'd sat at the bar like a big man and buy drinks for the customers. But sooner or later I would have to go back to my room in the Negro section, a $10-a-week room, the only room I could find where I didn't have to pay a week in advance.

There was no heat in that room, and one naked light bulb hung from the ceiling. The toilet was broken, and a woman across the hall kept dumping her overnight bucket in the public bathtub. Even when I came back drunk, the stench in that room sobered me up. It was the first time since St. Louis that I had to pile on extra clothes to go to sleep, and when I woke up in the morning, there was a blanket of bugs across the bed. I was cold and miserable and I cried like a baby.

I wasted a lot of tears in Akron. I had no way of knowing I was less than two months away from hitting the big time.

On January 13, 1961, my agent called. Irwin Corey, the comic at the Playboy Club, had gotten sick. They needed a replacement that night.

I borrowed a quarter from the landlord downstairs. I took the wrong bus downtown, and it let me off 20 blocks out of the way. I started to run, and the wind knocked the water out of my eyes, and the cold crawled up my sleeves. They gave me the news at the door. They were very sorry. They hadn't realized that the room had been booked by a convention of frozen food executives from the South. They would give me $50 for the night. They would try to work me in again soon. But they didn't think this would be the best audience to break in with.

If I hadn't been so cold and so mad and so broke, I would have accepted it and gone back home. The room manager was very nice, and maybe he was right. A room filled with well-to-do Southerners would be tough to handle. But I was cold and mad and I had run 20 blocks and I didn't even have another quarter to go home. I told him I was going to do the show they had called me for, I had come too far to stop now. I told him I didn't care if he had a lynch mob in that room, I was going on—tonight.

He looked at me and he shrugged. Then he stepped aside and opened the door to the top.

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I understand there are a good many Southerners in the room tonight. I know the South very well. I spent 20 years there one night. . . .

It's dangerous for me to go back. You see, when I drink, I think I'm Polish. One night I got so drunk I moved out of my own neighborhood. . . .

I went all the way back to childhood that night, to the smile Momma always had on her face, to the clever way a black boy learns never to let the bitterness inside him show. The audience fought me with dirty, little, insulting statements, but I was faster, and I was funny, and when that room broke it was like the storm was over. They stopped heckling and they listened. What was supposed to be a 50-minute show lasted for about an hour and 40 minutes. Everytime I tried to get off the stage, they called me back. When I finally said good night, those Southerners stood up and clapped, and when I started toward the door they took money out of their pockets and gave it to me. And one of those Southerners looked at me and said: "You know, if you have the right managers, you'll die a billionaire." It was the greatest compliment I had ever gotten.

Hugh Hefner, owner of the Playboy Club, caught the second show I gave that night. He signed me to a three-year contract, starting with $250 a week for six weeks in 1961. It was a hell of a thing for people to ask if I was working. I could stick out my chest, say: "Yeah, baby, I'm over at the Playboy."

Then, all kinds of things started to happen. I started to get press notices, the newspapers sent people by to review my act, the columnists started quoting my jokes. I'd buy every paper every night, and if I saw my name in one I'd run over to another newsstand to make sure *all* the copies of that newspaper had my name in it. *Time* magazine ran my picture and a rave review. There were calls from agents and managers and night clubs and record companies. The phone never stopped ringing.

Colpix Records offered me a $25,000 advance for two albums. I took it. That really tied up a loose end for me, that $25,000 check. I wished I still had my telegram. I hadn't really told a lie after all.

That August, Lynne Lucille, our second daughter, was born. In a private hospital.

Christmas 1961 was so different from all the Christmases I'd ever had. It was as if I had rolled it all together in one big ball, and bounced it, and while it was up in the air, said:

It's get-even time, Santa.

In January, 1961, you were putting cardboard in your shoes to keep out the cold, and in 1962 you have more shoes than you'll ever wear. You buy suits like jelly beans. You can take your kids to the doctor *before* they get sick. You play a show on Broadway. You take your wife to Hawaii for a vacation. Baby, you got it made in the shade.

But the old monster is still hanging around, he's not satisfied yet. You got to work for him, too. You make those night-club owners advertise in Negro papers in cities where they advertise in the white press and there is also a Negro press, and you put a nonsegregation clause in your contract. You start doing a lot of benefit shows for CORE and the NAACP.

In November of 1962 I was sitting on the stage of a jam-packed auditorium in Jackson, Mississippi, with Roy Wilkins, waiting to go on. I was a little restless. I had flown in just for that night, and I wanted to make my speech and get out of town. And now I had to sit up there and wait while they were introducing some old Negro who had just gotten out of jail. I hardly listened. He had killed a man, they said, another Negro who had been sent by the whites to burn the old man's house down. The old man had been leading a voter registration drive. I should have listened carefully. But I had no way of knowing that old man was going to change my entire life.

The old man shuffled out to the microphone. I think he said he was 78 years old. I'll never forget what he said next.

"I didn't mind going to jail for freedom, no, I wouldn't even mind being killed for freedom. But my wife and I was married a long time, and, well, you know I ain't never spent a night away from home. While I was in jail, my wife died."

That destroyed me. I sat there, and my stomach turned around, and I couldn't have stood up if I had to. Here's this little old Mississippi Negro, the kind of big-lipped, kinky-haired, black-faced verb-buster every other Negro in America looks down on. And this man bucked and rose up and fought the system for me, and he went to jail for me, and he lost his wife for me. He had gone out on the battle lines and demonstrated for a tomorrow he would never see, for jobs and rights he might not even be qualified to benefit from. A little old man from a country town who never spent a night away from his wife in his married life. And he went to jail for me and being away killed her.

I don't remember what I spoke about that night, I was so upset. As I came off the stage, Medgar Evers introduced me to a woman named Leona Smith as if I should know her. When I didn't react, he said she was the mother of Clyde Kennard. That name didn't mean anything to me either. So Medgar told me a story that made me sick.

Clyde Kennard was 35 years old, and for the past three years he had been in jail. The charge was stealing five bags of chicken feed. But the real reason was that he had tried to enroll in Mississippi Southern College.

Kennard was born in Mississippi, and he attended the University of Chicago. When he got out of the paratroopers after Korea, he bought his parents a farm in Mississippi. His step-

father got sick, and Clyde went down to run the farm. He wanted to finish his college education, so in 1959 he applied to the nearest school, Mississippi Southern. He was turned down and harassed by the police, and finally somebody planted five stolen bags of chicken feed on his farm. The price of feed was raised to make the charge a felony, and Kennard was sentenced to seven years at hard labor. When another Negro admitted stealing the feed, the white authorities told him to shut up.

On New Year's Eve, from the stage of Mister Kelley's in Chicago, I made a resolution for 1963: Get Kennard out of jail. I thought that if all the facts were dug up and printed in the newspapers, America would get Kennard out of jail. A white UPI reporter who came by to interview me was so upset by the story that he volunteered to go into Mississippi and gather more information. The first bit of information he dug up was that Clyde Kennard was dying of cancer.

Irv Kupcinet, the famous Chicago columnist, broke the Kennard story. My new researcher came up with Kennard's medical records, and gave them to the press. Kennard was transferred to the prison hospital. Then a Chicago millionaire called business connections in Mississippi, and Kennard was released from jail. He was 35 years old when we flew him to Chicago to start cancer treatments, but he looked 85. And it was too late. He died six months later.

I met James Meredith that year, too—one of the most brilliant and courageous men in America, a man who gave dignity to every Negro in the country, who put every Negro in college, who played one of the biggest parts in setting up the revolution in the history of the American Negro struggle. Negroes looked a little different and acted a little different when James Meredith was graduated because they all were graduated with him, graduated from the derogatory stigma that all Negroes are ignorant, that all Negroes are lazy, that all Negroes stink.

I was different, too. An old man's wife had died. Two young men had tried to integrate schools that the biggest fools wouldn't want to go to. One had failed and died, and the other had succeeded and suffered. For the first time, I was involved. There was a battle going on, there was a war shaping up, and somehow writing checks and giving speeches didn't seem enough.

Made in the shade? Hell, as long as any man, white or black, isn't getting his rights in America I'm in danger. Sure I could stay in the night clubs and say clever things. But if America goes to war tomorrow would I stay home and satirize it in a night club? No, I'd go overseas and lay on some cold dirt, taking the chance of dying to guarantee a bunch of foreigners a better life than my own Momma got in America.

I wanted a piece of the action now, I wanted to get in this thing. I got my chance sooner than I expected.

Some people in Mississippi were having problems with food. A guy came by the night club one evening in Chicago and asked me to sign a fund-raising letter. I told him I never lend my name to anything. If it's an organization I can work with, I'll work. I told him I didn't get through at the night club until 4 a.m. but if he'd leave some literature under my apartment door I'd read it before I went to sleep. He did. I got another lesson on how dirty this situation was.

Leflore County in Mississippi had cut off its shipments of federal surplus foods, most of which went to Negroes. This was in retaliation for voter registration drives in Greenwood, the county seat. The white authorities claimed they couldn't afford the $37,000 a year it cost them to store and distribute the free food to the poor people. I endorsed the letter that morning and sent a check for $100.

Later that day, the fund-raisers called me and asked if I would come by for a press conference. I asked for more information so I could answer questions intelligently. And I sent my new researcher down to Greenwood. Then I went into the streets of Chicago. Daddy-O Dayley, the disc jockey, and I collected 14,000 pounds of food. I chartered a plane, and on February 11, 1963, we flew the food into Memphis. We loaded it into trucks there, and drove 134 miles to Clarksdale. From there it was taken to Greenwood. I was still afraid of the South, and I wanted to leave that night. That's why I picked February 11 to go to Mississippi. The next day was Lincoln's Birthday and President Kennedy had invited Lil and me and 800 other people to a celebration at the White House. So we handed out the food, and I promised the voter registration workers from SNCC —the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee—that I'd come back when the demonstrations began. I headed back to Memphis, flew to Chicago to pick up Lil, and on to Washington.

It was a wonderful affair. We shook hands with President Kennedy, and with Lyndon Johnson. Lil was almost nine months pregnant at the time, and I was hoping she'd give birth right in the White House. Waited around as long as we could, but the party was over and she didn't even feel labor pains. So we went back to Chicago.

I started getting reports from my researcher. Through February and March there was violence in Greenwood. Cars were wrecked, a Negro registration worker was shot in the back of the neck, the SNCC headquarters was set on fire. Bullets were fired into Negro homes. SNCC workers were beaten up. When Negroes marched in protest, the police put the dogs on them. They arrested the 11 top registration workers. And I had promised to go down to Greenwood.

I was scared to death. Making speeches, giving money, even going down South for a night or two at a time—that was one thing. But getting out on those streets and marching against bullets and dogs and water hoses and cattle prods. . . .

I knew they were laying for me down there. The Mississippi newspapers and public officials were on me for the food lift. They claimed that I hadn't brought down 14,000 pounds of food after all, that it had been much less. They said that if Dick Gregory was going to take care of their poor Negroes, let's send them all up to Chicago. They said I was just doing it for publicity.

And then the time came to make up my mind. The big push for voter registration was scheduled to start on April 1. Most of the SNCC people were in jail, and they needed leaders in Greenwood. And they needed a well-known name that would bring the situation national attention. On Sunday, March 31, I lay on a hotel bed in Philadelphia and changed my mind about a hundred times. I thought of a lot of good reasons for not going.

They'll kill me down there, those red necks, they'll call me an outside agitator and pull me into an alley and beat my head in, they'll shoot me down in the street. What's that going to prove? And what about Michele and Lynne and Lil, lying in a hospital right now with Dick, Jr., my son, who's going to grow up with nothing but some press clippings for a Daddy?

If Whitey down South doesn't kill me in Greenwood, then Whitey up North will kill me in show business. Everybody I talked to but Lil told me not to go. It would ruin me as a comic. Nobody's going to come to laugh at an entertainer who goes marching and demonstrating and getting himself arrested.

I had two airline tickets in my room, one for me and one for James Sanders, a brilliant young Negro comedy writer. I dropped them in the wastebasket. I'll call SNCC headquarters, tell them I'm sick, I've changed my mind, I can't break my contract and leave town. I called Lil instead, at the hospital. She told me not to worry about anything, to go down if I wanted to, and suddenly I was telling her about that Mississippi Negro, the man that other Negroes called nigger, that cotton-picker in his tarpaper shack who could rip this thing, who could give courage to every Negro in America, who could wake up the nation. I had faith then that when America saw what was happening in Greenwood, it would make sure that it never happened again, anywhere. I wanted to be a part of this thing, but I was scared.

Sure, I had made speeches that every door of racial prejudice I can kick down is one less door that my children have to kick down. But, hell, my kids don't have to worry. . . .

I lay there all that night, into the morning, going, not going, picking the tickets out of the wastebasket, throwing them back in, but never tearing them up. And as I lay there my own life started spinning around in my mind, and my stomach turned over, and I thought about St. Louis and Momma and Richard, running off to buy himself a dinner of a Twinkie Cupcake and a bottle of Pepsi-Cola, little Richard whose Daddy was so broken by the system that he ran away and came back just to take the rent money out of the jar in the kitchen. Goddamn, we're always running and hiding, and then I thought about an old man whose wife had died, and about Clyde Kennard, and about James Meredith, they didn't run away, and now it was almost dawn in Philadelphia and there was a familiar dry taste in my mouth, and that old hot water was seeping into a cold body and my room was the grandstand of the biggest stadium in the world

—America—and the race was for survival and the monster said go.

"What are you going to do if they spit in your face, if they hit you, if they knock you down?" an old man asked me. "You going to hit back?"

"I'm going to try not to."

The old man shook his head. "We can't use you."

"You can't use me? Why the hell not?"

"Mister Gregory, you got to *know* you're not going to fight back."

I couldn't believe I was standing on a Greenwood street and listening to an old Mississippi Negro, a man I had come down to do a favor for, tell me he can't use me. I told him I'd have to think about it. He nodded his nappy old head and said he'd be back, and shuffled away.

I thought about it, and the more I thought the more I realized how beautiful this thing really was. It was my second day in Greenwood. Monday morning, Jim Sanders and I had caught the 8 o'clock flight from New York to Memphis. The plane was filled. I didn't find out why until we landed and a man came over and said he was from the Department of Justice.

"How long are you going to be here, Mister Gregory?"

"I'm not staying in Memphis. I'm going on to Greenwood."

"I know that. We have orders to stay until you leave."

A SNCC car picked us up and drove us to Greenwood. The press was there, the national magazines, the national television networks. They all asked me how long I was going to stay because they had to stay as long as I did. I couldn't believe it. Just for me. I didn't know, until I got to Greenwood, that the SNCC kids had announced to the press that I was expected.

There were no demonstrations that first day, but I spoke at a crowded church rally that night. First I answered all the charges that the local newspapers and public officials had made against me. I told them if they didn't believe I had brought 14,000 pounds of food, they should check the records of Delta Air Lines. I told them that they weren't just dealing with Dick Gregory when they threatened to take all the Negroes off relief, they were dealing with America. They weren't big enough to threaten the whole country. I'd be glad to take a lie detector test if the governor thought I was doing all this for publicity.

I looked at those people in that church, those beautiful people who were taking chances with their lives, with what little they had in the world. There wasn't a single Negro doctor in Greenwood. When Negroes demonstrate they forfeit their medical attention. A Negro couldn't even afford to get sick. And they were going out, maybe to die, without any of their local Negro leaders. The preachers were scared, and the Negro schoolteachers and principals were too afraid for their jobs to go out in the streets. That night, standing in front of those people, I told them I'd be proud to lead them in demonstrations the next day. I really hadn't planned to lead the marching, but looking at those beautiful faces ready to die for freedom, I knew I couldn't do less.

It was the next morning, while we were getting ready to march on the courthouse, that the old man came up to me. We were standing in front of the SNCC headquarters, about 50 of us and dozens of press and television people, when he told me he couldn't use me. By the time he came back again, my anger was gone. I understood what he meant.

"We're ready to go, Mister Gregory, what do you think?"

"Okay, I'll do it."

So we marched. Old people, kids, voter registration workers, women. We marched for one block, and every step of the way I was scared, waiting for that bullet to come from a rooftop, waiting for that car to come by and shoot me from the ground.

The police stopped us after one block and told us we couldn't parade through the city. So we jumped into cars, made the two-mile trip to the courthouse, and reassembled. We caught the cops off-guard. They closed the courthouse early that day so no Negroes could register to vote. We started walking away in small groups, and suddenly there was a hand on my stomach and I heard a cop say: "I oughta kill him," and the next thing I knew someone had twisted my arm behind my back and was pushing me across the street. It was a Greenwood policeman.

"Move on, nigger."

"Thanks a million."

"Thanks for what?"

"Up North police don't escort me across the street against a red light."

"I said move on, nigger."

"I don't know my way, I'm new in this town."

The cop yanked on my arm and turned his head. "Send someone over to show this nigger where to go," he hollered.

They were pushing the marchers around, dozens of regular policemen and auxiliary policemen with clubs and guns, and the press and the cameramen moved in and out of the crowds of white men and women and children standing on the street corners. I pulled one of my arms free and pointed at the crowd.

"Ask that white woman over there to come here and show me where to go."

The cop's face got red, and there was spittle at the corner of his mouth. All he could say was: "Nigger, dirty nigger . . ."

I looked at him. "Your momma's a nigger. Probably got more Negro blood in her than I could ever hope to have in me."

He dropped my other arm then, and backed away, and his hand was on his gun. I thought he was going to explode. But nothing happened. I was sopping wet and too excited to be scared. We walked on back to the headquarters, the police yelling and shoving and harassing us all the way. We decided to march again that afternoon.

I learned a lot that day. I felt the poisonous hate in an American city, a nice-looking little town that had a Confederate flag flying just as high as the American flag on the U.S. Post Office. I saw the beauty of those college kids from SNCC, day and night, around the clock, hardly ever sleeping or eating as they sat in hot and dirty rooms teaching old Negroes how to read and write so they could pass the voting tests. And I saw the Southern white man who has nothing between him and the lowest Negro except a segregated toilet.

When we started back to the courthouse late that afternoon, a skinny old woman who said she was 98 years old came up to me. "Mister Gregory, you be embarrassed if I walk downtown with you, me and my snuff box? I want to come down and be with you today. I don't mind dyin'."

And so we marched again.

"Dirty nigger."

"Your mother's a nigger," I told the cop.

"Damn black monkey."

"Who you calling a monkey? Monkey's got thin lips, monkey's got blue eyes and straight hair."

"Just keep movin', boy, just keep movin'. . . ."

The police seemed disorganized. They tried to break us up again and one of them shoved a woman pretty hard. She stumbled and smashed her head against a brick wall and fell on the sidewalk. One of the SNCC workers couldn't stand that, and he turned on the cop. They dragged him off into a police car, and five cops climbed in after him and started working on his head and stomach. One of the cops was saying in a loud voice, mostly for the benefit of the other demonstrators: "George, gimme ma knife. . . . I'm gonna cut the balls right off this little nigger, he ain't never gonna do nothin' no more."

Now I was at the head of the line and I refused to move an inch until they brought the SNCC kid back. Two cops grabbed me and threw me into the back of a police car. One of them asked the driver: "You want any help with this nigger?"

"Why you always think a Negro's going to hurt somebody? Close the door and let this fool take me to jail."

He slammed the door and walked away.

The cop who was driving turned around and started slapping at my head. I held my hands up over my face.

"Get your hands down, nigger," he yelled and kept swinging at my head. He didn't do much damage. Then he started the car and drove about three blocks, away from everything. He pulled the car over to the curb, and when he turned around again he was crying.

"My God, what are you trying to do to me?"

He sat in that car and he looked at me and he told me that when he went home at night his kids looked at him funny, that they made him feel bad. I sat there, and I couldn't believe I was hearing these words from a white cop who had been hitting me and niggering me a few minutes before. He said: "As right as you are, you're down here helping these people and I got to stop you and I can't and sometimes I think you're a better man than I am."

He didn't take me to jail. He drove me back to the regis-

tration headquarters. I got out of the car and handed him $2.

"What's this for?"

"I always tip chauffeurs. Hell, if you don't take me to jail, you're my chauffeur."

I got into a SNCC car and rushed back to the demonstration. When I climbed out, the police commissioner, Hammond, came right over.

"Boy, what you come back here for?"

"Hammond, any time you arrest me you better carry me to jail because if you don't that's kidnapping and that's a federal offense."

A little cop came over. "Nigger, you want to go to jail."

I said: "Come here, boy, let me tell you something. I could take you to Chicago today and let you walk through my home, then come back here and walk through your home, and out of the two of us, you'd know which one was the nigger."

Then the cops turned their backs and walked away, leaving us there on the corner. The parade was over and we did exactly what they had been screaming at us to do—we broke up into twos and threes and went in different directions.

That night, Jim Sanders and I drove 50 miles to a mass meeting in Clarksdale. There were more than 800 people jammed into the Centennial Missionary Baptist Church there, and we had to push our way through the police to get inside. I was sitting on the stage, waiting to speak, when the bomb came flying through the open window. It hit a man on the head, bounced off a lady's hand, then rolled to the middle of the floor.

I just sat there, frightened, and saw my wife and my kids and everything decent in my life and wondered why I was sitting here, fixing to die and leave all that, and it flashed through my mind that it was worth it. When I looked up, I saw the reporters and the photographers standing still, writing in their notebooks and taking their pictures while hundreds of Negroes around them were on their feet running for the door. I jumped up and grabbed the microphone.

"Where are you going? The man who threw it is outside God's house. The Man who's supposed to save you lives here."

They stopped in their tracks. Somebody picked up the bomb and threw it back out the window.

I walked outside the church after a while, and looked at the cops lounging around outside, leaning on the hoods of their cars in the evening, talking softly and laughing. I walked across the street and into a Negro grocery store to make a phone call. A cop was in there. He didn't know who I was.

"Hey, boy, come over here."

"Yes, sir."

"You just come from the church, huh? That Gregory's in there. He funny, boy?"

"How could any man be funny when a superintendent of police lets these heathen cops do the things they do?"

He got red and walked out. I went back to the church. We found out that the bomb had been a special U.S. Army gas grenade, more powerful than tear gas, which could have killed the people nearby had it gone off. Whoever threw the bomb forgot to pull the pin. And people were surprised a few months later when they blew up that church in Birmingham.

We held our meeting and I spoke. The Clarksdale Negroes weren't as responsive as the Greenwood Negroes because they were more scared of the police, of losing their jobs. And they were all pretty shook up by the grenade. When the meeting was over, a man came in to tell me that I was going to be killed that night. A roadblock had been set up for me on the highway back to Greenwood. The messenger was a Negro, but he said he had been sent by the police.

Outside the church I could hear one of the police officers screaming, almost hysterical. "If one of our men threw that bomb you'd better believe it would have gone off, we don't make mistakes like that, no, sir, we don't. Our boys don't miss."

The folks from the church made a ring around Jim Sanders and me and took us around the corner. We ducked into the drugstore owned by Aaron Henry, the powerful Negro leader, and lay there for an hour until a car was brought up to the back door. Jim and I crouched in the back of the car, and we were taken to the home of a Clarksdale Negro.

We didn't sleep that night, lying on the floor of the house, keeping away from the windows. The Negro had a telephone, and we weren't sure just how afraid he was, and who he was afraid of. We stayed awake to make sure nobody used that phone that night. In the morning, we were driven back to Greenwood along side roads.

They knocked down that 98-year-old lady that day, right in the streets, and I'll never forget the way she looked up at me from the gutter, her head bleeding. "Don't let them make you mad, honey. They ain't after me, it's you they after."

They arrested Jim that day, the first time he ever went to jail. I told the press I thought it was a good experience for him, make him a better writer. But I was worried, he's such a sweet, patient, good-natured man. They hauled 18 other Negroes away, bouncing one kid along the pavement, slamming another down on the floor of a bus. They grabbed the Reverend Robert Kinloch so hard his collar came off. One cop threw his club at a registration worker who was taking pictures. It only hit his shoulder. And the police were on their best behavior that day because there were FBI agents in town with movie cameras.

They wouldn't arrest me. Shoved me a little and pushed me around some, and got mad when I started bad-mouthing, but they had decided that putting me in jail would bring too much publicity. One cop came up to me and spat right in my face. I started to jump him, but I remembered what I had promised the old man and I held myself back. Just stood there and let the spit run down my face and into my mouth.

"I guess that makes me as white as you now, boy. I got your spit inside me."

It was another long day. I called Lil, who had just come home from the hospital, and told her to take the first plane on down. I wanted her to see the beauty of this Southern Negro, the old people learning to read and write, young and old marching, the women cooking all day so there would always be food ready on the chance a demonstrator might run in for a bite to eat. Lil said she'd be down by morning.

That third day in Greenwood—Wednesday—turned into night and I was alone and scared. You never know what fear is until you walk through the streets of a quiet town at night and it suddenly dawns on you that if anyone attacked you, you couldn't even call the police. You know if you tripped on a curb and broke your ankle, when the ambulance pulled up and found out who you were it would drive away. Or run you over. It's a feeling that takes all the guts out of you.

And on you walk and pace the streets because you have no place to sleep. You're afraid to go into a Negro home. They might see you in there and blow the house up and you have no right to take a chance with someone else's family. Or it might be the house of a very scared Negro and he might tell them where you are.

I walked around a corner with my head down and when I looked up I saw one of the most vicious white men I ever saw in my life, a big, fat man with a bald head and tobacco juice running out of his mouth. He swung that double-barreled shotgun like it was a toy. It was no toy. He stuck it right into my stomach.

"I'm going to blow your black nigger guts out."

And I was too tired and too gut-scared to move. Then I felt the goddamned monster rise up and I looked in his eye.

"Is that all you plan to do, boy, just kill me? Pull that trigger, boy, you just pull that trigger."

And that no-good dirty bastard was so hung up on his hate weed that he lowered his shotgun and turned and walked away. He just couldn't do anything a Negro told him to do.

On Thursday and Friday I marched with Lil. To the cops, she was just another demonstrator, another face in the crowd. A lot of people said I was crazy to have her come down, but I wanted to share this thing with her, I wanted her to see this beauty and ugliness. We stayed in the home of Reverend Tucker. The police harassment picked up, and the television people started asking us to demonstrate early so they could make the 6 o'clock news with their film clips. As it turned out, we didn't do much more demonstrating. When the police began taking pictures of the marchers, I turned the group back. The police would use the pictures to permanently blackball and harass the local Negroes, and I didn't want that to happen. They would have to stay in Greenwood long after we left.

I left Greenwood on Saturday morning, April 6. Things had quieted down. Deals had been made. The demonstrators were released from jail, and the city promised to supply the Negroes

with buses so they wouldn't walk through town on their way to the courthouse to register. In return, a federal injunction against local harassment was dropped and I promised to leave town. I had learned a lot and I felt so much stronger now; less afraid, like a soldier who has been through his first battle.

A lot happened down there that I'll never know about, a lot happened that I can't talk about now because this war is still going on. And when I got back North, a lot happened that scared me all over again, in a different way.

I found out, for example, that some of the Northern press had reported that the bomb in Clarksdale was only a football bladder. And some had reported that we had lost in Greenwood, and I had played the fool. I knew it couldn't have been the newsmen who had been down there.

But what scared me most was when Negroes asked me if it was true that I had gone down to Greenwood for publicity.

And it dawned on me that any time you help a Negro in America, even the Negroes will question your intentions. I could have quit show business and joined the Peace Corps and gone to Vietnam and no one, white or black, would have questioned why I did it. But to help Negroes . . .

I was just beginning to realize what a long hard row it would be.

It was a twisting row, too, full of sharp turns. There was Birmingham in May of 1963. I went down there because Martin Luther King had asked me, and I was thrown in jail for five days. There must have been 500 of us in a jail built for 25. A little boy, maybe four years old, was standing in the corner of the cell, sucking his thumb.

"What are you here for?"

"Teedom," he said. Couldn't even say Freedom, but he was in jail for it.

And there was Chicago, a month later. I had flown to Jackson, Mississippi, from San Francisco to help Medgar Evers with the demonstrations there and I had hardly gotten there when Medgar told me to call home. Richard, Jr., my third child, my first son, was dead. An overnight pneumonia.

I flew home immediately, but I guess the news was out. The phone rang as I walked in the door. It was a long-distance call from Alabama, collect. I accepted the charges. It was a white woman.

"Mister Gregory?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"I just heard on the radio your son died, and let me tell you it serves you right, I'm real glad that happened, you coming down here where you don't belong and stirring up all . . ."

"I'm glad, too, I had $5 million worth of insurance on him."

There was a long silence and then she said: "I'm sorry, please forgive me."

After Richard's funeral I returned to Jackson. I told Medgar that something bad was going to happen in Jackson, things seemed so wrong. But I didn't know what it was, and somehow there didn't seem to be anything I could do there. I went back to San Francisco.

The second night back Billy Daniels drove over from a singing engagement in Berkeley to tell me that Medgar Evers had been murdered.

That summer I joined demonstrators in Chicago and spent 11 days in jail on a disorderly conduct charge.

Then I went to Los Angeles for a night-club engagement, but I flew back east for one day, the day that turned that summer into a beautiful thing, a glory day. That was the day we marched on Washington.

That day I felt the Negro had been given his equal rights.

I felt that way right into September, right into the Sunday morning when someone threw a bomb in a Negro church in Birmingham and four kids were dead.

Lil and I went to Birmingham for the funerals. Three of the children lay inside the church. I talked to one of the mothers. Both of her daughters were in the bombing. One daughter got glass in her eyes, and the mother spent five hours in a hospital operating room waiting to find out if she would ever see again. A few minutes after she learned that one daughter would not be blind for life, she learned that her other daughter was dead.

After a while, Lil and I walked over to the church that had been bombed. We saw a strange and terrible thing. All the windows but one had been completely blown out. The stained glass window of Christ was almost intact. Only Christ's eyes and the top of His head were blown out. And it frightened me because I wondered what it meant.

Christ with no eyes. The blind leading the blind? Christ with no mind.

We left and I told Lil that she had seen a great work of art because it had taken a hundred years of hate and violence to produce an artist capable of creating that picture. But it wasn't the only frightening symbol I saw in Birmingham that day.

I saw a state policeman with a tommy gun cradled in his arm, a smile on his face, leaning against a mailbox across the street from the church. The mailbox was painted red, white and blue.

Oh, Momma, I wish you could see your little Richard now. He's all right. And you know, Momma, that old lady who saw a star in the middle of my forehead, she was right. We thought I was going to be a great athlete, and we were wrong, and I thought I was going to be a great entertainer, and that wasn't it, either. I'm going to be an American citizen. First-class.

Hot damn, we're going to bust this thing. I feel it when I stand in front of a crowd of people hungry for freedom, and I feel it when we march down a street for our rights. Hot water seeping up into a cold body, that dry taste in my mouth. The monster. But it's not content to beat some mother's son in a foot race, any more, and it's not satisfied to make people laugh and love me. Now it wants some respect and dignity, and it wants freedom. It's willing to die for freedom.

It's getting stronger every day. It would frighten you, Momma. But now it has truth and justice and the Constitution of the greatest country in the world on its side.

It's not just a Negro monster. I saw it in a Northern white boy who marched with us for freedom through the snow in Georgia. He had no soles on his shoes, and his feet were blue and he never said a word. I asked him why he didn't go home and take that big engineering job he had been offered. He said that there would be nothing to build on unless every American citizen got his rights first.

When I saw him, Momma, I laughed at every Northern liberal who ever said: "Slow down, you people, don't alienate your friends." Yeah, baby, were you there when they crucified the Lord? Or were you just singing?

Yeah, that monster's growing stronger, Momma. I saw it in New York where we marched against school segregation, Northern-style, marched to give little black kids a chance for a better education and college and good jobs. And a chance for little white kids to sit with us and know us and learn to love and hate us as individuals, not just fear and hate us as a color like their parents do.

I saw it in Chester, Pennsylvania, with Stanley Branche, when we marched for equal opportunities, a chance to be ordinary if we wanted, to be great if we could. A chance to be Americans.

I saw it in Atlanta where we marched against segregation in restaurants. I was in my first sit-in there, and I did my first official negotiating. I learned that when honesty sits around a conference table, black men and white men can understand and feel each other's problems, and help each other.

I saw the monster in Mississippi where we marched for voter registration, so a Negro can cast his ballot for the government he lives under and supports with his tax money, and dies for in wars.

I saw it in San Francisco where white doctors and lawyers marched on the lines with us and went to jail with us and showed the world that this isn't a revolution of black against white, this is a revolution of right against wrong. And right has never lost.

This is a revolution. It started long before I came into it, and I may die before it's over, but we'll bust this thing and cut out this cancer. America will be as strong and beautiful as it should be, for black folks and white folks. We'll all be free then, free from a system that makes a man less than a man, that teaches hate and fear and ignorance.

You didn't die a slave for nothing, Momma. You brought us up. You and all those Negro mothers who gave their kids the strength to go on, to take that thimble to the well while the whites were taking buckets. Those of us who weren't destroyed got stronger, got calluses on our souls. And now we're ready to change a system, a system where a white man can destroy a black man with a single word: Nigger.

When we're through, Momma, there won't be any niggers any more. —**Dick Gregory with Robert Lipsyte**

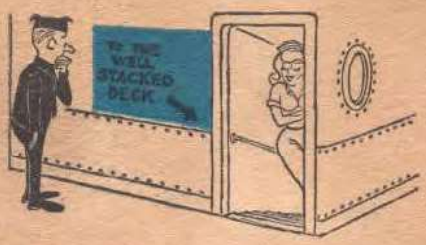
THIS FUNNY LIFE

In the last few years, our part of New Mexico has been overrun by wealthy would-be ranchers from California and New York. One day, our local blacksmith, Zeke, was approached by one of these dudes with a sketch of an elaborate branding iron.

"I've just bought a big ranch up on the Rio Grande. Can you work up this brand into a set of irons for me right away?"

Old Zeke studied the complex combination of letters, numerals, bars, slashes and curlicues for a while. The design would run better than a foot and a half on the end of a branding iron. Zeke finally asked, "Mister, what are you aimin' to do, brand them critters or barbecue 'em?"

Dave Walker
Taos, N. Mex.



"Remember, you are officers first and women second!" we were told as we received our commissions in the Army Nurse Corps. Taking this admonition to heart, the other few nurses and myself boarded the troop transport on the way to our overseas assignment.

The first day aboard ship, I was somewhat startled when I received this printed memorandum:

ATTENTION ALL OFFICERS
It is suggested that you spend at least one night below decks with the enlisted men. It will be good for their morale.

Mrs. Thomas April
L. A., Calif.

In a small provincial town, a poor unwed girl was about to give birth. Since she was destitute, the hospital bill was paid by the town's treasury.

Later, the father was discovered and was hit with a heavy fine. When the treasurer's report was read at the annual meeting, it was discovered the township had made a handsome profit on the unfortunate event.

One of the town's wits rose and announced: "I recommend we breed her again."

Henry P. Albro
Castle Point, N. Y.

A Marine lieutenant, straight from the platoon leader course at Quantico, took over a battle-experienced platoon on the main line of resistance in Korea. On the first night of his command he saw that his men were beginning to dig their foxholes, and the green lieutenant asked his platoon sergeant, "Sergeant, where is my foxhole?"

Replied the sergeant, "You're standing in it, sir. You just have to move the dirt."

Thomas Gallagher
N. Y., N. Y.

My sister, her husband, and another couple were invited, for the first time, to the home of a mutual acquaintance for dinner. Sitting in the living room before dinner, the guests were utterly horrified at the antics of a large hunting dog. It leaped over the coffee table, raced from one room to the other, pounced on the furniture, and showered its unwelcome affections on them all.

As the conversation became increasingly difficult, my brother-in-law asked the host, "Do you do a lot of hunting?"

"No, that's a sport which has never interested me. How about you?"

"I've never cared for it either, but—well, I thought perhaps you may have trained your dog for hunting. . . ."

Immediately the host jumped to his feet, opened the door quickly and said, "Thank God! I thought it belonged to one of you!"

Mrs. C. M. Chandler
Rawlins, Wyo.

When P. T. Barnum was trying to enlist Indians for his Wild West show, he took his circus out west.

For one of the first acts staged to show the Indians his amazing performers, Barnum employed his fine, imported European knife thrower. A pretty young female assistant stood up against a backboard, the knife-thrower took careful aim and plunked the big knife right next to her ear.

Instantly all the Indians got up and left the tent. Surprised, Barnum ran after a chief to ask why. "Bah," said the chief. "Him miss target!"

Charles V. Mathis
Wildwood-by-the-Sea, N. J.

A friend's parents were interviewed by a reporter on the occasion of their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

"In fifty years of marriage," the reporter asked, "did you ever consider divorce?"

"Divorce—never," my friend's father replied. "But sometimes," he said with a sly wink in his wife's direction, "murder!"

J. D. Dublin
Hollywood, Calif.

During an inspection at Fort Dix, New Jersey, a lieutenant discovered a young GI's laundry bag full of books. Since he was a stickler for having everything in its proper place, the lieutenant dressed down the guilty private in grand style. When he was just about out of breath, he demanded, "By any stretch of the imagination can you justify having your laundry bag full of books?"

"Yes," the private said. "They're dirty books, sir."

J. W. Case
Red Bank, N. J.

My brother, Ed, a high school English teacher, had a lad in class who tended to monopolize discussions. Deciding that such a troublesome habit should be called to the attention of the boy's parents, Ed wrote on his report card: "Johnny is a good student but he talks too much."

Several days later the report card was returned. Under my brother's comment the boy's father had added: "You should meet his mother."

L. W. Maddox
Orlando, Fla.

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